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BUREAU OF
AMERICAN ETHNOLOGY.



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VOL. IV.

BANNING, CAL., OCTOBER 15, 1898.

NO. 1.

TO OUR READERS.

With the present number the *Mission Indian* opens the first pages of a new volume—the fourth volume of the series. We take this favorable opportunity to thank our readers, and especially those friends who have aided us to increase the circulation of our paper, for the kind support they have always given us. It is this support that has enabled us to continue the good work done by the paper. We believe that we can ask our readers, with the greatest confidence, to continue and even to increase the support they have given to the *Mission Indian*. Small and modest as our little monthly is, it is, like many modest persons, of great practical utility.

In the printing office of the *Mission Indian* several of the Indian boys learn a useful trade, learn to become printers. This will enable them to make an honest living in after life, and prevent them from suffering from the great poverty in which so many of our Indians are sunk. The whole paper is set up in type, errors corrected and printed off on the machine by our own boys. Any visitor to the school may enter the little printing office, and will find there at any time three or four boys just as busy as the printers of a

great daily paper. In addition to the printing of the paper, the boys do printing of letterheads and other commercial papers, intrusted to us by our good friends of Banning and other places.

The practice of writing letters to "Uncle Tom", of which our readers set some specimens in the paper, is a very great encouragement to the children of the school, and when the *Mission Indian* appears each of the boys and girls who have "got into print" that month reads her or his letter with as much pride as Mr. Gage or Mr. Maguire reads his own eloquence in the daily papers. In another way also this system of writing letters is useful. When our children go away, they are often placed in non-Catholic, and sometimes even in anti-Catholic, circles and surroundings, but the habit of writing to the *Mission Indian*, and their anxiety to see the little monthly issued from their old home in Banning, keeps them safe from many serious dangers. On the reservations, too, the children who have been at school read the paper every month, and tell their parents and friends, in their own language, what the *Mission Indian* says this month, what news it gives, what advice and religious counsel it conveys to the distant missions, when the Father may be expected to say the Holy Mass, to

preach and to administer the Sacraments. All these things serve as a bond of union between the Indians of the remote tribes and the school of Banning.

In addition to this, the subscriptions of our kind friends to the *Mission Indian* help to support the school itself, and they have a share in the good work it is doing. Every reader and supporter of the *Mission Indian* has a part in the merit which belongs to all those "who instruct others unto justice."

The school of Banning, under the patronage of St. Boniface, is now educating 116 Indian children. They are the descendants of those Indian tribes of the missions established by the first Christian priests that reached California. For more than a hundred years they have been Catholic, and even those who live in places almost inaccessible, where the visit of a priest is almost impossible save very seldom, are always glad to see the *Padre*. The government provides for only 52 of those children. For the support of the others we trust to the Catholic Indian Bureau and to the help of our readers. Every new reader gained or the *Mission Indian* is a help.

To assist in instructing the Indian children is genuine charity.

To our friends we pray all health and happiness.

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OUR NAVAL HEROES "BOB EVANS."

Robley Dunglison Evans is his official name, but to the American people, who love him for the record he has made, the gallant captain of the Iowa is only known as "Fighting Bob" Evans—hero of two wars and typical patriot of the blood-stained sea.

Much has been said of this man of the hour. His deeds of the past and glories of the present have placed him in the public eye as the idol of the republic for which he fights without fear. The people know his achievements in the navy by heart, but of Evans the boy and Evans the private citizen they are not so familiar. He is a Democrat who never votes. In religious faith he is a devout Roman Catholic. Officially in the navy he is credited to Utah, and he became a carpet-bagger in his youth to get into this branch of Uncle Sam's service.

This hero of today, to whom the nation now takes off its hat with reverence, is so ugly that when he was young Cupid had a despairing task in introducing him to a girl that would take him for life. But Evans fell badly wounded in battle one day, and during his convalescence he met the sister of a naval officer, whom he wooed with the story of his devotion to his country. She became his wife and of all happy women today she reigns as queen.

Evans is a native of Virginia. He comes from good old colonial stock. His father was a physician with a limited practice in Christiansburg, a small town in the Shenandoah valley, and died in 1855. "Bob" later went to Washington to live with his uncle. He was educated at Gonzaga College, a Catholic school of excellent reputation. It was while at the national capital that young Evans attracted the attention of William Hooper, who was a delegate to congress from the "wild and woolly" territory of Utah. Hooper had an appointment to the naval academy at his disposal. Evans had an ambition. He wanted to go to sea and live among the frowning guns of an American man of war. In 1859 Hooper told him that if he would go to Utah to live long enough to be eligible to the appointment his dream of future marine glory could be realized. With the promptitude of excited youth Evans borrowed \$200 from his relatives and started to the land of the Mormons. With visions of peril from the Indians, he bought a revolver of liberal dimensions, and made the trip over the plains by stage. Before his arrival in Salt Lake City he fired his

volley in warfare from the business end of that big revolver and shot an Indian, who was one of a savage band that made an unsuccessful attempt to waylay the stage. This was first blood for Evans. It saved his scalp.

Later, in 1860, the young Virginian entered the naval academy at Annapolis. It was here that he originally earned his nickname of 'Fighting Bob', and he won it in a war of sentiment. With tender solicitude for her absent son, his dear mother in Dixie had sent him a small decoration for his room—a motto which she had embroidered with her own hands, and which the son appreciated with the characteristic devotion to his surviving parent. Bob's love and loyalty to his estimable mother had long been a subject of favorable comment among those who knew him at home.

The hand that rocked his cradle has never been gemmed with diamonds. Mrs. Evans, on the contrary, was one of the plain people. The gift was an ordinary home-made piece of decorative art, an unpretentious bit of work, but to the recipient it was sacred as a souvenir. Around it were clustered the memories of childhood, sweetened by the thoughts of the old homestead down among the green hills of Virginia. It recalled a mother's sacrifice to educate a struggling son. It brought up recollections of her heroic battle with poverty. With great pride he gave the souvenir a conspicuous position on the walls of his room at the naval academy.

There was a rule at the academy that no decorations would be permitted in the quarters of the cadets. His comrades ridiculed the gift. One of them tore it down with a sneer and his indiscretion resulted in prompt resentment from Evans. Others sided against Evans and tried to overpower him, but the memory of his mother gave him marvelous strength, and with his southern blood fairly boiling with the fury of a righteous cause he proceeded to fight. He used his fists with an energy that amazed the combined opposition.

He soon knocked out all three of his antagonists, including the bully of the school, who had never been conquered before. Replacing the motto on the wall, Evans defied students and faculty to remove it. With blackened eyes and blood-stained faces his tormentors beat a hasty retreat, and it was upon this occasion that he was first named "Fighting Bob." When the faculty ordered the motto removed from the wall Evans quietly wrote to his old friend Hooper at Washington and the congress

man's personal sympathies were swayed to such an extent that he secured a special permit from the president to allow Evans to replace the treasured taken on the wall.

While Evans added fresh laurels to the title in Valparaiso Bay, 1891, when he commanded the Yorktown and defied the whole Chilean navy, it was at Annapolis that "Fighting Bob" first punched his way to fame with fists that never faltered and a heart inspired by the memory of home ties.

Captain Evans is fond of his family. He married Miss Taylor, the daughter of Frank Taylor, a Washington book dealer, and has three children—two daughters and a son. The boy was by his father's side at the battle of Santiago to receive a heritage of patriotism amid a baptism of fire.

Nazareth Academy, Kalamazoo, Mich.

The Solemn Dedication of this new Institution of learning, took place on the 22nd inst. His Excellency, the Most Rev. Apostolic Delegate, Archbishop Martinelli, D. D., officiating, assisted by Right Reverend Bishops Foley, Richter, Rademacher, Monsignore Joos, V. G., and about one hundred priests from all over the country and delegations of Sisters of St. Joseph, from the Communities in the United States and Canada. Very Rev. Frederick Z. Rooker, D. D., Secretary of the Apostolic Legation, delivered the sermon on the occasion. It was an earnest statement of the reasons for a Catholic education eloquently enunciated.

Attached to this Institution are the Novitiate and Normal School of the Sisters of St. Joseph of the Diocese of Detroit.

His Excellency, the Most Reverend Apostolic Delegate, was tendered a reception at the Academy of Music, the evening previous by the citizens of Kalamazoo, at which about 2,000 persons were present. The address of welcome was made by Mayor Stearns.

How a Fire Started.

A narrow escape from a fire was experienced under peculiar circumstances in a Spokane book store last Sunday. In the front window of the store were some magnifying glasses on exhibition. The warm rays of the sun in the afternoon, passing through the glasses set fire to the paper covering the display window. The burning paper attracted the attention of a bystander in time to prevent a conflagration.—News Letter. (This circumstance has been several times paralleled.)

Diocesan News.

Pomona school grows in numbers. What else could be expected? Father Fisher is very popular with all classes.

Father Conneally of San Louis Obispo, comes to Riverside. He is the right man in the right place.

Mr. P. Keane, of Short St., Los Angeles, should be known to all clean housekeepers, who may need brooms.

Brother Walter of St. Mary's, Oakland, is in the south. Would he had a house there!

Mr. A. Morcau had just one night after going into his pretty cottage in Redlands. A. I. P.

Father Farrelly will soon start his fine new church. That's grand news. God bless the work.

Father Doyle has returned again to Ventura. The Mission Indian rejoices to hear that the good Father improves.

The new Catholic cemetery is beginning to look pretty. People ask: "Who has charge?" Father Moloney means strictly business.

Father Calalleria is doing a splendid job with his church in San Bernardino. The Father is a most active determined worker.

George and Jim Thomas, from the famous Thomas' Valley, have opened a livery stable in Hemet. Their experience and kindness guarantee success.

The school in Redlands has an attendance of thirty-six children. Young parishes, like young children—grow quickly—when they have good nurses.

Father Murphy of Santa Monica has gone to Santa Cruz. The Father is a man of great literary attainments. No author of note is unknown to him.

Father Barron is with Father Have at Santa Monica. Fresno was too severe on the Father's health. The coast is pleasanter.

The two little daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Louis A. Grant, donated a handsome organ to the new School in Redlands. The parents say they "live to educate their education." How better could the work be done?

The city trustees and the people of South Pasadena are so well pleased with the results of allaying dust by oil that

if the rainy season was not so near the plan of using water for this purpose would be abandoned entirely and the dust kept down by the use of oil. Our people are so well satisfied with the result of dressing a portion of the roadways with oil that they regard it as the solution of the question of street sprinkling. In the spring the use of water will probably be abandoned altogether and oil substituted. The dust by this process is entirely allayed, the cost much less and what is of importance, a great saving in the water supply is made.

INDULGENCES.

An indulgence is the remission in whole or in part of the temporal punishment due to sin. An indulgence is not a pardon of sin, nor a license to commit sin, and one who is in a state of mortal sin cannot gain an indulgence.

Sin is an offence of God. It is disobeying God. It is rebellion against God. It is as much as declaring: "I do not care—I want to have my will—I will not serve!" God being just must punish sin. It is an article of faith, that He will punish eternally every wilful grievous sin. In the Sacrament of Penance grievous sins are forgiven. This forgiveness of sin takes away the eternal punishment due to sin, but it does not cancel all temporal punishment.

Sickness, misfortune, accidents, troubles of the mind, sadness etc. are punishments due to our sins. It is another article of faith, that punishment due to our sins, even when they are forgiven, may also be endured in the life hereafter—in purgatory.

These punishments are remitted in many ways. Good works, as alms, fasting, prayers, works of penance may bring about the remission of the punishment due to sin. In a particular manner, the gaining of indulgences will take away these punishments of God.

To gain an indulgence it is necessary to be in the state of grace (to be free from grievous sin) and to perform the good works enjoined; commonly to visit some church, to receive the Sacraments, to say some special prayers and so forth.

The month of October is devoted to the recitation of the rosary. Our Holy Father, the Pope, has again issued an encyclical on the rosary and he refers to the many indulgences that may be gained by reciting the holy rosary. In a particular manner the members of the Archconfraternity of the Most Holy Rosary may gain indulgences.

Space forbids us to dwell more lengthily on this subject, but it may be well to call attention to the recitation of the rosary. Prayer and fervent prayer is needed at the present time. There is too much talk—too much uncharitableness—too much backbiting, criticism, exaggeration—in a word too many sins of the tongue. It would be a thousand times better to pray.

The rosary is a vocal and a mental prayer. It is not enough to carry a rosary in the pocket or around the neck, it must be prayed, and prayed devoutly and intelligently. The praying of the rosary will not forgive any sin, but it will bring down God's grace and it will take away temporal punishments due to sin. Say the rosary, dear reader, and you will not be troubled about what the "other fellows" are doing, or whether this or that article of faith is true or not. Prayer is needed, not talk. Pray—pray well—say the rosary—gain all the indulgences you can. "Bring forth fruit worthy of penance!"

How to Nurse the Baby.

An advertisement praising the virtues of a new make of infants' feeding bottles, says: "When the baby is done drinking it must be unscrewed and put in a cold place under a tap. If the baby does not thrive on fresh milk, it should be boiled."

THE MISSION INDIAN.

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The U. S. Indian Agent prevented the Indians in Cabuilla from renting their excellent pasture land to white people. He at the same time urged upon the Indians to plow their lands and to increase their own stock. This is commendable. If every Indian, able to work, would stay at home and plow twenty acres of land, and put out a few fruit trees, there would be less suffering and less trouble. Stay at home, work and pray, practice your religion, and God will bless you with prosperity!

The officers and men of the U. S. army, who fought on Cuban soil, are disgusted with the Cubans. One of the officers declared that the whole Cuban population was not worth a drop of blood shed in the late war, and he added to his statement, that Weyler was the only man who knew how to govern the Cubans. What a change of opinion! After a few years' experience in Cuba and in the Philippines, comparisons of what was said before the war with declarations after the war will be very interesting!

There is hardly an Indian in the reservations, who does not know the principal truths of christianity. Every one knows, that there is one God, and that He will reward the the good and punish the wicked. Every Indian knows, that stealing, drunkenness, gambling and impurity are grievous sins. Many keep from sin, and those who do not, know very well, what the consequences are. Encouragement ought to be given to those, who are good.

Nothing could surpass the farewell reception given at the presbytery to Father McCarthy on the day previous to his departure for Fresno. The cozy home was filled: there was a dozen of his brother priests, crowds of his congregation, and a nice sprinkling of the elite of non-Catholic Riverside. The presence of such a gathering needs no commenting. It speaks for itself.

Everywhere in the crowd were heard expressions of regret for Riverside, but the regrets were somewhat counteracted by the feeling that the good Bishop has considered Father McCarthy the most worthy for the important charge of Fresno.

Father McCarthy has always shown great kindness to us and to our children. The "Mission Indian wishes the Padrecito every joy and success.

The Chippewa Indians near Leech Lake, Minnesota, have taken up arms against the United States government. Some skirmishes have taken place, officers and men of U. S. army were killed and wounded. Of course, the Indians will have to suffer for it, and justly so. But is a handful of Indians really worth these sacrifices? Is there no other way of subduing them than force of arms? The commissioner of Indian Affairs, Hon. W. A. Jones, declares, that the only solution of the Indian problem lies in educating them. True. And let us add here our honest opinion: "The only solution lies in ruling the Indians as the old Mission Fathers did in California. The Fathers were the spiritual and temporal fathers of the Indians. They took care of the Indian lands; they made the Indians work, they educated and civilized them. Crimes, such as theft, drunkenness etc. were punished, order prevailed, and the only trouble was on account of the interference of the temporal power! The much-used word "the only good Indian is a dead one" is quite a contrast to the paternal care of the Mission Fathers."

Current Events.

The chaplain of the battleship Oregon (Rev. McIntyre) talked too much. He publicly stated, that the captain of the Iowa neglected his duty in the battle of Santiago. For this slander he was court-martialed. The chaplain declared in court that feeling weak he had taken quinine and brandy, which caused him to make the mistake. The preacher could not substantiate his charges. He forgot the eighth commandment: Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

The final treaty of peace between Spain and the United States is being made up by the peace commissioners at Paris. Spain will probably give up both the Antilles and the Philippines. If she does she will do the right thing at the right time.

Tyrant Alfaro continues to prosecute the Catholic party in Ecuador. Still, his outrages are not even mentioned in the yellow press, which showed humanitarianism in reference to Cuba.—A landlord was the judge of the village. His swine broke through the fence and damaged greatly his neighbor's garden. "Your Honor, if hogs break through the fence and destroy the crop, must the proprietor of them pay for the damage." Thus the neighbor interrogated. The judge: "Certainly, certainly." "Well, your honor, your pigs have destroyed my garden; I expect you to pay the damage. "Ah, ahem," the wise judge replied, "this is an entirely different case."

The island of Crete has been once more the scene of massacres, perpetrated by the unspeakable Turks on the Christians. The great powers though for this time effectually intervened and the Turk submitted.

Mt. Vesuvius is grumbling and threatening destruction to the neighboring cities. Did Emperor William throw in some bombs, when he peeped into the volcano's crater? Hardly, but it looks like.

France must be counted to the countries, which get easily excited. The Dreyfuss case is not yet settled. Confessions, statements, suicides and a general upheaval are just now going on. All about an officer called Dreyfuss, who may yet be vindicated of the crime, for which he suffers inhumanly in French Guinea. Strange! So much is preached and written about humanitarianism. France jails up an army officer in a huge iron cage, England, the despot of Ireland, slaughters the prisoners of war in Africa, Russia sends her political criminals to Siberia, there to perish, and our brave soldiers die of want and neglect. Where is humanity?



A beautiful Letter from Uncle Tom.

My dear Children:

This is the mouth of the holy Angels. "What are Angels? Angels are pure spirits without a body created to adore and enjoy God in Heaven." That is the question and answer of the Catechism. The next question is: "Were the Angels created for any other purpose?" In the end of the long answer we find, "Angels are also appointed our guardians."

Yes, when a child is born God gives that child to an Angel to guard. That Angel watches and cares for the child all through life to death. No matter where we go, no matter what we do, our angel, called our *Guardian Angel*, is with us. He tries to make us good, and he is happy when we are good. When we are not good, when we do wrong, our angel is sad. We do not see the angel: Why? Because he is a pure spirit.

God must love each of us very much when He creates a pure spirit to take care of us. "He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways."

Once upon a time our dear Lord, Who loved little children, told His hearers that unless they became as little children they could not enter the kingdom of Heaven. Our Lord had a child, near Him and putting His hand on the head of the child said "Whosoever

therefore shall humble himself as this child, he is the greater in the kingdom of Heaven. And he that shall receive one such little child in my name, receiveth me."

Did not our Lord love children? Our Lord goes on to say that it would be better for a person to have a rope tied around his neck, and a big stone fastened to the rope, and then flung into the sea, and be drowned, it would be better to be drowned in this way, than to teach a child to do wrong. Because our Lord says: "the angels in Heaven always see the face of my Father who is in Heaven." Our Guardian Angel always sees the face of God. That is the angel who is near God, and can always ask, and get from God what we want.

Sometimes the angels will get from God things that we want in this world.

Long ago a holy old man denounced a bad queen. The man's name was Elias, and the queen was called Jezebel. Jezebel was angry, and said Elias should be put to death. Elias ran away, and went to hide in the woods. He could not get anything to eat, and he lay down under a tree to die. Then an angel came with bread. The angel came again, and when Elias had eaten, he got up, and walked and walked for forty days and forty nights and he was not hungry. A poor woman traveling through a desert, and carrying a baby on her back, ran out of water. The baby was thirsty, she had no water to give the baby. She saw that her baby was going to die. She did not wish to see her baby dying. So she placed the baby on the ground under the shade of a tree, and went away as far as you could shoot an arrow. She sat down and cried. Then came an angel. The angel told her to go back to the child, that he would be a great man yet. She went back and the angel showed her a well of good water where she could get drink for the baby and herself. This mother was called Agar, and her boy Ismael.

When Abraham sent his servant to get a wife for Isaac, Abraham told his servant he need have no fear for "the Lord God of Heaven will send his angel with thee, and will direct thy way."

Angels, my children, can do wonderful things. There was a man by the name of Daniel, a holy prophet. He was a good man, and some of those who were in the same position were jealous of him. They tried to do him harm. Daniel said his prayers often in the day. He would not give up his

prayers for anything. Those people, who did not like Daniel, got the king to make a law that for thirty days no one could pray to God. Daniel did not mind the law, he was watched and caught on his knees praying to God. The punishment was to be thrown into the den of lions. You know what lions are. They are great big wild animals with strong jaws and sharp teeth. Some lions are so strong that they will take a small horse in their mouth, and run along with the horse, as a cat runs with a mouse. A lion can eat up a small boy in one bite. A den of lions is a great big iron cage where many lions are kept. Into this cage with all the angry lions Daniel was thrown, and there he stayed all night. Did the lions eat Daniel? No, Why? When the king Darius, who did not want Daniel punished, came early in the morning, he stood at the gate and called Daniel. Listen to what Daniel said: "O King, my God hath sent his angel, and hath shut the mouths of the lions, and they have not hurt me."

You see, my children, what wonderful things the angels can do. They have great power.

And they like to use this power, especially if it be to do something for our souls. Ask your angel, therefore, to help you in all dangers and temptations. He is looking at you always. Never sin, for your angel will be ashamed of you.

Angel of God, my Guardian dear,
To whom His love commits me here,
Ever this day be at my side,
To light, and guard, to rule, and guide.

Letter to the Mission Indian.

HASKELL INSTITUTE, LAWRENCE,
KANSAS, Sept. 17, 1898.

Dear Father Florian:

I want to write to tell you that the Indians had a fine time yesterday, at Kaw Valley, we had all kinds of sports; the fare to go to the "Fair" was only ten cents; there were a great many people there, there was about thirty car- of Indians, four companies from the school went. At night they had fire works from 7:30 to 10:30 P. M. I would be glad to see the "Mission Indian." Will you please send it to me, because I would like to hear about my friends. Did my father send my little niece back to school? I wrote to him about her. I think I will learn to speak the English language very easily. We have a very large school here, we have a tailor shop, shoe shop, machine shop, printing office, band room, eight electric lights and a large circle, where we have a social every Friday evening. We go to church every Sunday, nearly all go to the Catholic church; there are not many who go to the Protestant churches. I am going to study hard, so I can help the Indians when I go home. My best regards to the Sisters and the children. May God bless you. Your boy

JOHN MACK.

News from the Indian Reservations.

Holding the Church Candle.

The feast of St. Francis at Agua Caliente commenced Sunday Oct. 2. The ramadas were fixed up in great style, but God had mercy on his children by changing the hot spell in September to a bitter cold. Thus the affair was a rather mild divertisement. When we arrived Oct. 3rd at 8 P. M., we found three Mexicans, a young man and two girls in the chapel. They were "lighting up El Santo." A lighted candle was placed at each window, then a number of them were put upon the pews, besides each of the girls held two, and the young man three lighted candles in the hands. Prayers were said. The ceremony began at about 6 P. M. and lasted four long hours, when told the pious worshippers, that it would be enough. To hold three lighted candles for four hours in a cold church is something, which we have never seen nor heard of before. Now if some non-catholics would have seen this, they would surely say: "Look at these superstitious Catholics!" Slowly, dear separated brethren! To hold a lighted candle, is no sin; to hold three of them is no sin either; to pray is also no sin whatsoever—where does the superstition come in? Superstition is a sin; it is attributing to a creature a power which God alone possesses.

Catholics in St. Name.

Nevertheless we do not approve of these overlone exterior religious manifestations, especially when we know, that many of these California Mexicans are nothing more than baptized pagans—they do not hear mass on Sundays—they eat meat on Friday—they do not make their Easter duty—they are a drag on the Church and many times by professing to be Catholics only disgrace her. When Mr. Morgan claims to make converts among Catholics for his Baptist denomination, we know very well, what class of Catholics become renegades. The ignorant—the neglected—and the bad Catholics may fall away, but never the well instructed, the well cared for and virtuous sons and daughters of the Spouse of Christ.

To light up and use candles is certainly no sin. Besides lighted candles are beautiful and add to the solemnity of divine service. They also are a figure of Christ, Who is the Light in this world—they signify God—they remind us, how our hearts and thoughts ought to be directed towards Heaven—they admonish us, to consume our lives in

God's service—still a good Christian will at the same time know, that the main point is purity of intention, a good life—a life as God wants it.

Music and Dancing.

Music was furnished by the Mexicans and modern and ancient dances were indulged in. Also the white people had a grand dance in the school-house of Warner's Ranch. It does not take a long time for an Easterner to find out, that the California folks rather imitate David dancing and playing the harp, then David reciting the "Miserere mei Deus!" (Have mercy on me, oh Lord!) We subjoin here the words of St. Francis de Sales in his immortal book *Philothea*: "Dances are like mushrooms; the best of them are worthless." Or as a witty Father said to his confrere, who brought worthless specimens of rock to the museum: "Take the best ones and throw them out of the window, and with the rest we might fill up some deep place in the court yard." But, alas, what shall be said about sinful dances, and dances which are an occasion to sin? Beware—beware!

The Cold Ramadas.

The ramadas proved to be very cold habitations. The wind was cold, the ground was cold, coffee was cold, meat and vegetables were cold, the noses, hands and feet of the people were cold, everything was cold. How foolish, to abandon the warm adobe houses for a cold, uncomfortable ramada! But they wanted it so. The will of man is strong. When we make up our minds, when we have a determined will, we can do things almost incredible. Penance, fasting etc. are undesirable, but become easy when done for spite's sake, or for the devil's sake!

The Hot Springs.

The hot springs are an indication of "fire within" and we should not wonder, when some day a *Jesusus* would make his appearance in Warner's Ranch. There is great consolation in the thought, that there are no Pompei, Herculannum and Stabiae near by; the Indians are seldom all at home, white people go far away too, sometimes 25 miles "just for a dance." Provided the eruption does not take place during the pastor's visit and a timely warning is given to the rest, no great damage will be done. At least, no body will ever afterwards dig for the "Forum," or the palisades, or the theaters etc. in the lava-flooded precinct! But the rumpus may come any time!

The Guardian Angels.

The office for the 2d of October lets the Guardian Angels say: "We have patrolled the earth and behold, the whole earth is at home and rests." What will the Guardian angels say, when they go about on the evening of a fiesta? They may say "We have patrolled the earth, and behold, nobody is at home and they are dancing and making a wild, savage noise."

Who were at the Fiesta?

Jose Trinidad Bacheña and Jose Domingo Bassa of Mesa Grande were present for the feast of St. Francis at Agua Caliente. They are two very old Indians and said in Spanish: "We are yet from the old stock; we cannot hear well any more; we came here to pray; the people, who are present at this fiesta, are no Indians but white folks, Americans; the Indian is decreasing and soon will disappear (se acaba)." This is what we always said. It is the Mexicans and Whites, who run the fiestas and are the real cause of drunkenness and dissipation. If we would have authority, we would settle the whole matter in less than no time. But then the hoodlums and blow-hards would exclaim: "Behold the tyranny of the priests; they wish to rule the country, they want money etc., their ambition must be curbed (Vide the misleading statements about the Philippine clergy.) In the meantime, everybody criticises the Government of the Indians; reforms and schemes for their reform are plentiful and there is no end to telling tales, backbiting for spite's sake and causing through the uncharitable talk more harm than a hundred missions can do away with. The world wants to be humbugged.

How the Indians are Reformed!

One queer feat is in the Indian affairs is the fact, that nearly every one, we have met, has a scale of reforms in readiness for the poor Indians. This reminds us of a story. The king's fool one day asked his majesty, whether he could tell the number of physicians in the capital. The king replied stating the number to be ten. "A hundred and ten," said the fool. The king and the fool then took a ramble through the city. The fool had his head bandaged, and every one whom they met asked as a matter of course about the trouble. "Tooth ache," said the fool. Then the medical counsels were given: Cold water, said one, hot water, the other and so on. The king was soon convinced, that at this rate, the number of doctors might be greater than the smart fool had stated.

The Captain.

To keep order and promote sobriety, the Captain of Agua Caliente issued the following proclamation:

"I, the captain of this village, wish to have you all hear what I wish to say. I expect all to have a pleasant time and much enjoyment, but will not allow any man or person to sell any wine or liquor, of any kind, nor will any one be allowed to play the game of cards known as "Monte," all other games will be allowed. I wish all to be polite and kind to the women and children. No one will be allowed to fire guns or revolvers during the fiesta either day or night. Capt. SALVADOR NOLASQUEZ."

The good captain earnestly tried his best for the good of every one present at the fiesta, and although he may not have succeeded fully in his endeavors, his anxious care and truly manly actions deserve great credit.

Dedication of San Felipe's Church.

The next day, Wednesday, Oct. the 5th, was fixed for the dedication of the church in San Felipe. The good Bishop, Right Rev. Geo. Montgomery, although suffering from the effects of a stage ride (with mud impediments) from Lompoc to Santa Barbara had promised to come and bestow the blessing in person. Still as the weather was cold and a rain storm to be expected any time, we were somewhat uneasy, especially as somebody had given the hint: "If the Bishop falls sick or dies, you will have the clergy of the diocese after your scalp!" The Bishop went to Anaheim on Sunday, thence to Riverside to whisper to Rev. Father McCarthy about his transfer to Fresno. The noon-train brought his Lordship to Temecula, the terminus of the Southern California branch line. The following day, at 4 A. M., he started on the stage for Warner's Ranch. The mail and stage route between Temecula and Warner, is run by Mr. Hypolito Escallier of Oak Grove. The trip was made and Warner was reached at 4.30 P. M.

Two Indians of Mesa Grande were waiting for an audience with the Bishop: they were Capt. Narciss Laclepa and Senon. The audience took place and the Indians went home satisfied. They told the Bishop, that their church was about finished and that it will overshadow all the other chapels. No doubt, it will be the future cathedral of Warner's Ranch.

From Warner, we brought the Bishop to San Felipe, a trip of about ten miles more to the forty-five miles from Temecula to Warner. Leandro Robles was showing with his lantern the entrance

into the reservation and at 8 o'clock the chapel was reached. The Indians had assembled previously and received their Chief Pastor with the usual ceremonies.

Instructions were given and the episcopal blessing bestowed upon all present. Supper was served by a few Indian women and they proved themselves fine cooks, and courteous waitresses. The dining room was a ramada and romantic, it was, to see a bishop thus share the humble hut with the Indians.

In the morning at 6.30 the Bishop said mass. At 9.30 the simple ceremony of blessing the chapel commenced, after which mass having been celebrated, the Bishop spoke to the Indians, admonishing them to be temperate, industrious and true Christians. The Indians, and some white people, who had come to witness the dedication, listened with closest attention to the Bishop, and, no doubt, more good was accomplished than one might expect from the Indians. After this, the return was at once made to Banning and thence to Los Angeles. The Bishop returned home well and the trip had rather benefitted him. In fact, if the Rev. City Fathers, (Los Angeles, Pomona, Pasadena etc.) would sometimes take the trouble of launching out into the mountains and preaching to the Indians, they might be greatly benefited too. An excursion through the mountains cures throat- and lung-diseases, and makes a man feel satisfied and happy on his return home. Vade et fac similiter!

Indians and Whites.

It is a fact, the more the Indians are in contact with white people, they worse are their morals. They imitate what is wrong and forget to follow up that which is good and edifying in the lives of white folks. We clip the following from *The Review of St. Louis*:

"The White Man and the Red Man. From a historical table published by the *Anishinabe Enamiad*, a bright little Indian paper gotten out by the Franciscan Fathers and their red-skinned pupils at Harbor Springs, Mich., it appears that 'sixty years before the A. P. A. arose and discovered (?) that the Catholics were traitors, and long before the nonsensical term 'non-sectarian' was hatched out, a Catholic priest, at his own expense, conducted a school for Indian children in the wilds of northern Michigan.' 'It would have been better for the Indians' say the *Anishinabe Enamiad*—'had they never seen any other white man than the Catholic priest. For the white man with his whiskey and immorality and swindling propensities, is to blame for the degradation of the red man.' History abundantly confirms the truth of this assertion. MARTEL."

THE SOLAR SYSTEM.

(Concluded.)

Theory of Laplace. This astronomer started from the same premises as Kant and began also with a nebula which rotated slowly on an axis from the outset. Being of a very high temperature the mass became cooler and contracted. Thus its velocity was increased and at some time the centrifugal force at the outer boundary overcame the force of gravity to the center and for this reason an outer ring revealed itself keeping its former rotation. In the same way different rings were successively thrown off which cooled and condensed around their densest parts. Such a ring we still see around Saturn. A ring of perfect uniformity as to density would be equally condensed and groups of small planets would result, as the asteroids. In other cases rings of vapor would move around a solid point and the condensation of such vapor-rings would not change the amount of rotary motion that had existed in the ring. Thus rings condensed into planets and planetary gaseous atmospheres formed for alike reasons into satellites. Saturn's ring was too uniform to become one or more satellites.

Modern Hypothesis: It is based upon the foregoing. The mass of the nebula was in rotation from the beginning. The center condensed into a nebulous star: the sun, around which was the fiery atmosphere of Laplace. This atmosphere lost heat by radiation; then gravity, cohesion (the force that attracts the atoms of any substance so, as to give it its form and keep them together) and affinity (quality of atoms to combine with atoms of different nature to bodies different of the constituents as to appearance and qualities) would work together to condense and contract it and thereby its speed of rotation increased. The centrifugal force flattened the nebulous envelope of the center-sun into a disk, which broke up into rings, that formed again into planets and moons. The age of all of them does not differ much. Comets and meteoroids are the outlying portions of the original nebula. According to Laplace the original nebula does not form into a disk and planets are the older the farther they are from the sun, the outer planets being the oldest.

Now these theories are far from being proved: they are hypotheses, suppositions. They are however reasonable, namely founded on more or less solid reasons, but certainly they are not entirely satisfactory and it is easily seen, that taking into consideration

the so far observed developments and motions in different nebulae, other theories may soon come up.

The fact, that nebulae are seen with more less developed stars, shapeless or having obtained a globular, annular, spiral form; that parts in them are more condensed than others and look like balls on the way (as it seems) to form stars; that rotation is observed in them—such facts easily lead to the assumption, that such nebulae are on the way to develop into stars and star-groups or systems of stars, and that our solar system was once also such a nebula. Kant argued, that the similar rotation of all the planets in our system from west to east (a few newly detected moons excepted) was due to a common origin, and that for this reason all planets with their moons must in the beginning have been one at least loosely cohering mass, which had the same rotation as sun and planets have now. This is not a necessary and morally certain conclusion, but has some probability in its favor. The newly detected moons of a contrary motion disturb the idea a little too.

When condensation took place within that mass at different points, the condensed portion would keep the same direction of motion, they originally had—around the center or sun—the present orbits of the planets around the sun would be the result. Still it is not beyond all doubt, that the sun was in fact the first center, the elliptical form of the planetary orbits has really two centers. Laplace took into consideration the centrifugal force of the outer portions of this original mass, developed by its axial rotation and thus came to his idea of ring-formations, out of which at last planets evolved. The present rings of Saturn seem to favor this assumption. But as he imagined the whole mass to have been globular, he had to draw the unwarranted conclusion, that the outer rings were first condensed and cooled and the outer planets were the oldest. The fact, that all planets move in about the same plane and the disk theory of the form of the whole universe favor the modern idea, that the first nebular mass was formed by its axial rotation into a flattened disk, which formed into rings, which cooled off in times not so much different from each other. In our next and last article we will sum up and cast a glance at the extraordinary and supernatural knowledge and wisdom of the great historian and divine lawgiver Moses.

W. W.

Memories of "Ramona"

Charged with the interest imparted by Ramona's tragic story, and by the glorious sun-kissed land itself, our party of Easterners—"tenderfeet" that we were—set forth to visit the scenes which Helen Hunt so graphically described. About us stretched the San Gabriel valley, radiant with orange groves, with flowery meads, with wealth of rose and brilliancy of ripening fruits; above us towered the Sierra Madre Mountains; among their peaks rose San Jacinto, whose almost inaccessible heights furnished a retreat for Ramona and her Indian lover, Alessandro, when they and their people were driven from their homes and lanes by the Americans. Across the broad expanse of that bright valley, beneath the frowning slopes of the lofty Sierras we drove to the San Gabriel mission, not far from the city of Los Angeles. Into that ancient church, where Ramona's Indian mother was wedded to her Scotch sea-faring father, we penetrated: there, on the altar, was the altar cloth of drawn work, which, according to the romance which Helen Hunt has left us, Ramona's deft fingers minded when she had grown to womanhood. Into the time-marked burial ground at the rear of the church we wandered: there, upon one of the many weather-blackened crosses which mark graves, the simple inscription, "Ramona," met our startled gaze, and filled us with the impression that the heroine had really existed after all. The effect was as if, after her many varied experiences in the patrician home of her adoption and in the tule hut which her Indian husband constructed for her upon the mountain side, she had been laid to rest at last in the quiet graveyard behind this mission church. Of course, this was no more than an impression. The novelist evidently had visited these scenes, and had woven them so cunningly into the fabric of her narrative as to give the whole appearance of fact.—Jane Long Boulden, in "Donahoe's."

Who was or is Ramona, the subject of Helen Hunt's novel? This question will never be solved. The authoress no doubt blended facts with fiction. There is a Ramona in Calhulla, who is believed to be Helen Hunt's Ramona. The tragic death of her husband would justify the insinuation. Still the Calhulla Ramona—or any other Indian woman in California—is incapable of the sentiments ascribed to her in Helen Hunt's "Ramona." It is all a fake!

Expensive Irreligion.

We clip from the *Anishnabe Enamiad*, Harbor Springs, Mich.:

"One of the daily papers lately had the following item:

"The red man, though steadily diminishing in number, is constantly growing more expensive. In 1870 there were 300,000 Indians in the country; in 1890 there were only 230,000. Nine years ago, in 1889, the Indian appropriations were \$5,501,330. In 1898 they are to be \$7,520,204."

The morning daily did not explain how it is that the "red man is constantly growing more expensive." The difference of \$2,125,847 in nine years, says the Indian Advocate, is the cost of "non-sectarianism" over the cost of Christianity. The additional expense is the extra cost necessary for the non-religious schooling that will and already does demoralize the natives, and leads them to a paganism far worse than their original heathenism.

This shows that serving the Devil is far more expensive than serving the Creator, not taking into account the loss of everlasting happiness.

For instance, Catholic contract schools were paid at the rate of \$108 per annum for each child. Out of this amount the child had to be educated, fed, and clothed, his teachers' salaries paid, and the buildings erected and kept in repair.

At the so-called "non-sectarian" Government schools \$167 are allowed for each pupil. In addition the salaries of the teachers and other employees are paid, and the buildings erected and maintained by the Government, so that the cost of educating an Indian pupil at the Government schools is about twice what it costs to educate a child at the Catholic contract schools.....

The same is true of the State schools, or so-called public schools. The cost of educating a child in the Catholic parish schools is about one-third the amount taxpayers must furnish to pass the child through the State schools.....

Truly, the genius that invented the "non-sectarian" shibboleth had a brilliant idea—the quickest way to waste money under a flimsy pretext.....

Column  LEFT  March! 

Bob Ingersoll recently was talking with an old colored woman in Washington upon religious matters. "Do you really believe, aunty," said he, "that people are made out of dust?" "Yes, sah!" The Bible says dey is, and so I believes it." "But what is done in wet weather, when there is nothing but mud?" "Den I spects dey make infiduls an' sich truck."

The Mission Indian



SAN LUIS REY P. Trest del.

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NO. 2.

The Catholic Belief on Purgatory.

Purgatory is the state in which those suffer for a time who die guilty of venial sins, or without having satisfied for the punishment due to their sins.

Heaven is the state of everlasting life in which we see God face to face, are made like unto Him in glory, and enjoy eternal happiness.

Hell is a state to which the wicked are condemned and in which they are deprived of the sight of God for all eternity, and are in dreadful torments.

From these three definitions, taken from the Baltimore Catechism, and which express briefly the Catholic doctrine, we at once understand, that purgatory is a middle state. It is a state of atonement, not for ever, but *for a time*; it is therefore neither Heaven, where the souls are perfectly happy, nor hell, where the damned suffer for all eternity. The souls in purgatory are in a state of penance and of grace; their suffering is not like the good works in the present life, where even a good thought is worthy an eternal reward—Purgatory is simple the endurance of a purifying punishment; purgatory prepares the souls for the vision of God, namely those souls who after death were in the state of sanctifying grace and thus united with God.

In reference to purgatory, the Church has clearly defined two articles of faith, viz.: (1) there *is* a purgatory and (2) the souls in purgatory can be helped through the prayers of the faithful and especially through the Holy Sacrifice of mass. Other definitions about purgatory, as for instance, how the souls suffer, whether purgatory is a certain place etc., are not exactly Catholic belief, but more or less certain—or probable—or disputed.

Opponents of the Doctrine of Purgatory.

The doctrine of purgatory was assailed by the old Gnostics, the Waldenses, Albigenes etc. The Reformers, who stated, that good works are useless and that faith alone saves us, had logically also to deny purgatory. But as the doctrine on purgatory was too deeply rooted in the hearts of the Christians, Luther did not dare to oppose it in the beginning, and he preached that every Christian ought "to believe it firmly." Still by and by he changed his mind, and in 1537, in the Schmalkalden articles, he declared purgatory "a deception of the devil." Zwingli and Calvin cursed this doctrine of the Church, whereas Melancthon rather approached the Catholic belief regarding purgatory. There are also some sects of a more recent origin, believing in purgatory. The Anglican Church does not profess the belief in purgatory and also the schismatic Greeks are denying some essential points of this doctrine.

What does Holy Writ say of Purgatory?

(1) II. Machabees 12, 43—46: "And making a gathering, he sent twelve thousand drachms of silver to Jerusalem for sacrifice to be offered for the sins of the dead, thinking well and religiously concerning the resurrection; (For if he had not hoped that they that were slain should rise again, it would have seemed superfluous and vain to pray for the dead.) And because he considered that they who had fallen asleep with godliness, had great grace laid up for them. It is therefore a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from sins."

Here it is stated, that the souls of the fallen Jews were in an imperfect state, in which they could be helped by

prayer and good works. The fallen men had taken from the offerings to the pagan idols, and they could not be associated with them "who had fallen asleep with godliness," but as they had fallen for the cause of God they were not damned, but in a middle state. The reformers could not get over the difficulty of explaining away this strong proof of purgatory, so they simply denied the genuineness of this book of the Machabees.

(2) Tob. IV, 18: "Lay out thy bread and thy wine upon the burial of a just man."

(3) Eccles. VII, 13: "A gift hath grace in the sight of all the living, and restrain not grace from the dead."

(4) Psalm LXV, 12: "We have passed through fire and water, and thou hast brought us out into a refreshment."

(5) Our Lord speaks of the sins against the Holy Ghost, as written by St. Matthew, XII, 32: "But he, that shall speak against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him neither in this world, not in the world to come."

From these words we logically infer, that there *are* sins (venial sins), which can be forgiven *in the world to come*.

(6) Matth. V, 25, 26: "Be at agreement with thy adversary betimes, whilst thou art in the way with him: lest perhaps the adversary deliver thee to the judge, and the judge deliver thee to the officer and thou be cast into prison. Amen I say to thee thou shalt not go out thence till thou repay the last farthing."

(7) Luke XII, 58, 59: ".....Lest perhaps the judge deliver thee to the exactor, and the exactor cast thee into prison. I say to thee, thou shalt not go out thence, until thou pay the very last mite."

Here again, our Lord speaks of a prison, not for ever, but until the whole debt is paid for in full—a punishment for a time—purgatory.

(8) St. Paul, in II. Cor. III, 10—15: "For other foundation no man can lay but that which is laid, which is Christ Jesus. Now if any man build upon this foundation, gold, silver, precious stones, wood, hay, stubbles, every man's work shall be manifest: for the day of the Lord shall declare it because it shall be revealed in fire: and the fire shall try every man's work, of what sort it is. If any man's work abide, which he had built thereupon, he shall receive a reward. If any man's work burn, he shall suffer loss; but he himself shall be saved: yet so as by fire." The apostle distinguishes between works which are like gold, silver and precious stones—or like wood, hay and stubbles. The latter works will burn (they will be punished), but they will not cause the damnation and the soul will be saved *so as by fire*. It is the common teaching (communis consensus) of the "Fathers of the Church" and of all theologians, that St. Paul in the quoted verses, speaks on and teaches the doctrine of purgatory.

Tradition:

What did the Fathers of the Church Teach about Purgatory?

Tertullian teaches, that the celebration of the anniversary mass was a traditional custom, which was always observed by the faithful.

St. Ambrosius in his panegyric on Emperor Theodosius declared: "that he would not cease to stay with the deceased emperor, until the prayers and tears would bring him to the mountain of God, where there is eternal life."

St. Jerome praises a pious widower, for giving alms for the repose of the soul of his wife, remembering that it is written: "As water puts out fire, thus alms put out sins."

St. Augustine wrote much on purgatory. He called it an undisputable doctrine "that the souls of the faithful departed can be assisted by the celebrating of the sacrifice of our Mediator and by alms in the Church," but "the prayers will help only those, who lived such a life, that good works can yet be of avail for them." In his "Confession," St. Augustine relates the death and burial of his mother, St. Monica; he mentions the Holy Sacrifices, which were offered up for her and begs the readers of his book, to remember her at the Altar.

St. Caesarius of Arles teaches, that "we shall have to suffer in the purifying fire for whatsoever we neglected to do penance on earth."

St. Cyrill of Jerusalem: "We pray for all who have died before us, and we believe, that what we pray for when the august and awful Sacrifice is before us, will bring great assistance to these souls."

St. Ephrem: "The dead are aided through the prayers and sacrifices of the devout faithful."

St. Basil: "When we confess our sins, we dry up the up-starting grass, which might otherwise be rooted out and destroyed by the purifying fire."

St. Chrysostom: "Not without reason did the Apostles give the command, to remember the departed at the celebration of the adorable mysteries, for from them great gain and help goes forth."

Theodoret: "We believe that it is the cleansing fire, in the furnace the souls are purified as gold in the furnace."

Unequivocal testimonies for the belief in purgatory are given in the many inscriptions found in the catacombs upon the graves of the Christians. The Christians prayed to God, to give refreshment and consolation to those, who are in the flames.

The Universal Praxis of the Church.

is another proof for purgatory. The liturgies, even the most ancient of them and which are indisputably of apostolic origin, contain—every one of them—prayers for the dead. Thus the Liturgy of St. Jacob says: "This oblation, which is offered up by the living for the dead, expiates the iniquity of the soul and through it the sins are remitted." The Roman Liturgy: "God may wipe off from the souls the stains, which may yet adhere." The Liturgy of St. Ambrose: "May God be merciful to the departed and give peace to their souls." The Liturgy Hispaniae Mozarabicae: "That He may dismiss them from their dreary habitations and let them enjoy the happy lot of the just."

The liturgies of the old oriental sects, (Nestorians, Kopts etc.) which separated from the Church in the third and fourth century, contain likewise prayers for the dead, and this is a sure proof, that at that time, everybody believed in purgatory. At the time of Pope Leo the Great, (450 A. C.) there existed six different formulæ for saying mass, and the prayers for the dead contained in them are nearly the same as those in the Missal of today.

Moreover history tells us, that the names of the departed, especially of the clergy were read to the faithful during divine services, "that prayers may be said for them."

Hence the Council of Trent could not declare otherwise than "that the Holy

Sacrifice is offered up for the departed, who are not yet fully purified because this doctrine is of apostolic tradition."

The commemoration for the souls of all the faithful departed was general in the Church in the beginning of the eleventh century. Indulgences for the souls departed were granted long before. The Council of Trent declared definitely the doctrine of purgatory, but admonished the bishops in teaching the common people to avoid all difficult and speculative questions, which would anyhow not increase piety.

Reasoning.

God is just. The sinner will be punished eternally and the just will go to Heaven. Those who have died in venial sin cannot go to Heaven, because nothing defiled can enter this place of bliss; but the merciful God cannot damn them forever on account of their little faults. Hence as they must go somewhere, there must be a middle state—purgatory.

What are the Sufferings in Purgatory.

On this point the Church has not given any definite declaration. The theologians agree, that the souls in purgatory suffer the loss of God's vision. They cannot see God, their happiness is retarded. This is the essential and most painful punishment. The soul in purgatory is free from all attraction to the visible world with its joys, distractions and disceptions, and is solely longing after God. But her imperfect state compels her to stay away, she is refused admittance.

The theologians also agree, that the souls in purgatory suffer a positive pain; a punishment of the senses. The Church does not say, what kind of suffering it is. St. Paul says, "he will be saved, but as by fire." The Fathers of the Church almost unanimously call purgatory a *cleansing fire*.

The theologians moreover agree, that the sufferings in purgatory are very great, exceeding any pain in this life. But as the poor souls are in the state of grace, their punishment is mingled with hope and contentedness. They are satisfied with God's holy will and hope for the eternal vision. For this reason, the office for the dead is partly sad and mournful, partly joyous and hopeful.

Duration of Purgatory.

The time of purgatory ends on the day of the Last Judgement. The duration of purgatory for the individual soul depends on her guilt. It may be a long, long punishment—until the last debt is paid.

Where is Purgatory?

The old theologians thought it was within the earth; others say, it is near to Hell; St. Thomas and Bonaventure declare, that some poor soul may have the purgatory on earth, especially in the places, where sin was committed. But all these statements are not strictly articles of faith.

Pray for the Dead!

Two things are certain: the existence of a purgatory and that we can aid them that are in it by prayers and good works.

Pray for the dead: Eternal rest give unto them, oh Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them—May they rest in peace—May the souls of the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace. Amen.

Diocesan News.

Rev. Father Gay has recovered from his sickness. All hail to Father Kneipp and to the kind Kneippian nurse!

Mr. Kissler of Anaheim carries a fine brand of bread for his patrons. Give us this day our daily bread.

"This is the sweetest town in California," said he, showing around friends in Chino, Cal.

Father Yorke went through to Ireland a few days ago. The campaign was over. The Father took along some copies of the "Mission Indian."

Mrs. Mary Puzey visited the friends at her old home. The good kind lady is always glad to meet her friends, but not gladder than they are. Au revoir!

J. P. Hessel at San Bernardino, on 3d Str., has the most popular millinery store. His goods are first class and his prices moderate.

Miss M. McDonald spent a few weeks in Ontario with Mrs. Puzey and the Lindley family. She returned again to Beaumont. There is nothing like the higher up climate.

The new addition to the church of San Bernardino will be dedicated November the 20th. This latest work of Father Caballeria is a decided great improvement.

Banning has one soldier in the army, Beaumont two, and Mr. Clogher, a corporal of the 4th Regiment, who went through the Santiago campaign, stays at Beaumont for his health. That makes, counting Capt. Wickham of the St. Boniface's School to them, five soldiers in the San Geronio Pass.

Mr. Frank Wilson and Miss Josephine Bamert were joined in wedlock October the 21st. Their home will be near Warner's Ranch, San Diego Co.

The Mission Indian counts among his friends quite a number of bakers. Anything sent to us for the children's thanksgiving-feast will be highly appreciated. The Mission Indian takes the cake!

Very Rev. Father Linn and Mother Angela are receiving an unusual large number of votes in the Herald's contest. That means many friends in the City of the Angels.

Miss Anna Fuell of the Deaf and Mute Institute, North Temescal, has come back to the school, to breathe some dry air. She has improved wonderfully in the short time.

The U. S. Indian Agent came over this way. Mr. Ryan was with him. They visited the Indian school and transacted some business at the Indian reservation.

There are 75 churches, 31 stations without churches, 18 parochial schools, 1 college for young men and 10 academies for young ladies in the diocese of Monterey and Los Angeles. Cath. population 40,000.

Two former pupils of St. Boniface's School were married in Los Angeles. One of them though, married too young. The proper age to marry is between eighteen and twenty five. Widowers and widows are not limited to age.

Our namesake, John Hahn in Anaheim, who runs a fashionable livery stable, felt lonesome last summer. So he looked for and found a companion for life. He was married by Father Bannon in the beginning of September. Glück und Segen!

Father Coté met with a serious accident on Friday Nov. 4th. He was holding the reins, which were to control the spirited horses of Father Farrelly. Although injured, the Father is doing well and will soon be around again. He solemnly swore, that the only team, he would ever handle in the future, was Billie and Nellie of the Mission Indian. You are right, Father, come and see!

Just think of it. The Bishop appoints a young priest to be assistant somewhere between Los Angeles and 49th degree of latitude. The Father at once looks for the Directory but cannot find the place of his future charge. So he had to inquire, of his friends, where in the world the station was, whereto he was to go. We do not know what to admire

more the magnitude of the diocese or the accuracy of the directory!

Rev. Father Reynolds has returned to the Needles. The town of Needles is finest winter resort in the world. You find there a dry, warm air, perpetual sunshine, the brightest paper on earth (The Eye), an enlightened and broad-minded population, and the leading pastor of the best parish this side the Colorado. Now Father, send in ten new subscribers to the Mission Indian.

Father Fitzgerald has one of the neatest churches with a parochial school at Redlands. Choice shrubbery, flowers, orange trees prettily embellish the surroundings. The congregation is small; still there are forty children frequenting the pretty school and all in all, without any flattery to anyone, Redland's Catholic church and school are a credit to the good, indefatigable pastor.

Brother Adrian has come to California. He carries along a bundle of plans of architectural beauty. Whispers reveal a new college building in Santa Barbara and a new St. Boniface's church in San Francisco. The modest Brother is eminently gifted and as it were created for church- and school-building. His plan for the new St. Boniface's church and school is ingenious and will be a beauty on Golden Gate Ave., San Francisco.

Thursday, October the 28th, the people of Banning assembled to give a reception evening to the soldiers who were enjoying a thirty days' absence from camp, with their friends and relations. The ladies of the Red Cross had tastefully decorated the Frazier-Kelly hall and nearly the whole population of the town were present to greet the boys in blue and to show their appreciation of their services and sacrifices which especially the men of the Seventh California regiment had to bring under trying circumstances.

Vocal solos, piano and violin duettos of Misses Bird, Forquer and King and a pretty Flute Solo (of Mr. Walter Hathaway) were rendered in a very creditable manner; Capt. Wickham of St. Boniface's School gave the various calls with the Bugle and the Mission Indian's editor spoke just a few words. Finally ice-cream and cake were served by the good ladies and all in all, it was a very respectable gathering, and a pleasant, enjoyable evening with genuine patriotism every where. We congratulate the good people of Banning and especially the kind ladies of the Red Cross, to the fine success on Oct. 27.

THE MISSION INDIAN.

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Do not forget to pray for the dead in November. "To day me, to morrow thee."

The real cause of the Indian turmoil in Minnesota was not stated by L. A. Dishonest white people were robbing the Indian forests of their finest timber and when the Indians appealed and protested, they were not properly helped and protected.

Freedom of conscience is one of those phrases, which are very much misunderstood. There is no absolute freedom of conscience. If there were, then the laws, which punish crime, would be unjust and the Indians who are superstitious, gamblers and drunkards could justly say: "We are entitled to freedom of conscience—mind *your* business." Indeed the seed of false and sophistical ideas is bound to bring forth fruit—it will be cockle.

One hundred and fifty Sisters of Charity are nursing the wounded and sick soldiers, on the island of Cuba and in the camps within the States. Also some other religious congregations are joining in the charitable work. Five Sisters of St. Joseph, under the direction of Mother Ligori have left their Hospital at Kansas City to nurse the sick soldiers at Lexington, Ky. And there are a great many more, who do their work of love without informing the public through the medium of the Associated Press. Our Sisters are excellent nurses; they are kind, patient, brave, sacrificing; they are vowed to our

Lord Jesus by the vows of poverty, chastity, obedience; they have left the world and many of them have offered to God whatsoever may be treasured in this life; they are truly doing their works for the sake of their Master, and wherever you may meet them, in the schools, or in the various asylums of the poor, of the deaf and mute, of the blind etc., or in the houses of refuge for the unfortunate who have fallen, or in the hospitals, or in the military camps, or *last but not least* in the contemplative communities; you will find them like ministering angels to mankind, and by their prayers and good works they draw down from Heaven peace and blessing upon their fellow beings. May God bless the good Sisters!

The "Colton Chronicle" writes: "Coroner Keating was called upon to give a burial permit for the remains of Juana Razon, a squaw of the Caluilla tribe, who died in the section of San Bernardino called "Squaw Flat," just east of Chinatown. The deceased came to her death by lack of medical attendance and food, for there sat around the corpse three of her companions almost as squalid as she. The inquest was short and the verdict of the jury was that Juana Razon came to her death from natural causes. Then came the question of burial. "We could bury our own dead," said an old Indian, "but the whites have stolen our burying ground to plant oranges." And so the remains will fill a pauper's grave. The Coahuillas had a burial place at Pala, but they were driven away and the ground taken by the whites and plowed up. They had another as San Manuel in the foothills, near this city, but they were driven from all their heritage except from a few rocks that the white man could not use. They had one at Poletena, between here and Colton, but here again the white thieves took their city of the dead, plowed up the land fertilized by the bones of hundreds of Indians that had lain there for years and made the soil fruitful with oranges. The government has been appealed to in vain in all these cases, but the white man's greed is often stronger than the government."

Sad, sad, indeed.



THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 28.—The President after the Cabinet meeting today issued the following Thanksgiving proclamation: By the President of the United States—A Proclamation.

The approaching November brings to my mind the customs of our ancestors, hallowed by time and rooted in our most sacred traditions, of giving thanks to Almighty God for all the blessings he has vouchsafed to us during the past year.

Few years in our history have afforded such cause for thanksgivings. We have been blessed by abundant harvests, our trade and commerce have been wonderfully increased, our public credits have been improved and strengthened, all sections of our common country have been brought together and knitted into closer bonds of national purpose and unity.

The skies have been for a time darkened by the cloud of war, but as we were compelled to take up the sword in the cause of humanity, we are permitted to rejoice that the conflict has been of brief duration, and the losses we have had to mourn, though grievous and important, have been so few considering the great results accomplished, as to inspire us with gratitude and praise to the Lord of Hosts. We may laud and magnify His holy name that the cessation of hostilities came so soon as to spare both sides the countless sorrows and disasters that attend protracted war.

I do, therefore, invite all my fellow-citizens, those at home as well as those who may be at sea or sojourning in foreign lands, to set apart and observe Thursday, the 24th day of November, as a day of national thanksgiving, to come together in their several places of worship for a service of praise and thanks to Almighty God for all the blessings of the year; for the mildness of the seasons and the fruitfulness of the soil; for the continued prosperity of the people; for the devotion and valor of our countrymen; for the glory of our victory and the hope of a righteous peace; and to pray that the divine guidance, which has brought heretofore safety and honor, may be graciously continued in the years to come.

In witness whereof, etc.

WM. M'KINLEY.

Review of Current Events.

The election is over. Every body is glad. Now for the holiday-rush of business.

The Government appears to insist upon the cessation of the Philippine Islands to the United States. Spain could not take a wiser step than to acquiesce to this demand. For the last half century, Spain has sacrificed her best sons and her money to the colonial policy. Half starved, emaciated soldiers came home from the Philippines and the West Indies, thousands of them died and are buried in a foreign country, thousands are crippled for life time and still revolutions, carried on as guerrilla wars, could not be suppressed. The United States will not fare much better, but they are more powerful and their resources are almost inexhaustible, and if the turbulent spirits in the Philippines and West Indies will not come to terms, their fate will be similar to that of our Indians.

Emperor William is beginning to be a pious man. He was on a pilgrimage tour to the Holy Land. Still his way of doing this was different from the old style. He traveled with a numerous suit of persons of high rank and there were strong military forces protecting his life against anarchists. Strange! Anarchists threaten the life of a pious worshiper! The Sultan at Constantinople is a good friend of Emperor William, and for this reason was visited first. The traveling emperor took a good look at the City of Constantinople, with its mosques (Mohammedan churches), and other remarkable sites and wonders, including the beautiful church of St. Sophia, which was changed by the Moslems first into a horse stable and then into a mosque. On reaching Palestine the journey was made on horse back and when Jerusalem was reached, the Sultan donated to the Emperor the place of the former habitation of the Blessed Virgin Mary. The Emperor in turn gave the place to the German Catholics. (Deo gratias!) Then a new church, (Of the Redeemer,) for the use of those who consider Emperor William the visible head of the church, was dedicated (in Jerusalem). The journey was not without danger. Anarchism is at the present time verifying Horace's word: Late anguis in herba—A serpent is hiding in the grass.

England and France have a nut to crack. The English army has taken possession of the Soudan, in Africa, after the victory of General Kitchener,

over the Dervishes. At the same time a bold, dashing officer of the French army, Capt. Marchand, has taken possession of territory claimed by the English, and he holds his fort at the other end of the Soudan. So there is trouble between the diplomats and the people of both nations. Preparations for war are rushed by the French, and the English, and war clouds gather at the European horizon. Should the two nations begin a war on account of African territory, it would certainly be a rash and foolish act. In the mean time, Emperor William smiles behind the window!

Letters to the Mission Indian.

SAN ISIDRO, WARNER P. O., Cal., Oct. 19, 1898.

Rev. B. Florian, Head, C. P. P. S.

Supt. of San Bonifacio's Ind. School, Banning.

Rev. Dear Sir:

I am glad to have an opportunity of writing you this letter this afternoon in order to tell you the news from Indian Reservation. The people of Santa Isabel have celebrated the feast of Santa Cruz on October 15, 18, and the people of Mesa Grande were invited to go to the feast at Santa Isabel. Many people were present. The Indians have celebrated the feast of Santa Cruz, because they had plenty of wheat in Santa Isabel this year and therefore they made a cross of wheat straw and celebrated the feast of Santa Cruz.

Ignacio Segunio, Jose Juan Chaporosa and I went to the feast on Saturday afternoon, and we had to present ourselves to Captain Romualdo Osun. We told him that we were coming to his feast to have a good time, not doing any wrong. The Captain Romualdo Osun and General Manuel, the two officials, were well satisfied. Mr. Jose Maria Osun and some other fellows were fixing benches. Mr. Jose Maria Osun had a crow-bar in his hand, with which he made holes in the ground; he was there with all his family. Mr. Jose Maria Quelpa was drunk, and he was on horse back, and he wanted to go into the ramada; and Mr. Jose Maria Osun told him, not to go in, because "I have little children inside and therefore I do not want you to go in with your horse; you might hurt the little children; you may get down from your horse and then you may go in." Then Mr. Jose Maria Quelpa was mad; he spoke bad words to Mr. Maria Osun, and Mr. J. M. Osun was mad and he struck him with the crow-bar, but he did not strike him right, he missed him. Then Mr. J. M. Quelpa jumped from his horse and they began to fight. Mr. J. M. Osun knocked him down three times, but he did not strike him, because he was not a bad man.

After that, the people went to the chapel at half past five in the evening. There were 150 souls. The same fellow Jose Maria Quelpa run his horse fast, and whipped his horse, and when he was near the church he jumped down and his horse ran away. But he did not know that his horse run away and when he missed his horse, he asked for it, and then he was mad, talking bad words.

After that, we had a general meeting, in which the Captain was to preserve order, and to appoint the policeman to take care of the people and the tribe or village. The old Indians of Mesa Grande began to dance at half past eight; they also danced the fire dance.

A man, Juan Prieto was very sick and Miss Martina Laus doctored him and he was alright again. And Miss Mary Chilton was very sick, she died for a little while and after a few moments she was alright. Some of the men had liquor and some were dancing Sunday morning and the policeman of Mesa Grande was dancing with the Indians. Marcelino Pasualdo fell from his horse. His horse ran away with the saddle. When I was working in the prunus for Mrs. Fraser, Mr. Alfredo Asidiro had sold my cows without asking my father, by mistake, as I did not tell him to sell my cows. My father wrote a letter to me asking whether I had given the right to Alfredo, to sell my cattle, and I had to telegraph to him from Banning to Temecula, and by mail, saying that I did never tell nobody to sell my cattles. When I came home I went to settle with Alfredo Asidiro and he said: "I have sold your cows because I had no money." And there is nothing wrong upon this people. The wind was blowing very hard and every person had the face dirty, and the people from Mesa Grande went home Sunday, and United States of Indian policeman Rosendo from Mesa Grandes did not arrest nobody.

A few months ago, I visited the people at Metaj Valle. It was near noon, when I came to that village. And Miss Elviria Chilton was cooking. It was Friday, and she cooked some meat. When we sat at the table, I saw some meat and I did not want it. I had some coffee and some tortillas. And Mr. Jose Quervas said: "Why do you not want to eat the meat?" And I told him, I would not eat meat. And Mr. Jose Maria Osun said: "That man is a good Christian, therefore he does not eat meat on Friday." And Jose Quervas said to me: "This is nothing, to eat meat."

Mr. Jose Segundo is very sick; he was sick for a long time.

Rev. B. Florian Hahn: This is all the news I know from the Indian reservations. Pray for me. I am yours faithfully

FRANCISCO ALBERAS.

SAN JACINTO, CAL., Oct. 19, 1898.

Dear Uncle Tom:

I will commence to write you a few lines to let you know, that I am now working here in San Jacinto for Mr. Estudillo. I am alright and doing good. Now dear Uncle, I never think to write to you, but I see the Mission Indian; Mr. Estudillo gave me one which you send him, therefore I am writing to you now, Dear Uncle Tom: About a year ago I went to Vista near Oceanside and it was very nice there on the 4th of July. I enjoyed myself there. I had a good time. Dear Uncle: Have you ever been near Oceanside? Yes, I think you have been there. Oh! Uncle Tom is going around this world all the time, he knows all this world. I would like to see Uncle Tom, but I got no time to go there, but I send my best regards to everybody at St. Bonifacio's School. I want you to answer me again. Today I called my attention to write these few lines to let them know. Last Sunday Father from Riverside came here and said mass, but I didn't had the time to go to confession. I am sorry for it, I like very much to receive my Lord. Dear Uncle, be kind to explain to your nephews and nieces that I am enjoying myself. I suppose you also have a good time. I have nothing particular to tell you just now. If you please print these my words in the Mission Indian. Dear Uncle, I feel always kindly to you. I think my letter is long enough. Good-bye. As ever your loving

PEDRO PABLO CELESTINE.

The Report of General Bacon on the Battle of Leech Lake.

Gen. Bacon, who commanded the United States forces at the recent battle at Leech Lake, Minnesota, has sent a detailed report of the action to Adjutant General Corbin. The interesting part of the report is that in regard to the battle, of which Gen. Bacon writes:

"At 9 a. m. we reached Sugar Point, twenty-five miles east of Walker, located on a neck of land or peninsula extending about five miles into the lake and averaging about two miles in width and almost two miles north of Bear island. At this point, landing, difficult because of the high seas and natural obstructions, was effected, and two Indians, for whom warrants were issued, were arrested by the marshals.

After searching the vicinity of the point, I left Lieut. Ross and thirty men to guard the landing and boats, and proceeded with Capt. Wilkinson, the remainder of the detachment and the civilians and searched the country back for three miles. Occasionally we saw at a distance a few bucks, who disappeared with our approach. The women and children seemed nervous and gradually concealed themselves. At 11:30 the entire party had assembled at the landing, at which Lieut. Ross had thrown out pickets.

I had concluded to remain at Sugar Point all night and had given orders to send back one boat for rations and tentage, both boats being too heavily laden with men to load rations on coming up. The detachment had received orders to stack arms, when one of our rifles was accidentally discharged. Instantly the Indians fired a volley in the ranks of detachment from the surrounding woods and underbrush and charged to the edge of the same, keeping up a rapid and continuous fire. My detachment was composed of forty-eight absolutely raw recruits and nineteen old soldiers. When the attack was made the men were in line near a log hut. They were for a moment confused by the Indian volley and demoniac yelling. They broke ranks and attempted to conceal themselves behind the hut. But they recovered almost instantly, and under the personal direction of the three officers present formed a steady skirmish line and in turn charged and drove the Indians back through the thick brush as far as it was penetrable. I then formed deployed line on two sides of a square, each side skirting the timber when the attack came and protecting the log house, wherein were placed the

wounded. The Indians continued their tactics of crawling up, concealed by the underbrush, and attacking until dark, the attack growing less and less vigorous. They were armed with Winchester repeating rifles and appeared well supplied with ammunition, judging from the prodigal use which they made of it. During the night they disappeared from the peninsula, as far as could be ascertained, supposedly departing in their canoes to neighboring islands. They seemed to have had quite enough of fighting and were not heard from except an occasional distant shot, one of which killed a soldier digging potatoes in an adjoining field on the morning of the 6th.

Capt. and Brevet Major M. C. Wilkinson, Third infantry, was killed very soon after the repulse of the attack, while steadying and gallantly leading the portion of the line assigned to him. I had observed his coolness and courage up to the moment of his falling and feel sure that had he survived his actions would have merited the highest consideration from the war department.

I cannot too strongly express my admiration for the intrepidity, absolute coolness and good judgment displayed by Second Lieutenant Tenny Ross, Third infantry, commanding the left half of the line. He exposed himself both in leading his platoon and in the care of the wounded. He was commissioned only last July, but appeared in this fight to be a veteran. From the courage shown by him in this engagement, his well known ability and good habits, I feel safe in predicting for him a brilliant military career and beg to recommend that he be brevetted for conspicuous bravery in this action.

I also take great pleasure in calling attention to the courageous conduct and efficient professional services rendered by Acting Assistant Surgeon Herbert H. Harris, United States army.

This officer at the time of the attack was on board one of the steamboats, anchored some distance from the landing, but returned to shore in a small boat under the Indian's fire and joined us.

Upon the death of Captain Wilkinson, First Sergeant Thomas Kelly, Company E, Third infantry, was assigned to command the skirmishers on the right of the line. He performed his duty so gallantly by his example in leading and directing his men that I most earnestly recommend that he be awarded a medal of honor.

I would fail in my duty should I neglect to relate the part taken by Private Oscar Burkard, which elicited

during the six hours' fighting the applause and admiration of our entire line. Scarcely a man fell who was not instantly attended to and received intelligent aid from Private Burkard. He exposed himself throughout the entire engagement and is most deserving of the medal of honor, for which he is heartily recommended.

At the beginning of the attack, the two boats containing the United States marshal, some of his deputies and the Indian inspector and Indian agent, with most of the citizens, left the scene. It was the only sensible course they could have pursued, for had they remained they must have been under the fire of the Indians concealed in the underbrush along the shore. I am greatly indebted to Marshal O'Connor for his subsequent prompt and intelligent action in sending supplies and ammunition. The civilians unable to reach the boat took shelter along the lake shore immediately in the rear of my line whence they joined me after dark at my bivouac. Among the latter were the following newspaper correspondents: Mr. K. C. Beaton, Minneapolis Tribune; Mr. W. A. Brill, Pioneer Press and Harry T. Knappen, Minneapolis Times, who made themselves most welcome guests by their attention to the wounded and cheerful deportment.

I regret to report that during the night two Indian policemen, who had failed to get off on the steamboat and whose presence near my camp was unknown, attempted to cross the lake in a canoe and while passing near my picket guard were mistaken for hostiles and fired upon, one being killed instantly and the other slightly wounded and captured."

General Bacon then reviews the subsequent events, ending with the surrender of all save two of the Indians wanted and closes as follows:

"From all obtainable information, these Chippewa Indians have long entertained complaints of the disposition of timber on their reservation; they also claimed to have experienced much suffering by reason of promiscuous arrests among them by United States deputy marshals. It is believed that they have been for more than a year preparing to resist the United States authorities, accumulating ammunition, dancing and getting ready after their own fashion for war, and when my detachment of seventy-seven soldiers reached their almost inaccessible holes they made their one desperate effort. They were badly whipped and driven from their chosen battleground and now declare that they want no more fighting with the United States soldiers. They were found arrogant and boastful; they are now humiliated and begging for peace, and I believe with the commissioner that they are honest in that statement. I further believe that the result of that fight prevented the Bear Islanders from being largely reinforced by large numbers of neighboring Indians and saved Northern Minnesota from a long and costly Indian war.

Owing to the densely wooded nature of the country the losses sustained by the Indians have not been accurately ascertained."

The Indian Question.

Lyman Abbott opened his mouth and his declarations in reference to the Indian question have been the subject of telegraphic communications and editorials in the press. Four points have been mentioned: (1) The Indian question will be solved by educating the Indians; (2) this education will be done by the Government's schools; (3) there is but one Church, which wants help from the Government for the "sectarian" schools; (this means the Catholic Church); (4) the officials of the United States have been mostly inefficient, some of them being or having been drunkards.

Education of the Indians.

(1) No doubt, education will do much for the Indians, because ignorance is a great obstacle in temporal and spiritual affairs. It is expected, that the Indian children, now at school, will receive a common school education, but no more; that they will learn to work and to be mannerly. To this ought to be added the training of the heart, viz. true, genuine, religious principles.

Who Educates the Indian?

(2) This work will be done not only by the Government's schools, but also by private schools. Religion is taught in the Government's schools as much as in the Catholic schools. When money is appropriated for any Indian school, it is more or less also appropriated for the religious training of the pupils, with this difference, that the appropriations for the Catholic contract schools are considered to be given for sectarian purposes, whereas whatever may be done in the schools of the Government is always non-sectarian. Now this is not fair. A Latin maxim says: "Si duo faciunt idem, non est idem." "When two persons do the same thing, it is not the same thing." This question has been repeatedly discussed and Catholic journals have given the true mean-

ing of "non-sectarian," still some people, as for instance Lyman Abbott, are hard to be taught logic.

The Catholic Schools.

(3) The Catholic contract schools have asked and do ask for Government's aid. They do not ask to be paid for teaching religion, but simply ask for aid to feed and clothe the Indian children. Catholics maintain parochial schools; they pay at the same time for the public schools; if all the children of the parochial schools would be sent into the public schools, taxpayers would have to pay a *few millions of dollars* more annually; here in California, church and school property is taxed; the Diocese of Monterey and Los Angeles, numbering hardly more souls than there are in the three largest congregations in the city of San Francisco, pays an annual tax of about fifteen to twenty thousand dollars; we do not mention here the moral side of the church-question; but considering all, remembering how the property of the Indians has been confiscated, how the citizens of the United States enjoy the possession of the Indian lands; considering how the support, given to the Indian schools, is but a small restitution of goods annexed, or taken away, or stolen—is it not truly nothing more and nothing less than downright bigotry, to find fault because we Catholics, citizens of this great country, expect a Government, which has almost annihilated the Indian race, to pay for the bread and butter, for clothing, medical care, food and shelter given to the poor children of the Indians in the schools, built and maintained by charitable Catholics at the instigation of the Government?!

The U. S. Indian Service.

(4) In regard to the disgraceful statement about officials of the Government, the Mission Indian has little to say. There are good Agents and there are bad ones.

Whether they are appointed directly by the President, or are protected by the Civil Service Law, we have up to date not discovered a particle of difference. But if a shrewd, wicked man, sure of his position because the Civil Service Law prevents his removal, wants to do wrong, we may have double reason to pray: "O Lord deliver us." We would like to see men in the Indian service, who would fully understand their work; we have no use for those busy-bodies, who always tell on the Indians, but who neglect their own duty. Charitable, broadminded men are wanted, no A. P. As, no preachers and no politicians. And then, whether they are Catholics or non-Catholics, Republicans or Democrats, learned or unlearned, appointed by the President or in the Civil Service, it would make not a particle of difference as far as we are concerned!

Also Bob Ingersoll has again opened his mouth and as he does not believe in a God he wants the people of the United States to render thanks—not to God, but to Dewey, Schley, Shafter, the army and the navy. Holy Writ says: "The fool says in his heart, there is no God." We compliment Mr. Ingersoll to his biblical surname.

The Twilight-Bell of the Angels.

A legend, impalpable as the ether in which it floats, owing no local habitation, claiming no author, is borne on the swift wings of memory. It says that in the blessed abode of the angels a great bell swings; and that at twilight mortals may hear its voice, if they put from mind and heart all discord and worldliness, and all that comes between them and love to their Creator. And its voice is hushed with the setting sun; for it is always twilight somewhere. The angels who set it ringing are sad or glad as they gaze into mortal faces, and learn that the bell is unheard, or that it sends its gracious message to a human heart, purged of strife and hatred, and filled with heavenly peace.

"So, then, let us ponder a little: Let us look in our hearts and see. If the twilight-bell of the angels Could ring for us—you and me."

The British Troops in the Soudan.
(Communicated.)

One Englishman, at all events, a man specially qualified to speak on the subject, has had the honesty and the courage to publish in a leading English journal a strong condemnation of the recent massacre perpetrated by British troops in the Soudan. Mr. Wilfred Scawen Blunt knows the country and knows its people; he understands, moreover, the political conditions of the Soudan, and he has declared in the columns of the "Times" that the attack on the forces of the Khalifa at Omdurman was unprovoked and unnecessary, an inglorious slaughter of an ill-armed host standing for the defence of their country, and that instead of furnishing an occasion for boasting to British people the battle should be regarded, and will in time be regarded, as a stand on British history.

These are not his exact words, but they convey the substance and meaning of them. He wrote as follows:—

"Knowing Nile politics intimately as I do, and bearing the past in mind, I will not hesitate longer to say that a massacre so gigantic in its proportions and so little justified by any circumstances of necessity or self-defence was never committed by a civilized European nation since modern wars began; nor do I doubt that as such it will ultimately be known to our sons. Moreover, I venture to affirm that its unquestioning acceptance and justification by our whole free English nation marks the deed as a turning point in our character, which separates our way of looking at things, right or wrong, for ever from that of our fathers."

I must say that it appears to me that the fathers of the present English nation went on in just the same way; their whole history is one of grab, and rob, and slaughter; it was not this year or last year they began their work of destruction, for instance, in Ireland. But apart from that point, Mr. Blunt's letter is in every way admirable, and it must have given unpleasant sensations to a good many members of the British race. Here is another very striking paragraph from the communication:—

"The Soudan campaign, re-opened three years ago by a telegram from London, was justified by no imminent danger, threat, or probability of invasion to Egypt. This is to my certain personal knowledge. I was at Wady Halfa only a few weeks before the advance was ordered, and I can testify that the sole complaint

then made by our British frontier officers was that the Dervishes had ceased to give trouble, that they had lost their fighting initiative, that there was no danger and nothing to do. An advance was wished for, but there was no reasonable excuse for it. The question had gone to sleep."

Doubtless that is the truth of the matter. The British, for reasons of their own, wished to make the advance, and the fact that the Khalifa had given no provocation for it counted for nothing with them. Then, as to the much lauded bravery of the British troops, Mr. Blunt writes:

"Lastly, is not the boasting we are all making of the heroic valour of our British soldier overdone? In the Soudan, is it not childish to boast of what he has just performed? All the hard work of campaign was done for him before ever he left England, during three exhausting years, by the Egyptian army. These made, with infinite labor, the railroad by which he traveled gaily and well fed to the field of battle. Even there, if I read the telegram aright, the Egyptian troops bore the brunt of fighting. They suffered the severest loss. All he was called upon to do was to stand still and fire into "the brown" of the practically unarmed Dervish force, which brave as it was and savagely determined, never got within striking distance of him; then to rush in and despatch the shattered foe by thousands in their rout."

As regards bravery and heroism, those qualities were most copiously displayed not by the British, but by the Dervish force. Greek or Roman history has no record of more splendid valour than they exhibited in their combat against an army vastly their superior in arms and equipment. They advanced regardless of a fatal fire, that mowed them down in swathes; they stood by their banners until their corpses made piles around them; European troops would have been retired, or would have fled under similar circumstances—yet the butchery of men so brave, without fair fight or reason for the slaughter, mainly by the use of an immensely superior class of weapons, is being glorified by the British people as a brilliant exhibition of military prowess! The mind sickens at the contemplation of such meanness and brutality.

In Arctic seas icebergs are seen floating against wind and tide, the submerged portion of the berg being under the influence of the under-current of the ocean. So the soul, though battling with trials and temptations, may press against wind and tide, nearer and nearer to God, impelled by a strong under-current of Divine grace.

Glass Fenceposts.

A dispatch from Muncie, Ind., says that a glass firm there has received an order for 500 glass fence posts, to be of the usual size and grooved for the reception of wire. It is added: "The order has caused some speculation and is probably an introduction of an important article of trade." It is an interesting illustration of the tendency of modern science and inventive genius to discover new uses for old materials. One day it is the conversion of the pith of the cornstalk into a valuable article of commerce, and the next the application of glass to a practical purpose hitherto unthought of. The twentieth century may be the age of glass. It has not been very long since the metals or hardwoods were regarded as the only fit material for use where strength and durability were required. Now paper is converted into material for housebuilding, furniture, railway car wheels, boats and utensils of various kinds. Glass is used for more purposes, and its increasing cheapness and improved methods of working are likely to bring it into still wider use. No other material invented by man can be compared with it in the service it has rendered, both in common life and in chemistry, astronomy and other sciences. Pure beyond the possibility of contamination, indestructible by any chemical agency, the right hand of science and the foundation of the telescope, the material for thousands of utensils and ornaments, and now to be utilized for fence posts, it comes as near being the keystone of civilization as anything that can be named. It is a long reach from oiled paper windows to the myriad uses to which glass is put today. As late as the sixteenth century in England only the dwellings of the wealthy had glass windows. It is reasonably certain, that Shakespeare, who was born in 1564, first saw the light through flat-tinted windows or oiled paper, and he was probably a grown man before he looked through a glass window. — Mining and Scientific Press.

A Literary Woman.



"Is your wife literary?"
"Yes; every time I step out at night she says: 'Qua vadis?'"

A Successful Pocket.

"When I came to this town, eighteen years ago," said the leading citizen, "I had only thirty cents in my pocket."

"However," the town cynic kindly added, "there were other pockets."



VOL. IV.

BANNING, CAL., DECEMBER 15, 1898.

NO. 3.

News from the Indian Reservations.

November 1898.

From Banning to San Jacinto.

The distance from Banning to San Jacinto is twenty miles. A good road leads six miles to Beaumont; thence six miles south through a romantic cañon, the bottom of which is about 1000 ft. deep, down hill and up hill, and thence eight miles in a south-eastern direction to San Jacinto. A straight line would be not more than eight miles long. Now this road could be straightened and it is certain that many good wishes would be ejaculated for the county officials, when undertaking such a job. The valley and country about San Jacinto was in olden times the home of many Indians. When the California missions flourished, it belonged to the San Luis Rey mission. The Franciscan Fathers named it San Jacinto. There was a San Jacinto Ranch, a San Jacinto Mountain and a San Jacinto Mountain Range.

Who was San Jacinto?

San Jacinto or in English St. Hyacinth was born in Poland towards the end of the 12th century. "When St. Dominic was at Rome in 1218, Ivo, bishop of Cracow and chancellor of Poland, arrived there on a mission to the Holy See. In his train were his two nephews, Hyacinth and Ceslas. Ivo, moved by the preaching of St. Dominic and the success which attended his mission, begged him to send some Dominicans to preach the Gospel in his distant and half-savage diocese. Dominic replied that all his missionaries were engaged else where. Hyacinth, the oldest of Ivo's nephews who was remarkable for his virtues and talents, felt within him the divine call. He and his cousin Ceslas offered themselves as missionaries to their native land

and both took the Dominican habit, and pronounced their vows at Rome the same year, 1218. For forty years St. Hyacinth preached the Gospel in the wild countries of the north; and at last, worn out with fatigue, he expired at his own monastery in Cracow, August 15, 1248.

The San Jacinto of Today

consists of two villages, the old and the new town. Owing to the altitude, 1600 ft. above sea-level, and the proximity of the high mountains, of which the San Jacinto Mt. towers up 12500 ft., the climate is somewhat changeable, hot during daytime and cold in the night. There are but few Catholics in San Jacinto, except if we count the native California Mexicans, who are numerous.

The San Jacinto proper, or the new town has many stores, physicians, druggists, two newspapers etc. etc., all doing a good business. The registers of the hotels, especially the San Jacinto Hotel of Mrs. Lockwood, contain an interesting list of names. San Jacinto is the place where the people of the surrounding country are trading, and although the town of Hemet is near by and more conveniently located, the stores of Hemet are partly vacant and the teams pass by going to San Jacinto. Churches are plentiful, six of them for a population of about one thousand. The Catholic church in San Jacinto is very neat, the neatest church there. Rev. Father Conely of Riverside is the pastor—bonus pastor. The U. S. Indian Agency is located at San Jacinto. Hon. L. W. Wright, agent; Dr. C. C. Wainright, physician; and N. Davenport, clerk. The old town San Jacinto is remarkable as the site of the Riverside County Hospital,

San Jacinto Valley

abounds in artesian wells. Fruit trees do not appear to be a complete success, as the cold nights fix the matter the wrong way. Still vegetables and grain do well, alfalfa when properly irrigated attains a height of 4 to 5 ft. and more.

The Lime Kilns.

North west of San Jacinto are the lime-kilns, which are doing a rushing business. There is a tradition, that a great battle between two Indian nations took place years ago, in the cañon, where the lime is burned. They say, that the victorious party ran their victims into the cañon from which there was no escape, and mercilessly massacred them. The Indians fought and fight or quarrel too much among themselves! A great mistake. A father had several sons, who would quarrel sometimes among themselves. One day, he brought a bundle of sticks, tied together good and strong. He requested his boys to break the bundle of sticks. They could not do it. Then he opened the band which held the sticks together, and in a short time, broke them all, one after another. "If you stick together, nobody can ever injure you; but if you are divided, you will be easily overcome. In unity is strength!"

To Cahuilla Valley.

There are three roads, leading from San Jacinto to Cahuilla. The distance is about 35 miles. In medio stat virtus, or the golden middle way is the shortest, but it is a heart-, head- and neck-breaking, brazen middle way. Down you go and up you go, and surely a blind man could find it out when Cahuilla is reached. The winds blow cold, it is lonesome and rough up there. The Cahuilla Indians have decreased.

The boys and girls are in the schools; at Carlisle, Phoenix, Parris, a few only at Banning and seventeen frequent the Government's day school on the reservation, taught by Mrs. Salisbury. These children receive at noon some lunch, provided for by Uncle Sam and cooked by Miss Frances Ortega, the U. S. Indian cook. No truer work of charity can be imagined than to feed the Indian children, going to school.

The Indians at Cahuilla are not rich. Jack Frost is their relentless enemy. Fruit trees may grow, but bear no fruit, even wheat and barley may be frosted at any time, even in the middle of the summer and the Indians will then get straw with an occasional grain. If the reservation could be lowered about three thousand feet, then we might even speak of oranges and lemons.

As it is, Cahuilla is a rough, uninviting country, the greater part consisting of hills and immense rocks, but the prairies between are excellent pasture land. "How are the Indians in Cahuilla?" Sirvanto Lubo replied: "Padre, the people are poor. I would like to plow and to plant trees, but the frost kills everything. We live on the stock of cattle, which we have. But we have just a few cows. I wished to go to some other reservation, but when I heard, that the Indians were quarreling about the water, I did not go. I want to do my work, and I am a good worker, and then I want to have rest and peace."

Coyotes are numerous in Cahuilla. They have of late greatly multiplied and their dismal barking is a disagreeable concert in the night, although the different parts, Soprano, Alto, Tenor and Bass have their full quota.

The Cahuilla Indian women are experts in the manufacture of baskets. They ask though a high price for them. Baskets require from three to four weeks of patient work and the price ranges from one dollar to ten dollars according to the size or artistic work.

The hot springs at Cahuilla are of great importance. It is rather strange, that no proper use for sanitary purposes is made of them. Wonderful! Four thousand feet above sea-level, the hot water bubbles up. The Cahuilla hot springs contain much sulphur and other minerals.

The Indians at Cahuilla held devotions for their dead relations and friends on November 1st in the evening. They assembled in the church. Cornelio Lago led in prayer and singing hymns. In the meantime the house of Catalina Arcenas was broken into and robbed of

all its contents. Catalina is a widow, supporting herself by work. She had raised last summer some wheat and maize, she had gathered acorns, and other similar "eatables", and all stored up in her house, a good winter supply. The poor woman is heart-broken. The perpetrators will not be found out easily, for reasons plain to those familiar with the circumstances, Catalina lives at Durazno, which is a small cañon in the hills, in the south eastern part of Cahuilla Valley. The Indians consider it the oasis of Cahuilla Valley, because in Durazno are some bearing fruit trees, and wheat, corn etc. grow well. It is a pity that the place is so small. (Durazno means peach-tree, also simply peach.)

A good idea was expressed by Chico F. Lago. He said: "Fiestas in the night are not good. The are all right in day time. Let the people go home in the evening and see to their cattle and horses, to their houses and fields, keeping away other people's horses and cattle. I never go to a fiesta except in day time. I have a good wife; she does not want me to gamble, nor to drink nor to go to the fiestas, and I am glad to say that I follow her advice." Chico is a sensible Indian. We would like if he had many followers. Achamma, Chico, achamma!



LETTERS

TO

THE MISSION INDIAN.



CARLISLE, PENN., CARLISLE, IND. SCHOOL, Rev. Father Florian Hahn. NOV. 24, 1898.
ST. BONIFACE'S INDIAN SCHOOL, BANNING, CAL.

Dear Father Hahn:

Today it gives me a great gratification to write to you so far. I never did write a kind letter to you, but this time, I will reply a welcome letter, and announce to you about the news from today. This morning when we got up from our beds, we went to our breakfast and soon after breakfast, about 8 o'clock we went to hear mass in a Catholic Church. We went in, and I knelt down and I began to offer to God. I prayed beautiful prayers, after the mass was over. When we went out, it was snowing so lively and cold, and the wind was blowing so hard, till we got up the school, we went in to school service, and we had our singing a thanksgiving song and we studied for a while, making speeches, it was nearly time for to go out, half past 10 o'clock. Our Major Pratt explains to the boys and girls, the football candidates that are going to play this afternoon. All the boys and girls went to the athletic field to see the game, but the boys played prettily. There were two companies, "A" and "D" Company, but the "D" Company got beaten; the score was 6 to 0. After that the

small boys played against the other "Co.," the score was 6 to 0. And so the hand boys played against the "C Co.," but they had a hard time to win, the "C Co." got beaten, the score was 12 to 0. Especially it was nearly time for dinner. The bell rang, the boys falling in as quick as they could and we march off to the dining room, and we sit at our table quietly, and we saw good luxuries at the table and we began to eat, turkeys, apples, bananas, pies, cranberry, celery, salad, mashed potatoes, coffee and bread. We had our big dinner etc. After dinner the football boys went to town to play against the white boys from the High School College at Carlisle, Pa., but they played pretty hard, the score was 40 to 0 in favor of Indians. After this will be no football any more, the season is over. But dear father I have nothing to tell you any more, but I am so perfectly well in school improving in my lessons. I am always thinking of asking you for a Bible History. I wish you would send me one, I like it very much indeed. How is Thanksgiving Day at school? I enjoyed it very much. I had a good dinner. That's all for this time, if you please, give my best regards to my friends, also to the employees and sisters. Goodbye. I may be true, and I will pray for you. Answer soon. Very truly

JOSE BERNARDO LUNA.

INDIO, NOV. 17, 1898.

FATHER HAHN, DEAR SIR:

I have been sick for 4 or 5 months and am unable to work. I would kindly ask if you can send me some provisions or authorize Mr. Talant to give me some. I wrote the Indian Agent to send me some but he did not send any. Yours

STEVE WILLIAM MARTINEZ.

Who work for bread

Have wanted to dread!

INDIO, CAL., NOV. 23, 1898.

REV. B. FLORIAN HAHN, DEAR SIR: I never think to write to you, but I see the Mission Indian. Chief Cabezon gave me one which you sent him. Therefore I am writing to you now. But there is nothing new to tell you. Dear Sir: I think you know Jose Moody Juvenio, he is very sick for a long time, and he is still the same and no better. He suffers a great deal from coughing. Mr. King came to see him, and he says it will be a long time before he will recover, but I earnestly hope it may not be too long, he hardly ever sits up, but eats his meals lying down, that is too bad, but of course that is the way we all have to go whenever our time is up. While here everything is quiet and as dull as usual. Dear Sir: I heard today the Indians saying they are going to have a fast of thanksgiving. I have heard today Mr. Pablo Morales mother is very sick in bed and also Mr. Sam Antonio from Martinez is very sick too. I think he will die soon, because he is very sick; he can't sit up, he is just lying down. And he don't want to eat anything. I am going to tell you about these Indian boys working on the rail road line. About two or three years ago I saw these same Indian boys working here in the section, but they don't get any money, I guess these Indian boys are just the same as horses; they are working for groceries only. They don't get one cent at all. Please print these my words in the Mission Indian. I think my letter is long enough for at present. Good-bye. Send one to me, please. I remain yours truly

C. H. LOOMIS.

How much costs me the Mission Indian by sending me for (3) months, please let me know right away.

Letters from San Xavier, Tucson, Ariz.

Thanks for the Invitation! Will Come Another Time.

SAN XAVIER'S SCHOOL, TUCSON,
ARIZ., NOV. 15, 1898.

Dear Father Hahn:

I thought I would write you a nice little letter to ask you to come to the feast of St. Francis Xavier. I am in the Third Reader and I am also in the long division class. I come to school every day and study my lessons. I am eleven years old; and I am going to make my first holy communion this year. We have 42 boys in the school. I am well and hope that you are the same. Pray for me.

FRANK RIOS.

SAN XAVIER'S SCHOOL, TUCSON,
ARIZ., NOV. 15, 1898.

Dear Father Hahn:

I thought I would write a letter to you and ask you to come to the feast of St. Xavier. I hope you are well. I come to school every day and study my lessons, my brother too. I am in the Second Reader, Catechism and Arithmetic; I am going on ten years of age. Please pray for all of us.

VENANCIA.

SAN XAVIER'S SCHOOL, TUCSON,
ARIZ., NOV. 15, 1898.

Dear Father Hahn:

I thought I would write a nice letter to you. I would like you to come to the feast of St. Francis. I am well and I hope you are the same. I come to school everyday I study my lessons. I am in Catechism, Arithmetic and Second Reader. My little brother comes to school every day, he is in the Chart Class. I am going to make my first holy Communion, so pray for me. Your boy

FRANCISCO.

SAN XAVIER'S SCHOOL, TUCSON,
ARIZ., NOV. 15, 1898.

Dear Father Hahn:

I hope you are well. I am well and come to school every day. We all would like for you to come to the feast of St. Francis Xavier if you can come. I am going to make my first holy Communion this year. Please pray for me. We have 42 boys coming to school every day. All the Papagos are well they are now very busy getting ready for the feast. I am in Second Reader. We have a grotto in our school yard. I hope you will come. So good-bye for this time. Your boy

JOSE JUAN.

SAN XAVIER'S SCHOOL, TUCSON,
ARIZ., OCT. 25, 1898.

Dear Father:

This morning we are going to write letters to you and let you know that we all would like for you to come for the feast of St. Francis Xavier, Dec. 3.

The Indians are getting their children clothes to wear for the feast and some of them are working in their fields cutting those things that grow in the fields. — I come to school every day and I study Third Reader and History and long division and Catechism. I would like for you to bring your picture with you and show it to us again. I would be very thankful to you. You know that Christmas is coming very soon and I think that we are glad that it is coming. I wish you a very happy Christmas day. This is all I have to say to you. So good-bye

JUANA NORRIS.

Diocesan News.

The elections are over. The conquered are sad, the victors glad. How about the responsibility? God will judge us all.

Father Gay goes to Pasadena to assist the Pastor — moving towards the City, Father.

Mrs. Fitzgerald, wife of the pleasant S. P. conductor, is completely recovered from a severe nervous shock.

The general cry is "the times are hard", they will grow soft with a good rain.

Father O'Reagan of St. Vincent's College was at the School on the 8th inst., and preached a very practical sermon.

The fair at Pasadena will take place in the beginning of February. Father Farely is going to make a great success of it.

Mrs. Marie Lowe was confirmed at Redlands on the 6th, inst. She was received into the Church some time ago.

Mother Florence has gone to Tucson. Mother Wilhelmina takes her place. Such is life, and such its end — always one to take another's place.

The boys under Capt. Wickham are making a most striking improvement. They drill beautifully, and to the sound of the bugle.

Hypnotism is the modern system of converting to the Lord; and the place of operation is Fresno; but the operator is not the winning Pastor. No, no.

Sr. Virginia Joseph celebrated her Silver Jubilee on the 8th inst. There was a table full of nice things and good wishes. Now, Sister, on for the gold like miners.

Rev. Father Griffith paid a visit to Los Angeles. He reports Visalia to be the finest city this side of the Rockies. As a rule, in California, that place is the best, where you live.

In Bernard St. Los Angeles is a young man, named Miller, who is a prodigy. He is blind, yet can read, write, and use a type writer. His has written his own life. "God is wonderful in his ways."

On Nov. 14th, Fred Bracken died at Banning of neuralgia. The deceased was a stranger and died on his journey. He was buried Nov. 15th. May he rest in peace.

Father Connealy will attend to Riverside, and surroundings without assistance. The Father is much improved in general appearance, since the dignity of Pastor was bestowed on him.

There are two extremes in dealing out justice. It is wrong to let the criminal go unpunished, and it is also wrong and unjust to exceed the boundaries of justice by inflicting an unproportionate chastisement.

Father Clifford is giving lectures on the "divinity of Christ" during the Advent Sunday evening in the Cathedral, Los Angeles. One who knows says "they are just the thing, souled, simple, and neatly delivered."

There are many Catholic brainy men in the ranks of the politicians. If they would render their services to our cause and give themselves to it with body and soul, what a strong body of honest, bright men would they represent?! Politics are anyhow rotten to the core.

There was a blaze in Redlands the first Sunday of the month. The Bishop preached; Father Hahn officiated; Father Juan intoned the antiphons; Father Gay helped the choir; the Pastor tried to restrain smiles; and the new chandelier was ablaze.

The election of Hon. Thomas O. Toland of Ventura as a member of the State Board of Equalization was a gratification to many, disregarding any partizanship. It is a just acknowledgement of his honest character and superior intellectual ability.

The addition to the Church at San Bernardino was blessed on Nov. the 20th. There was a large crowd. The Bishop preached and the Vicar General, Very Rev. Fr. Adam, sang the mass. Everybody was surprised at the grand change in the old church. Fr. Juan takes off his coat, and goes to work.

Unity of faith was the subject of the Right Rev. Bishop's discourse at Redlands, Dec. 4. Unity of faith is the greatest gift that could be given to mankind. To be united in religion we must acknowledge a teaching authority. There are so many different sects, because somebody or somebodies instead of teaching only the revealed truths, preached his or their own opinions. These three sentences contain the explanation for a thousand things. It is well to be guarded. Stick to the original. Innovations do not unite, but divide us!

THE MISSION INDIAN.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY B. FLORIAN HAHN, C.P.R.S.

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BANNING, CAL., DECEMBER 15, 1898.

Peace between the United States and Spain has been ratified. There will be no other war between these two countries.

The Spanish army lost in the battles near Santiago de Cuba: Killed in battle: 16 officers, 107 men. Wounded: 59 officers, 556 men. Total loss: 82 officers, 779 men (861).

The Philippine Islands, the Sandwich Islands and Porto Rico belong now to the United States of North America. Cuba is still under the control of an American general. Whether or not and when Cuba will be independent cannot be stated. It is a case of mañana.

Religion ought not to be taxed: it ought to be encouraged and helped. Religion alone will conquer anarchism. Justice—charity—humanity have their roots in religion. Spread religion everywhere—and there will be very few anarchists!

Bull-fights and foot-ball, as practiced in this country, seem to differ only in effect. In a bullfight the bull is hurt, in football a man is hurt. These brutal games that endanger human life cannot be looked upon in any way as a recreation.

There are many old Indian men and women (not counting the children) who are in pitiful condition, ragged and without food. When we were at Santa Rosa, the only food on hand were *pinones* (seed of the pine tree). If the policy lately adopted is followed up, the Government will have to feed the Indians.

Capt. Dreifuss was convicted of high treason and sentenced to an inhuman imprisonment on Devil's

Island, Guinea (South America.) His judges were supposed to be above reproach. Now it is proven that he is perfectly innocent. If enlightened men will swear falsely and under oath make untrue statements, what must be said of the testimony of ignorant people, when they are agitated by spite, hatred and prejudice?

The U. S. Indian Agent, at his latest visit to the Indians in Portrero, made the following regulations:

(1) The captains and judges of the Indians are not recognized by the U. S. Government.

(2) The Indians do not owe any land. The land belongs to the Government.

(3) The Indians must cut and furnish fire wood—gratis—to the Government's day school.

(4) Any Indian, who gets drunk, will have to cut fire wood for the Government's day school.

(5) Any Mexican, who sells intoxicating drink to the Indians, must be arrested and banished from the reservation. If he returns again, he will be guilty of misdemeanor and subject to imprisonment and a heavy fine.

(6) The "chief of police" for the Indians is at the same time the great captain of all the Indians.

Later on, an order was sent to the Indians, prohibiting them to sell firewood. But wood already cut may be sold.

Visiting Indians made the statement in reference to the Cahulla Indians, that the U. S. Indian Agent issued the ruling, that they cannot rent their pasturage to white people, except it is done by the Indian Agent. A considerable sum was offered and it was proposed to the Indians, that one half of it be paid directly to the Indians, and the other half be reserved for the sick and indigent. The Indians refused. This is a great country!

UNCLE TOM IN POLITICS.

What he has to say about the Philippines. To His Big and Little Friends.

My dear Children:

I am an American, so are you; we are the only Americans—true blue red Americans. We love our country. As Americans, who love our country, we have a right to let the world know, (for the Mission Indian is read in all lands) what we think about taking to ourselves Cuba and the Philippines. Well what do we think about the matter "anyhow"? We think America ought not to take them. Why? First because of our nation's honor. A nation must be like persons—honorable. To be honorable means to be truthful. We started the war for humanity, for freedom. We were too noble to seek conquest. We changed. Civilization made it necessary that we should have Porto Rico. Cuba dropped in, and now the Philippines cannot get on without us. History repeats itself. When Julius Caesar wanted to subdue the Britains, he did so because of the help they gave the Gauls, so he said. Henry II, an English king, did not like the christianity of holy Ireland. He wanted the country and got it. He did not care much about religion. Will it not be said too that America did not care much about liberty. She wanted the islands, and got them. National honor:—also for our country!!

Apart from national honor will the possession of these islands benefit the country. Your Uncle says no. Rome was a great Republic, and Rome began to go to pieces as she extended her territory. The riches brought from conquered provinces corrupted the senate. Caesar became a tyrant. Between Caesar and the senate great Rome went down. Conquest, and an addition of land, did to Rome what Hannibal, the greatest general that ever lived, could not do. Our prin-

ciple is "the people are to rule." The people of the Philippines want to rule, they do not want our rule, and they have as good a right to rule themselves as we have. But we will rule them better than they can rule themselves. We fail sadly at home. Look at the awful deed of Illinois, Minnesota, Carolinas.

But the most serious feature is for the working man. Capitalists, and rich corporations, will invest in these lands and grow richer, but the poor at home will grow poorer. How? In this way; that we must give these millions of islanders free entrance to our land, and allow them to compete in the labor market with hardworking Americans. It is not necessary to say who is going to suffer. Is it?

Oh but just look at the grand opening for our missionaries!—Ha! Ha! Ha! Hush children;—don't laugh so loudly. I cannot blame you for laughing, because the greatest lot of worthless knaves that ever deceived religious simpletons are evangelical humbugs. Twenty millions out of seventy millions go to church in the United States. Fifty millions belong to no religion. Charity begins at home. The zeal of those missionaries ought not to be wasted abroad. Who are those missionaries? As a rule they are a class of persons who are incapable of making a living, with head or hand. Devout of education, devout of manly energy, they want to live some way so they "get religion" and become missionaries. Hush! You will laugh children.

Yes, they become missionaries, in a foreign land, of course, for they would be laughed at at home, and set down as brainless. Once in a while they get a job among the Indians or Mexicans at home.

Now, my Children, you see that we, the only true blue Americans do not want the Philippines. We

are satisfied with our own Country. We are satisfied with America as God gave it to us.

YOUR UNCLE TOM.

More Letters to the Mission Indian.

SAN ASSIDRO RESERVATION, Warner's Ranch, San Diego Co., Cal., Nov. 17, 1898.
REV. B. FLORIAN, BAKING, CALIF. DEAR SIR:

It seems to me that I do not keep my promises as I have not written to you before this. Being so much occupied during the preceding month and so the pressure of work prevented me very much from making information. My first intention is to express my sympathy towards my poor and degraded old Indians, that inhabit within the limits of this surrounding mountains. And of these Indians I am very much inclined to inform you of their distress. Twenty two years ago my father had been in El Monte, near Los Angeles, and Mission San Gabriel. They had been working. Zeferino Chaporosa got sick there. He was very sick; he had been sick for one month. And there was no medicine, which could help him. When he was to die, my father went to Mission San Gabriel for to inform the priest, to give him the Sacrament of Confirmation. But the priest was not there. He had gone to Los Angeles. Only the man had been there who takes care of the church. He told my father that the priest was not there and he said "be sure to come tomorrow early in the morning. Father will be at home to night, he went to Los Angeles, to visit his friends."

And he said "when you come bring a horse with you, because the priest has got no horse. Bring the horse with saddle." The next morning my father went early to Mission San Gabriel, and then he found the priest. The same man had explained to the priest all about. The priest was ready, and they went right away and when they reached the camp, they found Mr. Zeferino Chaporosa just almost to die, and the priest had to speak to him. But Zeferino Chaporosa did not answer the priest. And the poor man did not answer and he could not get up, and the priest had to give him the Sacrament of Confirmation. And when the priest reached home, my father asked him: "What shall I do when that man will die?" "Well," said the priest, "it would be the best for you if you would bring him over here when he will die, and he would be buried here. It costs more then \$3.00. But we will charge you only \$2.00 for the burial. And afterwards Mr. Zeferino Chaporosa got well, because God did not want to give him the life. This happened at El Monte, Los Angeles County. And now Mr. Zeferino Chaporosa is well, so happy. He had plenty of wheat this year. And at last four days ago he went to the Escandido Mill for to grind a couple of sacks of wheat. And afterwards Juan Chutniet and Gabino Chaporosa went to Escandido Mill. They had 8 sacks for to grind. Louis Chaporosa died 15 of Nov. 1898. Poor old man! Being blind for two years, and was never visited by United States. Another child died on the 16. The child was one day old, and we had to enjoin it at the cemetery on the seventeenth of November 1898. May they rest in peace. Mr. Ignacio Segundo built a new house. Mr. Jose Rodriguez, carpenter of San Ignacio, was working on that building. C. E. Sivanto built a new house near Temascal house, where the Indians have warm, when it is cold. Four months ago,

Captain Angel Quelpe of Matajvalle village had to rent the pastures on the reservation to one French man, for the sheep, for one month, and charged him \$100 for the pasturage. They had a note-trouble for themselves. The Captain of Santa Ysabel was not satisfied, that Angel Quelpe had no right to rent the pasturage, because Matajvalle is not on old Section; but Santa Ysabel is the great reservation; and therefore Captain Angel Quelpe had no right to rent the pasturage on the reservation, and Captain Angel Quelpe had to inform his people on his village, and they were satisfied, and they had divided the money. The first man who come to Matajvalle Village was the late Assidro Queros, who had been 3 miles from Matajvalle village. He was a boy, when he came to that section. And he had been taking care of sheep at the ranch house, who had been for many years, and when he reached about 40 years, he died. And his brother had been up to Matajvalle village. He is buried there. May he rest in peace. Amen.

John Linton a boy who had been in school run away from school on Oct. 13. In the evening after supper it was near dark when he started from the school. When he reached San Jacinto it was 1 o'clock in the morning when he passed by that city; at half past one in the afternoon he was at San Ignacio, 15 miles from San Jacinto, at 6 o'clock in the evening he was at Oak Grove, and he had to stay there the whole night. It was very cold, and the boy sleeping without blanket, was very hungry, and early in the next morning walked up to Matajvalle village. The boy reached home at half past five in the afternoon, Oct. 15, 1898. And now he is taking care of cattle of Volcano mountains.

I have written a letter to United States of India Agency saying that Doctor C. C. Watwright did not visit the people at San Assidro when he was around at Agna Caliente, and Agent said that he was nearly out of his medicines when reaching Agna Caliente, and he expected to visit the people at San Assidro on his return.

Mr. Jose Antonio Norte from San Ignacio had been in San Manuel Reservation, San Bernardino County. One of his little daughters was sick, and died Nov. 1, 1898, and Regina Norte, a girl, died on Nov. 1898. Her request is to pray for her.

Warner's Ranch is getting very cold soon, it will snow. Snow falls from 2 to 6 feet deep at San Assidro. We are well. Best regards to the Sisters. Su servidor obediente. Reza por mi! Dios bendiga!

SEÑOR DON F. ALBARAS.

CINCINNATI, OHIO, Nov. 30, 1898.

Rev. B. Florian Hahn, Dear Father:

Enclosed find fifty cents for renewed subscription to the Mission Indian. It is a nice book anyhow, and as it comes all the way from California it makes it all the more interesting Cincinnati is a nice city, but the smoke is the only nuisance. In 1891 Cincinnati was only a small insignificant little place on the banks of the Ohio river. The whole town comprised hardly fifty houses. Now it is over a hundred times as large as it was then. Besides it has many suburbs. Many of them have already been annexed. The city is the largest in Ohio and has a thorough street car service and many railroads and railroad depots. My parents and I feel very much interested for the poor Indian children. To spend a day in your industrial school would be my greatest delight. If ever I would become priest, I think I would like to work among them and save their souls. I am going to

receive my first Holy Communion next spring if God spares me. I wish very much to be remembered in your prayers. I go to St. Rosa's school in Fulton, Sister Ildwina is my teacher. Rev. Father: Hoping that my letter will find you in good health, I remain yours

JOE. E. SEGEL, 3112 Walworth Ave.

SAN FELITE, CAL., NOV. 19, 1898.

My Dear Sir:

This afternoon I will try and write a letter to you. I am well, I hope you are the same. I know you will be pleased and I think that it will be better to fence around the chapel and just as the same I told you before when you was here. One of the old men was sick, Santiago Pines; he died on Oct. the 7, 1898. I am getting along nicely here and having a very pleasant time with the Indians. Well this is my letter to you, I hope you will be pleased to hear from me and hope you are enjoying yourself. Excuse for my short letter this time. I will expect an answer soon. With love hoping to hear from you I remain your friend

SIRVANTO CHAPULA.

SAN IGNACIO IND. RES., WARNER'S P. O.,
SAN DIEGO CO., CAL., NOV. 17, 1898.

Dearest Rev. R. F. Hahn:

Today I will drop you these few lines with much delight to inform you what has happened here in this country. An old man named Louis Chutniet died last Tuesday midnight. And lots of people came there to bury him and to see the dead body of old Chutniet at San Isidro. And the funeral was at 11:30 A. M. this morning. At the same time they buried a little child, which was born yesterday afternoon. When little child was born it lived for a few hours and died. He was the son of Eusebia Carasco. And that child took the baptism and was buried in the holy graveyard. Ignacio Segundo did baptize the child. Well, father, I guess this is about all. But here in San Ignacio people are all getting perfectly well, also myself. And I send my best regards to you and to all the Sisters at school and so good-bye. Your old scholar

J. C. Pasiva.

TWO INDIAN FEASTS.

The Feast for the Dead.

Preparations for the Feast.

The dead friends of the Indians are represented by puppets, called by the Indians monos or muñecos. As the feast for the dead is celebrated perhaps only once in ten or twenty years, clothes, false faces, hair etc. are collected and stored away years before the feast comes up. These articles are wrapped in a bundle and brought to the dance which takes place for three nights. The heads of the puppets are made first and exposed at the outside of the queer package. The Indians of neighboring places are invited, as witnesses of the rites and are hospitably entertained.

The Dance.

As usual a large fire is made in the center of an open space, because without

fire the Indians could not celebrate. The dancers carry the bundle of the future puppet in their hands. They try to imitate the sounds of persons suffering or weeping. The ground is swept clean, because the dancers go barefoot and do not wish to strike their feet against the stones. By and by the dance begins. Music is furnished by the surrounding crowd and consists in songs in Indian. The melancholy Indian sounds, now low and feeble, then higher, stronger, reaching at once a high pitch, reverberating wildly through the lonely reservation are a stirring, half savage music. The bundles are held up high, the dancers step by step, trap-trap-trap-noj-noj-ha-ha, go on through the whole night, making many rests and intervals for again filling up their lungs for the exertion. The dance is exciting, wild, though operatic, and it is kept up for three nights in succession. In the day time, the dancers lounge around in their cabins, drowsy and tired.

The Cremation.

This ceremony takes place in day time, the day following the third night. Again a large fire is made within a corral, having a circular form and being fenced in. The bundles are again brought to the scene. They are opened, the clothing, suits or dresses are stuffed with straw or other similar material and regular puppets are made. The form and appearance of them are made to resemble as near as possible the dead persons, who are to be represented. There are old men with gray hair, women with hats and veils, children wearing their long gowns! When the puppets are finished they are held, placed upon their feet and as it were made to dance and to walk, first inside the corral, then outside, the person holding a puppet singing, dancing, crying, in wild amazement. When through with this puppet-walk, the "mono" is thrown into the fire and reduced to ashes. This is indeed a burning in effigy. Also calico, grain etc. are burned up. Eye witnesses have told us, that the performance is ghost-like, scaring, appalling, and that it really looks as if devils would be throwing people into hell-fire.

The Distribution of Presents.

When the cremation is ended, the visiting Indians receive presents, consisting of Indian baskets, wheat, beans, calico, small coins etc. These articles are thrown from the top of a house or a ramada and every one present may help himself and pick up at pleasure.

Who Takes Part in the Fiestas for the Dead.

The old Indians, men and women, carry on these fiestas for the dead; the younger take part in it; the boys and girls from the schools laugh at it; white people by their presence encourage it. As to us, we have in plain and well understood words denounced it as a pagan, devilish custom. But we have no power otherwise than persuasion, and those who have the power to stop it, have no time for suppressing it; we are informed by reliable persons, that in one place some ladies who ought to know better were present and helped the Indians. No doubt, if the Captain, Judge and Policeman would be held responsible, these Fiestas would not take place.

The Moral.

(1) The old Indians will hardly change their ways. The future of the Indians depends on the young, who are now at the schools.

(2) We regret the foolish expense and waste of money. Some time ago, the Indians were warned, that the priests want only their money, but not the salvation of their souls. Now the money goes to the devil. Cui bono? Who gets the benefit?

(3) The Indians may be somewhat less intelligent. They do not possess the intelligence of the white man and do also not fully understand the wrong of the superstitious practice.

(4) Let those, who have no faith at all beware of sneering at religion, saying that the work done for the Indians is in vain. It is not. A great number of them are good. Superstition is hard to conquer. Besides, are there not thousands of white people, who are superstitious! Think of the mediums, spiritists etc.! Remember the foolish, superstitious horse-shoe, the favorite bait of the devil! Think of many more superstitious imaginations! Also remember the many unbelievers, and at the same time superstitious men and women! It does not matter, whether you perish on account of superstition, or infidelity, or schism, or heresy, or on account of other vices, as blasphemy, scoffing, uncharitableness, impurity, intemperance or dishonesty!

Rather keep from all sin. Do not judge rashly, but work out your salvation in trembling and fear!

(To be Continued.)

Good Wishes.

Some friends may wish you free from care,
And others joy and wealth;
Some may wish you blessings rare,
Long life and perfect health,
My wish for you is better far
Than others all have given,
That when you from this world depart,
Your soul may rest in Heaven.

CASEY AND THE CAPTAIN.

From "THE SAINT JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN."

The boys of "hilarious Co. F" were a jolly lot. They were the son of the lonely prairie fort. "To the honest, fun loving, fighters of Co. F., whose betters never tripped a canteen" was the slogan of every mess, that had the wherewithal to pass, in the expressive phrase of the barrack room, a "corking time." But like many another, Co. F. had the misfortune of being badly officered. True, the officers were well up in their matter, and one, Captain, had led his class at West Point. Neither of these merits softened the naked fact that the officers of Co. F. were cruel to the point of inhumanity. "Shure, you'd think we weren't Americans at all, at all; the way the rights are tramped on," Dennis Donohue often said. "Be the piper that played before Moses, but it's meself that wishes had cess to thim all," and Dennis' prayer found an echo in all the hearts of Co. F.

These men were not all of mean intelligence. Probably all could read, and some few even made just pretensions to scholarship. Their quarters often listened to discussions on current questions that would put to the blush the moribund editorials of daily papers, and I, being the correspondent of a paper in the East, often found myself remarking how well their strong rosy English contrasted with the stale style of the learned fossils back in civilization. Nothing of importance turning up in the Sioux trouble, which my superiors had sent me out to write up, I spent the time in storing up a few facts that might come handy for my paper some time when "copy" was short.

Every day since my coming I had been witness to outrages that must seem vastly overdrawn to the casual reader. The five hours of drill was time of especial torture. Under the parching sun, whose rays blanched every green thing and stilled the song of the birds, that regiment of a thousand men wheeled and melted and silently cursed the devils that rode about on horses, and leered at their distress. Appeal to the colonel? They knew the folly of that. Colonel Turner held that discipline had to be maintained though the heavens perish. As well might they appeal to the big, black-bellied cannon on the parade ground that bore a tablet eulogizing the patriotism of the gun squad that operated it during the civil war. "Iv they treated thim patriots as they doo us, it's sorry a bit of patriot,

o'll ever be; it's a picayune business, it is that." Private Donohue reflected every time he read the inscription. "Discipline" was the magic word on the lips of every officer. "You can never make a cur docile if you don't kick it," laughed the big, brute captain of Co. F., the honor man of West Point. Secure in his villainy, every officer strove to excel in tyranny; each used persecution peculiar to himself. Captain Harding held his men at a carry for hours, and the poor tired muscles holding the gun could scarcely be allowed a twitch for fear of extra and worse hours in irons. A beggarly few had purchased a cowardly freedom from physical servitude only to fall into a still more despicable moral thralldom by their disgusting, fawning, human hounds! Still the majority were unwavering, and on their devoted heads fell the added share of abuse that would ordinarily have gone to the cowards.

One day I shall never forget because of several tragic incidents which then took place. It chanced to be the occasion of a general review, and as usual the whole garrison turned out to witness it. The picture was most pleasing to the eye. Under a clump of trees, which had been shoved and coaxed into foliage by several successive commanders, was a small grand stand. Here were gathered the wives and daughters of the officers to witness really brilliant manoeuvring. Their duffy white gowns, the glare of the bands, and the long line of privates in immaculate duck trousers and light blue coats imparted a feeling at once restful and expectant. But under those coats of blue were slumbering fires of hate that consumed the very hearts of their wearers.

Suddenly silence. Then the clear piercing note of a clarinet, and lo, all is changed. The men, spurred for once in liking for their work by the bright eyes and sympathetic hearts in the stand, wheel and circle and wheel again with a grace and precision simply astounding. A faint sound of hand-clapping comes from the stand, and the glad light in the men's eyes tells how keenly they relish the pretty compliment. Of a sudden all was still. A sense of impending horror dropped over the scene. A private named Casey, of Co. F., had by accident knocked off a button from his coat. To be minus a button during the drill was a criminal offense at Fort Meyer. All, therefore, who saw Captain Harding walk toward the offending Casey knew that something unusual was imminent. A

loud cry of horror broke from a thousand throats as the captain, a man of grand build, struck the private a resounding slap square in the face with the palm of his hand. Not a man among them all but would have preferred a bullet through the heart to the shame of that slap. Casey, strong man that he was, staggered under it; his face paled from the strength of emotions excited by the blow. From my point of view, I could see the strong features struggling, and the black eyes flashing lightnings at the head before him. The face of Casey marked him for a man in a million. I thought the very devil must have quailed under the fire of the scorn and majesty that glanced and splintered from those wonderful eyes. Yet Harding seemed unscathed. His bold, leonine countenance never varied. Surely this man was not susceptible of human influences. For full a minute, these two strong men, owning strength of so widely different type, looked into each other's faces, and then the captain turned and resumed his position. At intervals I noticed the flood of feeling that surged over the body of the man Casey, seeming to sway him with its intensity. Then, dismissal was sounded; the officers joined the ladies, and the men went to the barracks.

This Casey was the mystery of Fort Meyer. He never chose to enlighten anyone concerning his past, and no one was bold enough to ask him. It was whispered about that he had studied for the priesthood, but had been dropped by his bishop for an indiscretion committed in a whirl of passion. I myself often saw him pouring over a worn Homer with evident pleasure. This lent much color to the priesthood theory. Then the episode of the drill showed that the elementary passions of the man were tremendous, and might easily lead him into a rash act, if ever they mastered his unequalled self-control. Altogether it was very probable he had once aspired to the priesthood. Perhaps the quenching of his youthful ambition and the extinction of the rain-bow promise that gleamed so brightly in his youth had done more to make sad the noble face than Harding's tyranny.

At all events it was clear that the fire of a great sorrow had consumed him, and left only the ashes of his first self behind. The insult of the drill was but one of many, the capping of a weary row of taunts, unjust burdens, such as the blacking of Harding's shoes and a score of menial services. Casey's patience served but to madden the Captain. Here was a man that rose

above bulldog grit, that spurned him with a strange endurance. Experience is a great teacher; Casey had learned from it to conquer himself. As a result he was the particular butt of the Captain's spite.

When the men reached the barracks after drill, they began to discuss the incident of the drill. In their own quarters the privates were under no restraint; here their wrath burst forth and many a time was Harding wished God-speed to the lowest pit of hell. Private Donohue had strung together a few lines for occasions of this kind. The chorus ran thus:

*"When the captain brave comes down below
We'll all be there with a fork, yo-ho!
And a knife for the captain brave.
And we'll use the fork to roast him well
In the blue and yellow fires of hell
We'll toast the captain brave.
And when he's done, we'll start to slash
Till the captain's body is army hash.
Will he then be the captain brave?"*

The song was sung to the echo; they seemed to take a fiendish delight in it. After the song a burly man leaped upon a table, and exhorted the men to remember Casey, if they were called out to put down the Sioux uprising. He said: "If you are in a scrimmage and Harding is about, a gun might go off, and its bullet might lodge in a Sioux either." Immediately his meaning was caught and a wild cheering set up. "If I was Casey, I'd pump somebody full of lead," he continued, "if I had to hang on Haman's gibbet for it."

In fact it was the opinion that Casey kept account of his wrongs and would settle some time. A knife between the shoulders on a dark night would square everything. For a witness against him from the officers, he had a dozen for him among the privates.

Just then someone declared in a scream that he could never stand such abuse. The words seemed to awake Casey, who had been sitting off in a corner, oblivious of his surrounding. "Stand it," he repeated, "men, you must stand every thing." Then seeing a case-knife he bared his arm and balanced it thereon. With a whirl he sent the glistening blade gnawing into the white, sound flesh, through nerves and veins without even a quiver of a muscle. Astonishment sat on every face. Casey's act had appealed to their sense of grandeur.

"That man's vengeance will be no soft one," said the cavalry-man as Casey bound his arm with a handkerchief, and left the room.

That night a scouting party of ten went out in charge of Captain Harding to reconnoitre the position of the hostile

Sioux. Among the ten were Casey, myself, and the cavalry-man. Our mission accomplished, we rode leisurely toward the fort. Some ten miles from the fort a cattle trail branched from the main road; though only two or three horsemen could conveniently travel together on it, the distance was much shorter by it than by the beaten road. As the captain was anxious to get to his cups before morning, he commanded the cavalry-man to accompany him, and gave over the charge of the remaining eight to a corporal.

"I don't know but some bloody son-of-a-gun-of-Sioux buck might be layin' along the trail. Here's Casey; he's 'aunt afraid of a whole tribe of 'em. You'd better take him."

Ordinarily this answer would have sent the Captain into a lowering rage. He probably saw through the case, but realizing that to refuse the request would be a sign of weakness, he assented without more ado. As the sound of their horses' hoofs died away in the darkness along the trail, the cavalry-man remarked: "I warrant Casey 'll scrub the Captain's floor no more."

His prophesy was true.

I waited for Casey and the Captain that night in vain. When the men began the story of the night before, they grinned significantly at one another. Casey had probably knifed the Captain and made his escape across the prairies.

A searching party was at once sent out for the missing.

"Begorra," said Donohue, as the sun, red and broadfaced, streamed across the ocean of yellow prairie grass, "o'm thinkin' the fellow beyant there 'ill be takin' his first peep through the Captain's carcass this mornin'." A ringing round of laughter greeted this sally; Harding evidently had no mourners here. We rode a merry chip; about three miles out someone discerned what seemed the body of a man some hundred rods ahead; it proved to be the Captain's body; under it lay—all that was mortal of Private Casey. Even in death the Captain was master. Several small streams of blood showed where the lives of Casey and Harding had escaped. A pencil held limp in the Captain's hand attracted my attention; by the body lay a red memorandum; I picked it up, and seeing the expectancy of the soldiers, read out these last words of the Captain, written by him in the cold star-light, face to face with the God he had wronged.

The long, dewy grass had fallen on the open page, partially obscuring the faint, irregular lines.

"Casey and I were riding in file, Casey leading, for I thought he meant murder, then I heard a shout, and there rushed through the night the ping of a bullet. A sharp pain struck my side; I fell to the ground and everything was blank. When I awoke two great fiery eyes were gazing into mine. It was Casey. I cannot tell the horror I felt; he had nursed me to life that my torture might be the keener, that I might suffer as he had; the eyes flashed in the night like burning gems; the fire of hate was in them. My head was held in his hands; my hell had begun. Then Casey spoke and hell was gone again, in its place came Heaven. Casey's was the voice of the angels; for it was not he that shot, as I had thought. Sioux bullets had taken us off. It was my foul soul read hell where Heaven dwelled. In short, Casey baptized me with the water in his flask,—I don't think I was before. He told me of the Christ-Heart, of the ocean of love that pulses in it and yearns for the erring. How sweet his voice was, sweeter than the stars above in whispering adoration, than the night wind that swept above us, telling their love. All those weary mouths of insult Casey took into his heart, and made them golden, and gave them to the Christ-Heart for my wretched self. Casey was weaker than I thought. Bravely he pillowed my head on his breast; and died with the name of Him he loved so well on his lips.

Strange shadows float about me, but they are joyous. Soon my spark of life will go out, and I shall be with Casey in the Christ-Heart. Dear Boys of Co. F.—let me call you so—forgive me, if you can, as God and Casey have."

The red morning glow rested on the cheeks of the soldiers—tanned as brown as the sage-brush that stretched away on all sides—and lighted up the tears that sparkled in the brown for Casey and the Captain. Private Donohue broke the silence. "Faix, an' its loike Faier Maloney used to preach whin oi was wun of the childer in the ould sod. I dunno but oi'll be dacint after this, though the divil be fernist me!" Casey had not died in vain.

(THOMAS P. TRAVERS.)

On Christmas, Remember the Children!

We again recommend our pupils to charitably inclined friends. Any donation, be it ever so small will be gladly received to make the feast of Christmas a happy one for the good Indian children.



VOL. IV.

BANNING, CAL., JANUARY 15, 1899.

NO. 4.

Saint Boniface.

HIS LIFE AND HIS GREAT WORKS.

Written for The Mission Indian

BY ABSCONDITUS.

Many of our dear friends and readers of the Mission Indian, published at the St. Boniface's Boarding School, have no doubt occasionally asked themselves who is this St. Boniface in whose honor the noble work of the Indian school is dedicated. Knowing, therefore, that many will be pleased to read a few lines about our beloved Patron, we propose this simple little sketch of his life.

Early Life of St. Boniface.

It is the beautiful county of Devonshire in the southwest of England, noted for centuries as a busy maritime province and for its mild climate, which was the birthplace of our saint, who in the year 680 was born of respectable parents at Kilton, in the Kingdom of Wessex. In holy baptism he received the name of Winfried. His early life may thus be summed up: Endowed with rare talents he made great progress in his studies. His father took delight and interest in the education of his son, securing for him the best teachers. Of disposition he was quiet and docile. While other children took delight in spending hours in amusements, he retired to a secluded spot and there repeated the lessons his tutors had given him. Earthly goods and riches seemed to have no attraction for him, and nothing pleased him more than when holy and pious monks calling at his father's house would there accept the hospitable invitation to rest awhile. Then for hours would our child sit at their feet

and listen attentively to the words coming from these true men of God. No better pastime was desired by him, than when a zealous missionary coming from foreign pagan lands would relate the battles and victories fought and gained with Christ's cross and gospel over sin and error. His eyes would flash, his spirit was aroused, his heart beat with emotion, when retiring to his room he would cast his soul in earnest and fervent—"O God make me a missionary and give me the zeal of an apostle" and God heard his innocent prayer. At the tender age of thirteen the divine will was made known to him, drawing him to the religious life. After mature reflection he resolved, without reserve, to devote his life to God's service. "If thou wilt be fervent—come and follow me—leave thy father's house and these also will I make a fisher of men." His vocation once plainly understood he lost no time in communicating to his parents his design. But what a trial for all. His beloved parents had placed the hopes of their house on their dutiful and affectionate son; his talents, his progress in his studies, his energy, had caused the father to plan out for him another career—one more brilliant in the eyes of the world than to wear the cowl.

All the supplications of maternal love, all the rigor of paternal authority could not induce him to change nor deviate from the path which he plainly saw Divine Providence had mapped out for him. "God wills it" was his reply and entreating with childlike simplicity and with filial love the hearts of his parents were touched, and with the parental blessing on bended knee he received the permission to bring to God's altar in youthful days the sacrifice of his

whole life, his whole career—all his works and acts.

St. Boniface's Monastic Life.

The father brought his son to the Prior of the abbey at Adescancastre, now Exeter. The venerable and aged Prior met father and son at the monastery gate and according to ancient form demanded what was their request. The holy religious knew from long experience what the enthusiasm of youth was. He also was a friend of the family, for often had he and his brethren received alms from him who now brought them his greatest treasure, the apple of his eye. To test, therefore, the young vocation the abbot spoke of the religious life, its advantages to be sure, but also of its trials; he pictured to the aspirant the licit joys, the honors and pleasures which he could enjoy if he stayed in the world but which he must renounce if he would make the monastic cell his choice. Oh how long did those words of the venerable man appear. Winfried had resolved long ago to quit all, hence embracing once more his father he thanked him for his kindness, his parental love; then turning to the abbot he earnestly begged to be admitted. Not a little was the old Superior moved at the scene just before him; he bade him enter into the house of the Lord and there abide all the days of his life.

By way of a little digression we must say a few words as regards the monastic establishments. The Old Law had its school of prophets, the temple of Jerusalem had its levites and virgins dedicated to God, even pagan worship had its vestals; little then need we be surprised if also in Christian times a more holy state, a life of greater perfection be found in the community of the faithful.

Holy founders of Orders had studied the sacred volumn; they beheld, how the Saviour tells men who desire to be perfect to renounce earthly goods, how He blessed virtue, the vow of poverty, the renouncing of the pleasures of the flesh, the thrice beautiful virtue of purity and vow of chastity, the renouncing of one's will, and perpetual sacrifice—the vow of obedience. The rules which these masters of the spiritual life gave divided the hours of the day between those given to prayer and the holy office, hours of work and study, hours of teaching and catechizing—need we remark that these pious institutions thus became the seats of learning, the models of all Christian virtues, the joy and consolation of the Church. Numerous were the monastic establishments in ancient England. Children of the great, of rich and poor sought to be admitted, hence the vast influence they exercised in the affairs of State, and naturally the Church turned to them for her missionaries and apostles.

But let us return to our narrative. Once admitted, nothing seemed hard or difficult to St. Boniface, our beloved Patron. A postulant, he showed the fervor as of years spent in God's exclusive service. How else could it be? His heart was innocent, his mind was pure and with all his strength he wished to serve the Lord. The trials of probation and of the novitiate also fell to his share, but he bore them cheerfully. He saw the Master with the cross on His shoulder toiling on to Calvary and His disciple he truly was. The divine office was to him a delight, a foretaste of Paradise's canticles. His studies were continued with the same assiduity, oh! how he trembled when opening the sacred volumn, how he revered the inspired pages and revered God's word. At work he raised his heart to God while in the sweat of his brow he ate his bread.

After a number of years thus spent in preparation he was transferred to the monastery at Rhutscelle in Southamptonshire. At this monastery a school was attached and it was his duty to teach therein. The fame of his knowledge and eloquence drew a multitude to hear the young professor, while he unmindful of all worldly honors taught solely for the glory of God. It was here also that he was ordained priest in the 30th year of his age. What a happy day was it for him when first holding in his hands the pure and immaculate Host, truly he might have exclaimed with Simeon: "Now let me depart in peace, for I have seen the glory of the Lord."

About this time was held an ecclesiastical Synod and Winfried was commissioned by the King Ina and the assembled clergy to deliver the acts of this Synod for approbation to Brithwaldus, Archbishop of Canterbury, the Primate of England. The tact and prudence with which he conducted himself in this affair gained him more respect and confidence from the part of his ecclesiastical and civil Superiors.

St. Boniface's Apostolic Vocation.

How ever successful and heaven-blessed these labors of Winfried as teacher and priest had been, they did not satisfy his apostolic zeal. In England where since the arrival of St. Augustine, Christianity had taken such firm and deep roots, and was bearing such excellent fruits, where there was no lack of educational institutions and of learned and pious priests, his zeal did not find the field for which it yearned. His glance directed itself to those regions whose inhabitants were still wandering in the darkness of pagan idolatry, there where so many zealous men of Great Britain had found an opportunity to announce Christ's Gospel and where the harvest was truly rich and abundant; this field of his predilection was Germany. In earnest prayer he addressed himself to the Father of Light, and after much study and consultation with his Superiors, his abbot while giving him his benediction bade him go to Friesland and carry to these people the glad tidings.

By way of another little digression we must mention a few words concerning the character of the people, their religion, the country where our apostolic man was in after years so fruitfully to labor. The earliest information we possess of the Germans is derived from the pages of Caesar and Tacitus, who treat of them from the time they first came into contact with the Romans. Like the northern nations they migrated in tribes from Asia, but the history of their wandering is obscure. Tacitus represents the Germans to us as a people living in the state of nature, and in the traditions and poetry of the past, distinguished by the love of war, and bravery in presence of danger; by their strong sense of justice and the fidelity of their attachments. Their social relations were as a rule confined within the limits of those tribes bearing the same name. The religion of the ancient Germans, like that of all primitive nations, consisted in a simple worship of nature. Their conception of the deity was beautiful and exalted. "They

conceive," says Tacitus, "that to confine gods within walls or to represent them in human similitude is unworthy the grandeur of celestial beings. They consecrated woods and groves to them, and designated by titles of divinity that secret Power which they apprehend only by the instinct of reverence." Their chief divinity was known as Wontin. While they were proud and arrogant and refused to submit to any human authority, they were humble and submissive in matters of religion. Their morals were pure and simple.

Apostolic Mission of St. Boniface.

How he rejoiced in being sent on this apostolic mission cannot be described. At last the longing of his heart from childhood seemed to realize, the field had been marked out to him and in the spring of 716 we behold Winfried setting out for Friesland. The country of the Frisians is the northern portion of Germany bordering on the North Sea. At Duerstadt he first touched Frisian soil, devoutly did he kiss this ground which he knew divine Providence had given him to evangelize, aye more to bedew in after years with his blood. But the hour of grace had as yet not arrived. Friesland was distracted by bloody wars with the Frankish kings, for the Frisians were seeking their entire independence from a foreign yoke. Their chief, Radbod, had resort to arms at the death of Pepin, king of France, thinking the moment opportune, but Charles Martel at once opposed him. It was at this time that Winfried appeared with his mission of peace. Needless to say he was not received any too kindly by the Frisians, in fact, they refused to listen to him. After remaining about six months he returned to his monastery in England. His brethren received him, so to say, with open arms and on the death of the abbot he was unanimously elected his successor. But Winfried longed for the missionary field, daily he beseeched God that the supreme pastor might commission him to go and preach to—as he styled them—his beloved Frisian children. Two years passed when on the recommendation of his bishop, the learned Daniel of Winchester, he set out for the center of Christendom. The Holy Father received him kindly, listened to his petition, examined his motives and in 719 assigned him a mission in Germany. Gregory II. gave him many directions and presented him with numerous relics of martyrs, saying "Son in thy trials, remember the blood of martyrs became the seed of Christians." Winfried offered his

life to God, ready he was to give his life blood for the success of his mission. Arriving in the south of Germany he found that the faith had been planted in Bavaria and the Church was prosperous. In Turingia, where St. Kilian had labored, a sad sight met his eyes. Morals had grown loose and the faith was weak. Here he preached penance and indeed wrought a reformation. Next he passed to the beautiful country of the Rhine, from thence to Friesland, where for a number of years he assisted St. Willibrod; but it was especially in Hesse where God blessed his work. Thousands were instructed, baptized and most flourishing communities arose. Pope Gregory hearing of his success called him to Rome, where our saint arrived in the autumn of 723. He gave an account of his work, asked counsel and advice, and was there consecrated bishop. The Holy Father gave him on this occasion the name of Boniface (a doer of good).

Episcopal Career.

Before leaving the shrine of the apostles he again renewed his profession of faith and pronounced the celebrated oath of obedience and attachment to the Holy Roman See. In the year 724 we find him again energetically at work in Hesse. It must not be thought that the work of conversion and evangelization was an easy task, no, innumerable difficulties beset him on every side, again and again his life was imperiled, he suffered from exposure, opposition from princes, from the pagan priests, crosses and trials were to be found everywhere. If he was able to bring the roses of his labors to the feet of the Holy Father, God alone knew the thorns which he encountered. This work of conversion was not the work of a day, it required months and years of patient toil, but Boniface was gifted with energy and strength of character. To mention but one instance, the "Thunder Oak" of Geismar had been long an object of religious reverence among the Germans, and was regarded as a symbol of their heathen worship, and an abiding evidence of their faith in their gods. They were appalled, when they beheld Boniface fearlessly attacking it and felling it to the ground, that Thor, to whom it was dedicated, did not avenge the insult; and reasoning as rude and primitive people are apt to do, that a god who was helpless in his own defense, could scarcely be relied on by others, entirely gave up faith in the deities they had so long and abjectly honored. Boniface constructed of the

wood of the oak a chapel which he dedicated to St. Peter and Paul.

In order that the work may be firmly established he divided the vast region over which he was bishop in a number of smaller dioceses, held regular synods, founded monasteries and convents all over the land notably that of Fulda; the example of these saintly religious was to stimulate the fervor of the young Christians, while their prayers called the benediction of God on his labors. He was accustomed every year to retire to his favorite monastery of Fulda, and while following the exercises like a simple monk would make a retreat.

Martyrdom of St. Boniface.

At the age of 73 he resigned his arch-episcopal see and with a number of fellow-laborers like a simple missionary entered again the land of the Frisians. He had converted a number and was about to administer the Sacrament of the Holy Ghost, when he and his companions were attacked by a hostile tribe. The desired hour had arrived and like a true Christian hero in discharging his duty he received the martyr's crown. Particularly touching is this last scene. Our venerable bishop, bent under the weight of years and labors, stood in the midst of his little flock. When the attacking mob approached, the newly converted ones wished to defend him and themselves, but fatherly he spoke to them not to repay evil with evil; the hour of reward had arrived. They gathered closely around their chief and pastor. When surrounded by their enemies they sank on their knees to receive once more the absolution from sin. One by one his disciples and companions to the number of 52 were slain before his eyes. Casting himself on his knees and holding the book of the Gospel in his hands, he received the death-blow, thus sealing his teachings with his life-blood. His holy remains were finally brought to Fulda, where they are still highly venerated and considered a priceless treasure.

Every year on his feast which occurs on the 5th of June, solemn services are held at his tomb. During the years when the Kulturkampf was raging in Germany the devoted bishops flocked to their apostle's tomb, implored his protection and especially a participation of the same prudent apostolic zeal which he possessed, to guide them in those trying days. May he obtain the grace of enlightenment for those of our brethren, who unhappily separated themselves from the faith and communion of the See, to which he was so devoted.

REV. MICHAEL WALSH,

of Sacramento, Cal.

Died December the 31st 1898.

The Very Rev. Father Walsh, rector of the Cathedral at Sacramento was found dead in bed, December the 31st 1898. His bed room was filled with gas. He unfortunately had turned on the gas jet, when turning off the electric light. The Very Rev. Father was a model priest. He was kind, courteous, always ready to oblige, charitable, generous towards the poor and incessantly attending to his duties. His death is a decided loss to the Sacramento diocese, a loss to religion. His sudden death is indeed very sad. With tears in the eyes, priests and people attended the burial ceremonies. May he rest in peace and may he receive from his Maker the great reward, which awaits the faithful and devout minister of God and His Church!

Church Music.

The question is asked many times: "What is true church music?" The Church has laid down the rules for the genuine church music. Be obedient to these laws, to the church! Then you will not fall into a serious blunder. Of course, these laws must be known first, and some inquiry is necessary. But if they are known and respected, if true church music is studied and well rendered in the churches, the honor of God is promoted and church goes will be edified. The announcing of worldly masses, the operatic solos and sensational musical paraphernalia will not convert one single heathen nor edify and fill with remorse the blackest sinner! A comedian, who happened to hear at church one of those martial, neckbreaking and ear-tickling masses, ever afterwards entertained his audiences by mimicking exactly that mass as he had heard it, and the Kyrie—Kyrie Kyrie—eleison—el-i-son—el-i-son—pax—pax—pax—bonae—bonae—bonae—bonae—bonae reverberated in the public halls to the amusement and laughter of the hearers. And still it was only a genuine repetition of what had been performed in the house of God!

THE MISSION INDIAN.

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BANNING, CAL., JANUARY 15, 1899.

Taxing churches, buildings for charitable purposes and schools, is taxing religion, taxing charity and taxing education.

On February the 2d, which is called Candlemas Day, as usual, the candles used during the following year at divine services, will be blessed.

On February the 3rd, the St. Blase blessing will be bestowed upon those, who present themselves. The prayer is that God may keep us from all sickness of the throat.

Ash-Wednesday is on February the 15th; Easter Sunday on April the 2d, Ascension of our Lord on May the 11th and Pentecost on May the 21st.

Myer's History, now in use in the Public Schools, is not a truthful book. To write a history means to write exactly what authentional records contain. The question may be asked: "Which are the authentional records?" Go to the archives! Copying from a few authors does not exactly mean history. Praising up and shutting the eyes to the dark sides is not history. Condemning enemies, because their religious or political belief is ipso facto a cause of contempt, does not mean to represent history. To write history means to record facts as they actually happened, no matter whether or not they please the writer. History means truth, naked truth, without bias and without flattery. We fully understand, why there are people in the United States prejudiced against the Catholics; they draw

their conclusions from unreliable sources like Myer's History.

One of our exchanges lately said in reference to the perpetrators of the *Maine* - catastrophe: "This case was settled long ago." How is that? The report of the U. S. Commission stated that the *Maine* was blown up; it did not say, who blew it up, but blamed indirectly the Spanish officials at Havanna, whom they held responsible. On the other hand, the Spaniards claimed, that the disaster was brought on by some one on the American side, and they pointed to the strange fact, that nearly all officers of the *Maine* were absent on another ship at the time of the explosion, which would mean neglect on the part of the Americans. Whatever may be the case, up to date the real perpetrators have not been found or made public and the destruction of the *Maine* will go down on the pages of history in a twofold description. Another instance of *Omnis homo mendax*! History — oh where is the true history, when even an occurrence of yesterday cannot be traced up truthfully.

Catholics, both clergy and laity, ought never neglect *their own home missions*. Missionaries in the lonely missions, and the Sisters at the mission schools, do not labor for their own sake, or for *Their* cause, but for the cause of religion, for the cause of the Church, for God's sake! To neglect the home missions is neglecting a sacred duty. Some times large sums are expended in numerous and wealthy parishes, and the benefit gained for religion is not always satisfactory. A much smaller amount would do so much good in the poor missions. Good faithful Catholics will first support and give all possible aid to their *own* church and school, to their *own* pastor; because charity begins at home. Then come the

charitable institutions of one's own diocese, and the Catholic press; they have a claim on your generosity, and moral and pecuniary aid. But *home missions* appeal to all, to every one of our co-religionists in this country! Do not neglect them! Our Lord says: "Amen, I say to you, as long as you did it to one of these my least brethren, you did it to me!"

The daily papers, for one day, announced the astounding fact, that a petition for universal peace was presented to President McKinley and it was emphatically stated: "A Petition for Peace by the Protestants." Is it not sad that we have come so far, that even a petition for peace must be designated as coming from non-Catholics? About a year ago, these same people, who circulated this petition, did not demand peace, but war. President McKinley did not want war then; his first minister, Secretary Sherman, did not want war, because he said, that Cuba would be free without a war; but the press and a great number of excitable politicians, and even preachers cried war! The cry became more and more general. The ambassadors of foreign nations at Washington, who after all represent a body of highly respectable, well-informed and learned men, went in a body to President McKinley, begging him to avoid war; the old, venerable Pontiff Leo XIII., the learned, saintly, meek Great Father of more than two hundred millions of Christians, petitioned, entreated and humbly begged for peace, and when war was declared, the Holy Father was reported saying: "I wish to die rather than to behold the Christian nations engaged in war!" Where was then the petition for peace of our separated friends and brethren? How many "ministers of the Word of God" did then by peace-speeches try to avoid the misery, which is even now yet

upon so many unfortunate soldiers, who filled by patriotism took up arms against a nation, which has been otherwise friendly towards the people of the United States! Still we will all join in the petition for peace. "War is hell," General Sherman said and in fact, it is barbarism. Brotherly love, charity is needed, all around. When we love one another sincerely, when from the pulpits will come sermons for universal peace and fraternal charity, then we need no petitions for peace any more. We are afraid though, the way is yet long, long!

So much was written in the papers about Savonarola, the unfortunate Dominican friar, who with two companions was publicly hung and then cremated in the city of Florence (in the year 1498). Savonarola is compared with Martin Luther. Still he had very little in common with Luther. Savonarola and Luther were monks; the former was a Dominican, the latter an Augustinian. Both were eloquent preachers; here their similarity ends. Luther preached against faith, against the Church, against the Pope, against nearly everything he disliked. Savonarola never preached against faith, nor against the Church nor against the Pope, as the visible head of the Church; he inveighed against the *persons*, who did not honor their vocation, but not against their dignity. Luther refused to acknowledge the authority of a general council, Savonarola appealed to a general council. Luther was faithless to the vows, he had made to God, Savonarola was disobedient, it is true, but otherwise an ascetical austere man. Luther married and was an epicure, Savonarola was guileless and abstemious. Luther said: "I eat like a Bohemian, and fill myself as a Teuton; therefore thanks be to God." Savonarola preached and practiced

To the charitable friends of St. Boniface's Industrial School, who generously remembered the Indian children on Christmas day, we render sincere thanks with the prayer, that God may reward their charity with many choice blessings.

THE INMATES OF ST. BONIFACE'S INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL,

BANNING, CAL., JANUARY 1899.

temperance. Luther died during a protracted debauchery (compare Janssen and Majumke); Savonarola prepared for his death in a christian, edifying manner, and the fire that ruthlessly consumed his emaciated body found little more than skin and bones. Savonarola was imprudent, immoderate in language, his greatest fault was disobedience, his case though was partly political, partly religious. It is to be regretted that Savonarola refused obedience to lawful authority, and it is to be regretted that he was ever executed. But we, the inhabitants and citizens of the United States, where it has become a matter of custom to decry the demands for liberty as anarchism, ought not to be among them who denounce the authorities of State and Church for demanding silence from Savonarola. Luther and Savonarola—please keep it dark! They may be justly compared with St. Peter and Judas the traitor!

Letter to the Mission Indian.

SAN ISSIDRO, WARNER'S P. O. CAL. JAN. 2, 1899.

Dear Mission Indian:

I write again some lines from these beautiful mountains. The Captain of this village coming from Banning lost one horse near Sage. He had to leave his wagon there, come home on horseback and go for his wagon again.

Joseph Segundo died December 12, 1898. We buried him Dec. 14. Before his death, he received the Sacraments of the Church. He was glad to die in holy religion. When he was about to die he wanted three Our Father; "and then I will go home, the gates of heaven will be open." Mr. Barthol Pasiva was there, and he said the three Our Father. Joseph said, "Bless me, oh my God, now at this hour of my life, for thy love!" Then Joseph died. The people from Agua Caliente came. Ramona Flores said the prayers for the dead; also Jose Rodriguez. How great is

God! It was snowing Dec. 13th, but next day was good, and we could bury him. His request is to pray for him. May he rest in peace.

Thomas Segundo, Attorney at Law, and his wife came through the snow. When near San Issidro, they had to carry their little children on their backs. The snow was 16 inches deep. It was later 24 inches deep.

Mr. Fred Grant started from San Felipe to San Jose. He stayed at San Jose during the night. The next morning, the snow was 12 inches deep. Fred Grant returning with his workman started home. They could not see the road (in Warner's Ranch), and were lost. After a good while they unhitched the horses from the big wagon, and went on horseback to Mr. Wilson's store. Mr. Cajetano Welmas went and got the wagon the next day. Mr. Fred Grant and his workman started then for San Felipe (about 15 miles), but could not reach home until the next morning.

John Leo came to Wilson's store for provisions. He had to walk 5 miles and he walked the whole day. The snow in Volcano Mountains was 48 inches deep. And 18 sheep were dead.

Ignacio Segundo started from Oak Grove to Cahuilla. It was snowing and poor blind man was lost near Cahuilla. He did not know where to go. He lay down to die with cold. An American passed by and saw him lying in the road. And he carried him into an empty house and told the Indians in the village. The Indians came after Ignacio, and they gave him very hot coffee, and Mr. Ignacio Segundo was all right.

Captain Anselmo Leo walked from Julian to Banner through the snow in one day.

Forty years ago, a woman with little children started from Los Coyotes to San Issidro. She came on horseback. She had some mescal with her. It was snowing. The woman fell from the horse and she and her little children were dead of cold, three of them.

The feast of Christmas was celebrated at Agua Caliente. The people from here and from San Ignacio were there. We had a fine time and a good talk. We played base ball. Agua Caliente against San Issidro. We had 31 scores and Agua Caliente 18. I am yours truly
FRANCISCO ALBERAS.

The engraving of the beautiful church and college of St. Joseph, and the College of Notre Dame (on the cover) is a credit to the Jesuit Fathers in charge, the Sisters of Notre Dame, and the Catholics of San Jose.

Indian Missions in the Wilds of Montana, conducted by the Ursuline Nuns.

Miss A. D. Rosecrans, daughter of the late General Rosecrans, has written a most interesting account of a visit to St. Peter's Mission for Indians conducted by the Ursuline sisters in the wilds of Montana. In the course of her narrative Miss Rosecrans writes:

Mother Amadeus, the Superioress, is a charming woman, and like all truly great people, simple and unpretending in manner. The Ursuline Missions in Montana were founded by her. The poverty of these good sisters would appal anyone but an enthusiast. The cold of Montana winters, where the thermometer stands sometimes forty and fifty below zero, finds an easy access through the unplastered walls, unfinished floors and uncased windows of the new house. The stairs are simply rough boards, just as the carpenters left them. There are no carpets, no furnace heat, no gas or electric lights—but there is perfect cleanliness, a fine system of sewage and plenty of fine water and good air.

Young girls who left happy and comfortable homes in the East to enter the missionaries' life, still look happy, but they have learned to wash clothes, to cook, bake, mend, carry wood, make fires, endure cold and heat and long journeys through a wild country, and above all, to teach the Indians! The Indian question is still a troublesome one, and the opinion of old General Sherman, that the "only good Indian is the one whose toes are turned up to the daisies," is prevalent wherever the Indians live. Consequently, the poor Sisters have no sympathy and no support from the people of Montana, but depend largely on charitable contributions from the East, and on what they can make from music and other lessons to white girls. Theirs is a thankless task. The next morning at 3 o'clock a bell awakened us. It was Monday—the Sisters were all going to the washhouse.

We heard the light steps, and presently all was still. With a sigh of pity, but a sense of selfish comfort, we fell asleep only to be awakened by the glorious sunshine and the laughter of children.

A glance from the window showed something worth seeing. A band of Crees, nomadic tribe that have been driven from Canada, were on their way to camp further up the cañon. They drew up to water their horses and take a look at the Mission, to which they refused to send their children, for they

pride themselves on being the "only wild Indians."

The St. Peter's Mission was established for the Blackfeet, but as that tribe was subsequently removed by the Government, the children now come from among the Gros-ventres, Piegans and others.

To induce them to love their school life, the influence of music has been found very effective and they show quite a remarkable quickness in catching and retaining a tune. They can also keep an alto and tenor. Their voices have a reed-like quality that is exceedingly sweet and musical. Anything that is beautiful and full of color appeals to these children of nature. A taste for drawing is easily developed, and elocution is easily learned, as they "like those signs," as one of them called the gestures of a class. Others become experts with the needle, while even in the common branches of education they attain a fair degree of excellence. Indeed, their handwriting and facility for arithmetic would put some white children to blush.

So unused are they to restraint that the utmost care and tact are requisite to subdue them. A sharp word or command would make them seize the first opportunity to escape to their tribe. Impatience or fault-finding meet with the like result.

The laughing, merry manner of the Sisters was a source of wonder until we found that it is the only way by which they could conquer their wild charges. To show fear or gloom in the presence of an Indian is a fatal mistake. Sometimes they will try your courage or patience to discover if you are what you appear, and alas for those who are found wanting. The senses of these children are wonderfully keen. A girl will stop while walking over the hills, sniff the air and listen and then will remark on being questioned:

"Oh, I thought it was—" naming one of her faraway tribe, "but it was nothing—only a coyote." So far the children, as a rule, seem grateful to the Sisters and proud of their schools and well may they be.

The indefatigable zeal of this well-known Order of Sisters has accomplished much, but not without the cost of life and strength! Ten or twelve of their Indian schools are scattered over the wide state of Montana. They have in many instances learned considerable of the various Indian languages. Sister Angela in particular is gifted with remarkable powers in this way, and on one occasion, at an entertainment for

their good Mother Superior, taught a speech in four different Indian languages to the children of the respective tribes. It would be an interesting addition to philology if this gifted Sister could devote time to more research and study of the Indian languages, which she says have much resemblance to the Hebrew. More than once a year Mother Amadeus visits and inspects the condition of her various schools, relieving as far as possible the wants of her Sisters, and bringing a serene countenance through all hardships and fatigue. This remarkable woman will live in the history of the West, and future generations—let us hope—will rise and "call her blessed."

(The Monitor.)

Indians in the State of Washington.

SPOKANE, Wash., Dec. 26.—The government has run against a snag in allotting lands in severity on the Colville Indian reservation, peopled by 600 Indians. Indian Agent Anderson and allotting Agent Harry Humphrey have been trying for some time to allot the lands, but have met with resistance, the Indians being opposed to surveys and allotments unless the government pays them for the land as the Nez Percés and Coeur d'Alenes were paid for theirs. There are about 1,500,000 acres on the reservation, and the contention of the government is that the Indians have no title to it. The government proposed to allot eighty acres to each Indian in severity and give them nothing more. The Indians, led by Chief Aura Paghun and Chief Bernard demand that they be paid about \$1,500,000, claiming this under the report of a commission which examined into the matter some time after the reservation was set apart by President Grant's proclamation, in July 1872. A truce has been secured on the promise that the two chiefs will be taken to Washington this winter by Agent Anderson, to see the President. Under the truce surveys are proceeding. The Colville reservation contains a number of thriving mining towns, among them Republic, where is located the famous Republic mine. The north half of the reservation was thrown open to mineral location in July 1896, and the south half in July this year.

This case is somewhat similar to the land question of the Mission Indians. (Ed.)

Letter to the Mission Indian.

SAN FELIPE, CAL., Dec. 7, 1898.

REV. B. FLORIAN, C. P. P. S., BANNING, CAL.

Your kind letter was duly received by me and in reply to it, I have told the Indians, everybody to fence around the church. The Indians say that you can help us. We are very poor, we have nothing to eat. And we know that you are poor, but in some way if you please dear Father aid us. Because it is in my care that I should take good care of it. We will go to church every Sunday and Friday to recite prayers. I am your truly

SERVANTO CHAPUL.

Letter of His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII., to the Bishops of the whole World.

A most remarkable document on the Holy Ghost.

Although not new, it ought to be re-read by Everybody.

LEO XIII., POPE. VENERABLE BRETHREN, HEALTH AND APOSTOLIC BENECTION.

That divine office which Jesus Christ received from His Father for the welfare of mankind, and most perfectly fulfilled, had for its final object to put men in the possession of the eternal life of glory, and proximately during the course of ages to secure to them the life of divine grace, which is destined eventually to blossom into the life of heaven. Wherefore, our Saviour never ceases to invite, with infinite affection, all men, of every race and tongue, into the bosom of His Church: "Come ye all to Me," "I am the Life," "I am the Good Shepherd." Nevertheless, according to His inscrutable counsels, He did not will to entirely complete and finish this office Himself on earth, but as He had received it from the Father, so He transmitted it for its completion to the Holy Ghost. It is consoling to recall those assurances which Christ gave to the body of His disciples a little before He left the earth: "It is expedient to you that I go: for if I go not, the Paraclete will not come to you: but if I go I will send Him to you" (1. John xvi., 7). In these words He gave as the chief reason of His departure and His return to the Father, the advantage which would most certainly accrue to His followers from the coming of the Holy Ghost, and, at the same time, He made it clear that the Holy Ghost is equally sent by—and therefore proceeds from—Himself and the Father; that He would complete, in His office of Intercessor, Consoler and Teacher, the work which Christ Himself had begun in His mortal life. For, in the redemption of the world, the completion of the work was by Divine Providence reserved to the manifold power of that Spirit, who, in the creation, "adorned the heavens" (Job xxvi., 13), and "filled the whole world" (Wisdom i., 7).

THE TWO PRINCIPAL AIMS OF OUR PONTIFICATE.

Now We have earnestly striven, by the help of His grace, to follow the example of Christ, Our Saviour, the Prince of Pastors, and the Bishop of our Souls, by diligently carrying on His office, entrusted by Him to the Apostles and chiefly to Peter, "whose dignity faileth not, even in His unworthy successor" (St. Leo the Great, Sermon ii., On the

Anniversary of his Election). In the pursuance of this object We have endeavored to direct all that we have attempted and persistently carried out during a long pontificate towards two chief ends: in the first place, towards the restoration, both in rulers and peoples, of the principles of the Christian life in civil and domestic society, since there is no true life for men except from Christ; and, secondly, to promote the reunion of those who have fallen away from the Catholic Church either by heresy or by schism, since it is most undoubtedly the will of Christ, that all should be united in one flock under one Shepherd. But now that We are looking forward to the approach of the closing days of Our life, Our soul is deeply moved to dedicate to the Holy Ghost, who is the life-giving Love, all the work We have done during Our pontificate, that He may bring it to maturity and fruitfulness. In order better and more fully to carry out this Our intention, We have resolved to address you at the approaching sacred season of Pentecost concerning the indwelling and miraculous power of the Holy Ghost; and the extent and efficiency of His action, both in the whole body of the Church and in the individual souls of its members, through the glorious abundance of His divine graces. We earnestly desire that, as a result, faith may be aroused in your minds concerning the mystery of the adorable Trinity and especially that piety may increase and be inflamed toward the Holy Ghost, to whom especially all of us owe the grace of following the paths of truth and virtue, for, as St. Basil said, "Who denieth that the dispensations concerning man, which have been made by the great God and our Saviour, Jesus Christ, according to the goodness of God, have been fulfilled through the grace of the Spirit?" (Of the Holy Ghost c. xvi., 39).

THE CATHOLIC DOCTRINE OF THE BLESSED TRINITY.

Before We enter upon this subject, it will be both desirable and useful to say a few words about the Mystery of the Blessed Trinity. This dogma is called by the doctors of the Church "the substance of the New Testament," that is to say, the greatest of all mysteries, since it is the fountain and origin of them all. In order to know and contemplate this mystery, the angels were created in Heaven and men upon earth. In order to teach more fully this mystery, which was but foreshadowed in the Old Testament, God Himself came down from the angels unto man:

"No man hath seen God at any time; the only begotten Son, who is in the bosom of the Father, He has declared Him" (John I., 18). Whosoever then writes or speaks of the Trinity, must keep before His eyes the prudent warning of the Angelic Doctor: "When we speak of the Trinity, we must do so with caution and modesty, for, as St. Augustine saith, nowhere else are more dangerous errors made, or is research more difficult, or discovery more fruitful" (*Summ. Th. a.*, q. xxxi. *De Trin.* l. i., c. 3). The danger that arises is lest the Divine Persons be confounded one with the other in faith or worship, or lest the one Nature in them be separated: for "This is the Catholic Faith, that we should adore one God in Trinity and Trinity in Unity." Therefore our predecessor Innocent XII. absolutely refused the petition of those who desired a special festival in honour of God the Father. For, although the separate mysteries connected with the Incarnate Word are celebrated on certain fixed days, yet there is no special feast on which the Word is honoured according to His Divine Nature alone. And even the Feast of Pentecost was instituted in the earliest times, not simply to honour the Holy Ghost in Himself, but to commemorate His coming, or His external mission. And all this has been wisely ordained, lest from distinguishing the Persons men should be led to distinguish the Divine Essence. Moreover the Church, in order to preserve in her children the purity of faith, has instituted the Feast of the Most Holy Trinity, which John XXII. afterwards extended to the Universal Church. He also permitted altars and churches to be dedicated to the Blessed Trinity, and, with the divine approval, sanctioned the Order for the Ransom of Captives, which is specially devoted to the Blessed Trinity and bears its name. Many facts confirm its truths. The worship paid to the saints and angels, to the Mother of God, and to Christ Himself, finally redounds to the honour of the Blessed Trinity. In prayers addressed to one Person, there is also mention of the others; in all litanies, after the individual Person have been separately invoked, a common invocation of all is added: all psalms and hymns conclude with the doxology to the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; blessings, sacred rites and sacraments are either accompanied or concluded by the invocation of the Blessed Trinity. This was already foreshadowed by the Apostle in those words: "For of Him, and in Him, are all things: to Him be glory forever"

(Rom. xi., 36), thereby signifying both the Trinity of Person and the Unity of Nature: for as this is one and the same in each of the Persons, so to each is equally owing supreme glory, as to one and the same God. St. Augustine commenting upon this testimony writes: "The words of the Apostle, *of Him, and by Him, and in Him*, are not to be taken indiscriminately; *of Him* refers to the Father, *by Him* to the Son, *in Him* to the Holy Ghost" (*De Trin.* 1. vi. c. 10; 1. c. 6). The Church is accustomed most fittingly to attribute to the Father those works of the Divinity in which power excels, to the Son those in which wisdom excels, and those in which love excels to the Holy Ghost. Not that all perfection and external operations are not common to the Divine Person; for "the operations of the Trinity are indivisible, even as the essence of the Trinity is indivisible" (St. Aug. *De Trin.*, 1. i., cc. 4-5); because as the three Divine Persons "are inseparable, so do they act inseparably" (St. Aug., *ib.*). But by certain comparison, and a kind of affinity between the operations and the properties of the Persons, these operations are attributed or, as it is said, "appropriated" to One Person rather than to the others. "Just as we make use of the traces of similarity or likeness which we find in creatures for the manifestation of the Divine Persons, so do we use Their essential attributes; and this manifestation of the Persons by Their essential attributes is called *appropriation*" (St. Th. *ia.*, q. 39, xxxix., a. 7). In this manner the Father who is "the principle of the whole Godhead" (St. Aug. *De Trin.* 1. iv., c. 20) is also the efficient cause of all things, of the Incarnation of the Word, and the sanctification of souls; "of *Him* are all things"; *of Him*, referring to the Father. But the Son, the Word, the Image of God, is also the exemplar cause, whence all creatures borrow their form and beauty, their order and harmony. He is for us the Way, the Truth, and the Life: the Reconciler of man with God. "By *Him* are all things": *by Him*, referring to the Son. The Holy Ghost is the ultimate cause of all things, since, as the will and all other things finally rest in their end, so He, who is the Divine Goodness and the Mutual Love of the Father and Son, completes and perfects, by His strong yet gentle power, the secret work of man's eternal salvation. "In *Him* are all things": *in Him*, referring to the Holy Ghost.

To be concluded.

The Atmosphere.

Most Instructive.

SHOULD BE READ BY EVERYBODY.

BY A REV. FRIEND of the MISSION INDIAN.



The Atmosphere is a spherical shell, which surrounds our planet to a depth which is unknown to us; as it becomes thinner and rarer, the farther it is found above the earth's surface. Its upper surface cannot be nearer than fifty miles, and can scarcely be more remote than five hundred. It surrounds us on all sides, yet we see it not. It presses on us with a load of fifteen pounds on the square inch of surface of our bodies, or from seventy to one hundred tons on us in all, yet we do not so much as feel its weight. Softer than the softest down, more impalpable than the finest gossamer, it leaves the cobweb undisturbed, and scarcely stirs the lightest flower, that feeds on the dew it supplies; yet it bears the fleet of nations on its wings around the world, and crushes the most refractory substances with its weight. When in motion, its force is sufficient to level the most stately forests, and stable buildings with the earth, to raise the waters of the ocean into ridges like mountains, and dash the strongest ships to pieces like tops. It warms and cools by turns the earth and the living creatures that inhabit it. It draws up vapors from the sea and land, retains them dissolved in itself, or suspended in cisterns of clouds, and throws them down again as rain or dew when they are required. It bends the rays of the sun from their path, to give us the twilight of evening and of dawn; it disperses and refracts their various tints to beautify the approach and the retreat of the orb of day. But for the atmosphere, sunshine would burst on us and fail us at once, and remove us instantly from midnight darkness to the blaze of noon. We should have no twilight to soften and beautify the landscape; no clouds to shade us from the scorching heat; but the bald earth as it revolves on its axis, would turn its tanned and weakened front, to the full and unmitigated rays of the lord of day. It affords the gas which vivifies and warms our frames, and receives into itself that which has been polluted by use, and thrown off as noxious. It feeds the flames of life exactly as it does those of fire—in both cases it is consumed and affords food for consumption—in both cases it becomes combined with

charcoal which it requires for combustion, and is removed by it when this is over.

It is only the encircling air that flows above and around us, that makes the whole world kin. The carbonic acid with which today our breathing fills the air, tomorrow makes its way around the world. The date trees that grow around the falls of the Nile will drink it in by their leaves; the cedars of Lebanon will partake of it to add to their stature; the cocoa-nuts of Tahiti grow rapidly upon it, and the palms and bananas of Japan will change it into flowers. The oxygen we are breathing, was distilled for us some short time ago, by the magnolias of the Susquehanna; the trees that skirt the Orinoco and the Amazon, the giant rhododendron of the Himalayas, contributed to it, and the roses and myrtles of Cashmere, the cinnamon-tree of Ceylon and the forest, older than the Flood, through which Stanley bowed his way, buried deep in the heart of Africa. The rain we see descending was thawed for us from icebergs, that watched the polar star for ages; and the lotus-lilies of the Nile have soaked up and exhaled as vapour, snow that rested on the summits of the Alps. The difference between that which appertains to the air of heaven (the realms of universal space) and that which belongs to the strata of our terrestrial atmosphere are very striking. It is not possible, as well-attested facts prove, *perfectly*, to explain the operations at work in the much-contested upper boundaries of our atmosphere. The extraordinary brightness of whole nights, in the year 1831, during which small print might be read at midnight, in the latitudes of Italy and the north of Germany, is a fact, directly at variance with all we know, according to the researches on the Crepuscular theory, and the height of the atmosphere. The phenomena of light depend upon condition still less understood; and their variability at twilight, as well as in the zodiacal light, excite our astonishment. Yet the atmosphere which surrounds our earth is not thicker in proportion to the bulk of our globe than the line of a circle two inches in diameter, when compared with the space it encloses, or the down on the skin of a peach in comparison with the fruit inside.

The Garden of Eden.

Joaquin Miller, who has recently returned from the Klondike, says he has discovered in that ice-bound region the Garden of Eden, where our first parents lived. He will embody this discovery in an epic poem soon to be published. We are waiting, waiting,



VOL. IV.

BANNING, CAL., FEBRUARY 15, 1899.

NO. 5.

St. Peter's in Rome.

Rome is the capital of the Caesars, the citadel of the popes, and the centre of Christendom. The moment you enter the Flaminian gate, you are within the exclusive jurisdiction of the pope himself. The visitor generally visits St. Peter's first. He crosses the bridge of St. Angelo to the Leonine city as it is called, the city of the popes; and therefrom the first time he beholds St. Peter's and the Vatican. On his way he passes Hadrian's mausoleum, now called the Castle of St. Angelo, from the statue of St. Michael the Archangel, which appears on its highest pinnacle. Farther on, he gets into the square in front of the church, which is decorated with the greatest monolith in Rome, an obelisk brought from Egypt by one of the Roman Emperors. He enters the mighty structure, the building of which occupied about 120 years, the life time of three popes; being begun by Michael Angelo then in his seventieth year. The genius of Alberti, Rossellini, Sangallo, Bramante, Raphael, Peruzzi, and Bernini, was also wasted on it. A temple to the living God stood on this site, since the first oratory was built here by Pope St. Anacleto, in the year 90 A. D. Colossal figures of Christ and His Apostles confront your gaze, above the facade of the Basilica. You see the martyrdom of St. Peter and Paul on the central bronze door of the Basilica; you see the Navicella—the ship of Peter—that no storm can wreck. On either side of the vestibule, Constantine and Charlemagne, colossal equestrian statues, commemorate two great sons of the church; one built the first basilica of St. Peter, and the other was crowned in it; and both put forth their power as Christian

rulers, for the defense and extension of the Christian faith. St. Peter's is so vast, that the visitor on entering, loses all sense of proportion. It is strange, the different impressions which affect one on entering a Roman and a Gothic Church. On going into a great Gothic Cathedral like Cologne, one feels inclined to fall down in awe at one's littleness; while on entering St. Peter's, the visitor is rather inclined to feel how great was man, and how good God is. He is overwhelmed with the vastness of the place, the richness of the chapels, altars, pictures, and monuments of Popes and Kings. The first brass line on the floor marks the length of St. Paul's in London, the longest in the world next to St. Peter's, 520½ feet, but nearly a hundred feet shorter than St. Peter's; so that it could be easily enclosed therein, and leave room for a large sized church afterwards. This fact once grasped, it is no effort to believe that the Pantheon can be swung under St. Peter's dome as Michael Angelo promised. The doves of the Pamphili Doria are the size of eagles. The Barberini bees on their shield are the size of robins. If the two cherub infants upholding the holy water fountains were erect, they would stand eight feet high. The statues of the Apostles and founders of religious orders are gigantic, although they seem of normal size. But how small the people look around the Confession of St. Peter, about which a hundred bronze lamps are burning night and day. It is a long walk up to the high altar where the Pope alone has the right to say mass. Over it is Bernini's baldachino of bronze, taken from the roof of the Pantheon. Look down into the glowing circle of lamps, and see Canova's statue of Pope Pius VI. kneel-

ing at the foot of the stairs facing the Apostles' tomb. Look up into the vast and wonderous dome, described by Byron as "Christ's mighty shrine above His martyr's tomb." The inscription in blue letters on a rich gold ground runs: "Tu es Petrus, et super hanc Petram edificabo Ecclesiam meam, et tibi dabo claves regni colorum." ("Thou art Peter, and on this rock I will build My Church, and I will give to thee the keys of the kingdom of Heaven.") The Evangelists look down from the dome. The Roman citizen beside you tells you the letters of the inscription are six feet long; the pen in the hand of St. Luke is seven feet; and St. Matthew's great toe is two feet and a half long. Behind the high altar is the altar of St. Peter's chair in the apse, the farthest point from the entrance. The bronze chair, enclosing St. Peter's real chair, rises high above the altar on golden clouds. Beneath it are the statues of the four doctors of the Church, two Greeks St. Athanasius, and St. John Chrysostom, and two Latin St. Ambrose and St. Augustine, with their hands raised supporting the legs of the chair, typical of their writing on the see of Peter. St. Peter's is rich in relics. Under the High Altar repose the remains of SS. Peter and Paul, and on their tomb is a golden casket containing the palliums for the future Archbishops of the world, about 25 in number, so that each Archbishop receives his pallium "from the tomb of blessed Peter." The bodies of the other Apostles repose under the other altars. Farther on is the body of St. Helena, mother of Constantine the Great. Here also is preserved the towel of St. Veronica, the Lance that pierced Our Lord's side, a portion of the true cross, a column of the temple of Jerusalem, against

which Our Lord leaned when speaking; and many other interesting relics. It will take a couple of days to see St. Peter's inside as it encloses about five acres of ground. To see it outside, you should take a cab as it is a circuit of about three miles around St. Peter's and the Vatican. Rome is a wonderful city, but the wonder of Rome is St. Peter's. Byron, although a Protestant, writes thus:

*"But thou of temples old or altars new,
Standest alone—with nothing like to thee—
Worthiest of God, the holy and the true,
Since Lion's desolation, when that He
Forsook his former city, what could be
Of earthly structures in His honor piled,
Of sublimer aspect? Majesty,
Power, Glory, Strength, and Beauty, all are ailed
In this eternal ark of worship undecayed."*

AMICUS.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

*Extracts from his
Farewell Address to the people of the United States.*

(1) ON RELIGION.

Of all the dispositions and habits, which lead to political prosperity, Religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of Patriotism, who should labor to subvert these great Pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of Men and Citizens. The mere Politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and to cherish them. A volume could not trace all their connections with private and public felicity. Let it simply be asked, where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligations desert the oaths, which are the instruments of investigation in Courts of Justice? And let us with caution indulge the supposition, that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect, that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle.

'Tis substantially true, that virtue or morality is a necessary spring of popular government. The rule, indeed, extends with more or less force to every species of Free Government. Who, that is a sincere friend to it, can look with indifference upon attempts to shake the foundation of the fabric?

(2) NATIONS.

Observe good faith and justice towards all Nations; cultivate peace

and harmony with all. Religion and morality enjoin this conduct; and can it be, that good policy does not equally enjoin it? It will be worthy of a free, enlightened, and, at no distant period, a great nation, to give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a People always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence. Who can doubt, that, in the course of time and things, the fruits of such a plan would richly repay any temporary advantages, which might be lost by a steady adherence to it? Can it be, that Providence has not connected the permanent felicity of a Nation with its virtue? The experiment, at least, is recommended by every sentiment which ennobles human nature. Alas! is it rendered impossible by its vices?

In the execution of such a plan, nothing is more essential, than that permanent, inveterate antipathies against particular nations, and passionate attachments for others, should be excluded; and that in place of them, just and amicable feelings towards all should be cultivated. The Nation, which indulges towards another an habitual hatred, or an habitual fondness, is in some degree a slave. It is a slave to its animosity or to its affection, either of which is sufficient to lead it astray from its duty and its interest. Antipathy in one Nation against another disposes each more readily to offer insult and injury, to lay hold of slight causes of umbrage, and to be haughty and intractable, when accidental or trifling occasions of dispute occur. Hence frequent collisions, obstinate, envenomed, and bloody contests. The Nation, prompted by ill-will and resentment, sometimes impels to War the Government, contrary to the best calculations of policy. The Government sometimes participates in the national propensity, and adopts through passion what reason would reject; at other times, it makes the animosity of the Nation subservient to projects of hostility instigated by pride, ambition, and other sinister and pernicious motives. The peace often, sometimes perhaps the Liberty, of Nations has been the victim.

So likewise, a passionate attachment of one Nation for another produces a variety of evils. Sympathy for the favorite nation, facilitating the illusion of an imagin-

ary common interest, in cases where no real common interest exists, and infusing into one the enmities of the other, betrays the former into a participation in the quarrels and wars of the latter, without adequate inducement or justification.

The Pillager Indians.

The *Anishinabe Enamiad*, a little Indian paper published by the Franciscan Fathers at Harbor Springs, Mich., has in its current issue a letter from Father Aloysius Hermanutz, O. S. B., the valiant missionary who pacified the Indians after the late bloody outbreak in Northern Minnesota. We extract from it the subjoined paragraphs which are of historical value:

"I must say, I never imagined that the conditions among our Indians would ever grow so dangerous as was the case in October last. The real cause of trouble is the pine timber within the reservations. A few half-breeds and some white men succeeded in getting permission from the government to cut dead and down timber. The manner in which this is done, however, is shameful, and altogether contrary to the treaty, which expressly states that this pine is the common property of the Indians.

"The Indians last winter complained to me about the matter. I referred them to the agent who ignored them entirely. I then went to him myself, entreated, and warned him that serious trouble might arise. He has now seen the effects of his conduct. In the battle he came near being killed, and then ran away for dear life.

"It is a wonder that the outbreak did not become general. There were only nineteen Indians that fought against the soldiers and marshalls. Had all the 60 or 80 Indians of that band taken a hand in the encounter, not one soldier would have escaped.

"When I reached the hostile Indians they declared themselves determined to fight for their rights, even though every one of their number should perish. They were desperate. I succeeded in pacifying them and in getting them to lay down their arms. They are all pagans of the old style. I have had little rest since, as I must take up their cause.

"The trouble is between the full-blood Indians, and the half-breeds and their insatiable white allies who want everything. If the government does not begin a general weeding-out, especially here at White Earth, serious outbreaks may be expected."

(The Review.)

Diocesan News.

Mr. Joseph Pfeiffer, one of the pioneers of California, died at Mentone. R. I. P.

The new college at Santa Barbara is going on propitiously. Floreat, crescat ad multos annos.

Dr. Kannon has been seriously ill, but, thank God, is around again. Doctors too get sick.

Rt. Rev. Bishop Verdaguer, commonly and affectionately known as "Father Peter," is in Los Angeles.

Mr. Andrew Mullen, of Mullen and Bluet, has been seriously ill for some time. Advanced years tell.

The two Rev. Fathers Farrelly and Gay did their best to make the Pasadena fair a huge success.

The Supervisor of Indian schools in the West Mr. Conser, paid a pleasant visit to the school in Banning, Jan. the 30th.

The Rev. Father Laubacher looks after the Catholics at Lancaster. It is quite a distance from El Rio to Lancaster.

The junior clergy of the diocese were on Thursday Jan. the 26th at the Cathedral, Los Angeles, for their annual repetition.

The three Indian girls of our school, working in Los Angeles, are reported to do nicely. May they thus continue and persevere!

Mr. McNevin at White Water has gone through a serious illness—pneumonia. The present winter has caused much sickness.

The Ven. Sr. Superior Salesia of Anaheim had a serious attack of pneumonia. The crisis changed for the better, thank God!

Pomona and Pasadena were favored schools at Xmas exercises. The Bishop was present at each, and made two appropriate speeches.

Riverside is going to have a bazaar in the near future. Preparations are energetically pushed forward. Success to our dear Riverside friends.

The number of hoboes, like the number of fools, is infinite. There ought to be some legislation to save these poor souls from themselves.

There must be truth in history—truth in religion—truth in patriotism. Facts must be stated—the standard of morality preserved—prejudice cast aside.

During Lent, say the Stations! Say them well—meditate on Christ's sufferings. Ask yourself: "What did the divine Lord do for me? What am I doing for Him?"

Small pox cases caused the board of health in Los Angeles to order compulsory vaccination of teachers and school children. No doubt, the scare is worse than the sickness.

Many applications for Indian girls reach the Mission Indian. Up to date, no application for boys has been received. This is a proof that the supply is greater than the demand.

The curfew ordinance is of very ancient date. Then gates and doors were bolted when the town bell tolled, preventing ingress and egress. Nine P. M. is the historic hour.

Father Caballeria of San Bernardino has written a short catechism in Spanish, to be used in teaching people who never went to school. It will soon appear in print. It is short and practical.

Mrs. Capt. Nevins paid a pleasant visit to San Geronimo Valley. She resides again at Long Beach. Her son is following his father's vocation—he loves the sea and the waves and adventure.

Mr. Andrew Martin of San Francisco has built a residence of architectural beauty at Palm Springs. May the tropical and at the same time dry climate in the desert benefit the kind hearted gentleman.

The Rev. Fathers Fitzgerald of Redlands, Griffin of San Francisco and Connealy of Riverside favored the St. Boniface's School with a welcome, pleasant visit and assistance at the 40 hours. Thank you, Rev. Fathers!

Mr. Dan McPherson, of Grant Bro., Los Angeles, lost a brother recently in Canada. The cause of death was blood-poisoning by a sliver. What a small thing makes a home desolate. James was the joy of his parents. May he rest in peace. Amen.

The Rev. Father O'Growney at Phoenix, Ariz., was so sick last Christmas, that his death was expected hourly. He has ordered on Jan. 31st: 1000 sheets of writing paper and 500 envelopes! Thanks to God! A great mind in a feeble body!

La Grippe is paying her visit too frequently. Still everything is now La Grippe. A cold, or a chill, indigestion, headache, a tired feeling, fever—everything is La Grippe. Also the remedies sold are all for curing La Grippe. What do you want more?

"Seven Jewels from our Saviour's lips and how to set them," written by Rev. Father Jos. O'Reilly came as a Christmas visitor into our hands. The little pamphlet is a great credit to the Rev. Father, and more than that, it will promote what is good.

The celebrations which took place in West Oakland lately in honor of Rev. Father McNally were indeed a just acknowledgement of the good Father's broadminded disinterested zeal. Especially for his untiring efforts in behalf of his schools, Father McNally's name will ever shine forth in golden letters in the Golden State!

Mr. and Mrs. Murphy of Riverside drove to Redlands last Sunday to hear the Bishop. Both are fine robust Irish Catholics, and will be substantial, as well as ornamental pillars of the church in Riverside.

The Banning Umpire is no more. It is the second time that the Banning people experienced the queer feature of subscriptions being collected and then a disappearance. By the way, the Umpire worked hard to get Mr. Shaver, the Supervisor, defeated at the last election. What interest for the public good will a man have who runs away with money collected for subscriptions? Chile con carne!

Thirty years ago, Charley Thomas sen. arrived with his wife, whom he then had just married, at his home in Hemet Valley. He had a few horses and cows and upon his arrival three bears made an attempt to devour one of the calves. Mr. Thomas shot one of the bears, the others ran away, and Mrs. Thomas sat upon the huge historical rock, now in the barn yard and cried like a child. Those times are gone—no bears any more today.

In calling the attention of our readers to the article on our school, written by Mansueta, we wish yet to add, that there has been little sickness thus far, for which we are grateful to God. Prices for provisions are high in Banning. Flour, meat, groceries, clothing etc. have to be bought at an additional expense of high freight rates. But the worst feature is the hay-famine. When hay cannot be bought at 20 dollars a ton (and kind smiles besides), the case has grown serious.

THE MISSION INDIAN.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY B. FLORIAN HAHN, C.P.P.S.

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BANNING, CAL., FEBRUARY 15, 1899.

On Feb. 22d, as usual, an entertainment will take place in the hall of the boys' school, to which the public will be admitted. The Sisters have prepared a choice program and Capt. Wickham will exhibit his boys in some fine drill exercises and callisthenics.

The "Anglo-Saxon alliance," and the passionate reports (also anti-Catholic) published by prejudiced men in reference to Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines have done much in making calm and impartial, thinking men cautious. A nation will be more benefited by dignified criticism than by arousing fanaticism against a foreign nation. The peace treaty is signed and it will be ratified by Congress in due time. Let us have peace.

The President of the United Society of Christian Endeavor, Rev. T. E. Clarke, has come out boldly in favor of expansion merely for missionary purposes. Were a Catholic priest to put himself on record as the preachers and Endeavorers have done, he would be hooted down as a traitor. If a Catholic opposed the war with Spain because, in his opinion, it would injure a Catholic nation, all the papers and 'patriots' of the country would denounce him. But the policy adapted by the preachers is just as un-American. (*Monitor.*)

El Concentrado, a newspaper published in Havana, claims to know who it was who destroyed the battleship *Maine*, on the night of Feb. 15, 1898. The plotter who blew up the Maine and murderer

of the sleeping crew is designated by the paper as one Xaraias Bremes, who betrayed himself before and after the explosion in his talk against the United States. His associates are said to have been Feliz Gonzales, Domingo Vega and Eusebio Azcue, officers of the Spanish volunteer army. There were yet some more assisting in the execution of the dastardly work. Capt. Sigsbee declared recently, that he expected before long to discover the identity of those who destroyed the "Maine." He, no doubt, knows something about what he is talking. It certainly is to be hoped that the perpetrators of the *Maine-Crime* will be known. We extract these notes from the Colton Chronicle.

The people who favor church taxation say:

"A law to exempt churches from taxation would open a door to fraud. Every hall used for Sunday services of whatever nature would be classed a 'church' and every kind of 'isms' would be called a 'church,' society to take advantage of that Act. The wealthiest corporation in New York City is a church, its real estate valued at over \$100,000,000. The rebate on taxes would be a bonanza to 'Old Trinity.' (Pasadena Star, San Bernardino Sun, Colton Chronicle.)

The claim of fraud is no proof. There is no law which could not be abused. Fraud can be detected and prevented. Real estate of churches is and will be taxed and there is no intention to exempt it from taxation. To the one wealthy Old Trinity Church there are thousands of poor churches. If the proofs quoted are the only ones for taxing churches, then those favoring the taxing of churches have no strong argument.

If you tax the churches,—that is the churches *exclusively* used for divine worship, and the ground they stand on, then you tax the people twice. Church members pay taxes for their own property and then you tax them for going to church. Is this just? It is not. Read and consider what the Father of His Country says about religion. Encourage religion, but do not tax it.

Letter of His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII., to the Bishops of the whole World.

A most remarkable document on the Holy Ghost.

Continued.

THE HOLY GHOST AND THE INCARNATION.

Having thus paid the due tribute of faith and worship owing to the Blessed Trinity, and which ought to be more and more inculcated upon the Christian people, we now turn to the exposition of the power of the Holy Ghost. And, first of all, we must look to Christ, the Founder of the Church and Redeemer of our race. Among the external operations of God, the highest of all is the mystery of the Incarnation of the Word, in which the splendour of the divine perfections shine forth so brightly that nothing more sublime can even be imagined, nothing else could have been more salutary to the human race. Now this work, although belonging to the whole Trinity, is still appropriated especially to the Holy Ghost, so that the Gospels thus speak of the Blessed Virgin: "She was found with child of the Holy Ghost" and "that which is conceived in her is of the Holy Ghost" (Matt. i., 18, 20). And this is rightly attributed to Him who is the Love of the Father and Son, since this "great mystery of piety" (1. Tim. iii., 16) proceeds from the infinite love of God towards man, as St. John tells us: "God so loved the world as to give His only begotten Son" (John iii., 16). Moreover, human nature was thereby elevated to a *personal* union with the World; and this dignity is given, not on account of any merits, but entirely and absolutely through grace, and therefore, as it were, through the special gift of the Holy Ghost. On this point St. Augustine writes: "The manner in which Christ was born of the Holy Ghost, indicates to us the grace of God, by which humanity, with no antecedent merits, at the first moment of its existence, was united with the Word of God, by so intimate a personal union, that He who was the Son of Man, was also the Son of God, and He who was the Son of God was also the Son of Man" (*Enchir.*, c. xl.; St. Th. 3a.; q. xxxii., a 1.). By the operation of the Holy Spirit, not only was the conception of Christ accomplished, but the sanctification of His Soul, which, in Holy Scripture is called His "anointing" [Acts x.; 38]. Wherefore all His actions were "performed in the Holy Ghost" [St. Basil de Sp. S., c. xvi.], and especially the Sacrifice of Himself: "Christ, through the Holy Ghost, offered Himself without spot to

God" (Hed. ix., 14). Considering this no one can be surprised that all the gifts of the Holy Ghost inundated the soul of Christ. In Him resided the absolute fullness of grace, in the greatest and most efficacious manner possible; in Him were all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge, *graces gratis date*, virtues, and all other gifts foretold in the prophecies of Isaiah (Is. iv., 1; xl., 23), and also signified in that miraculous dove which appeared at the Jordan, when Christ, by His baptism, consecrated its waters for a new sacrament. On this the words of St. Augustine may appropriately be quoted: "It would be absurd to say that Christ received the Holy Ghost when He was already thirty years of age, for He came to His baptism without sin, and therefore not without the Holy Ghost. At this time, then (that is at His baptism), He was pleased to prefigure His Church, in which those especially who are baptized receive the Holy Ghost" (*De Trin.* l., xv., c. 26). Therefore, by the conspicuous apparition of the Holy Ghost over Christ and by His invisible power in His soul, the twofold mission of the Spirit is foreshadowed, namely His outward and visible mission in the Church, and His secret indwelling in the souls of the just.

Old Anecdotes on George Washington.

Taken from

M. L. WRENS' LIFE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON.

The following anecdote is a case in point; it is too valuable to be lost, and too true to be doubted, for it was communicated to me by the same excellent lady to whom I was indebted for the last.

"When George," said she, "was about six years old, he was made the wealthy master of a hatchet! of which, like most little boys, he was immoderately fond, and was constantly going about chopping everything that came in his way. One day, in the garden, where he often amused himself hacking his mother's pea-sticks, he unluckily tried the edge of his hatchet on the body of a beautiful young English cherry-tree, which he barked so terribly that I don't believe the tree ever got the better of it. The next morning the old gentleman finding out what had befallen his tree, which, by the way was a great favorite, came into the house, and with much warmth asked for the mischievous author, declaring at the same time that he would not

have taken five guineas for his tree. Nobody could tell him anything about it.

Presently George and his hatchet made their appearance. "George," said his father, "do you know who killed that beautiful little cherry-tree yonder in the garden?" This was a tough question, and George staggered under it for a moment; but quickly recovered himself; and looking at his father, with the sweet face of youth brightened with the inexpressible charm of all-triumphant truth, he bravely cried out: "I can't tell a lie, Pa, you know I can't tell a lie; I did cut it with my hatchet." "Run to my arms, you dearest boy," cried his father in transports, "run to my arms; glad am I, George, that you ever killed my tree, for you have paid me for it a thousand-fold. Such an act of heroism in my son, is more worth than a thousand trees, though blossomed with silver and their fruits of fairest gold."

Soon after the death of his father, his mother sent him down to Westmoreland, the place of his nativity, where he lived with his half-brother Augustin, and went to school to a Mr. Williams, an excellent teacher in that neighborhood. He carried with him his virtues, his zeal for unblemished character, his love of truth, and detestation of whatever was false and base. A gilt chariot, with richest robes and liveried servants, could not half substantially have befriended him; for, in a very short time, so completely had his virtues secured the love and confidence of the boys, his word was just as current among them as a law. A very aged gentleman, formerly a schoolmate of his, has often assured me (while pleasing recollection brightened his furrowed cheeks), that nothing was more common, when the boys were in high dispute about a question of fact, than for some little shaver among the mimic heroes to call out, "Well, boys! George Washington was there; he knows all about it; and if he don't say it was so, then we will give it up." "Done!" said the adverse party. Then away they would trot to hunt for George. Soon as his verdict was heard, the party favored would begin to crow, and then all hands would return to play again.

Some of his historians have said, and many believe, that Washington was a Latin scholar! But 'tis all a joke. He never learned a syllable of Latin. His second and last teacher, Mr. Williams, was indeed a capital hand—but not at Latin; for of that he understood perhaps as little as Balaam's ass—but at reading, spelling, English grammar, arithmetic, surveying, book-keeping and geography, he was indeed famous. And in these useful arts, 'tis said he often boasted that he had made George Washington nearly as proficient as himself.

The Number of Catholic Missionaries.

Towards the close of the last century, the Society of Jesus was suppressed and many monasteries were secularized; yet in the present century monastic and missionary life flourishes in an unprecedented manner. Since 1800 no less than 430 religious congregations were founded, about 100 male, and 330 female. The ancient orders, as well as the Society of Jesus, restored in 1816, gained new vigor. To-day we find in the Catholic missions 40 congregations of priests and 20 of brothers, comprising a membership of 18,000 men, among whom we count 600 Benedictines, 2,500 Franciscans, 700 Capuchins, 700 Trappists, 500 Dominicans, 5,600 Lazarists and about 4,000 Jesuits. To these we must add at least 2—3,000 secular priests laboring in the missions, and the faithful and most valuable allies of the missionaries, the Catholic Sisterhoods. Of these are 120 communities, with 52,000 Sisters, 10,000 of whom are native, engaged in the missions, not to speak of the great number of lay assistants in China and other districts. The missionary army comprises, therefore, 70,000 persons in round numbers. More than 200 missionaries shed their blood for the faith in this century, not counting the thousands that succumbed to the terrible hardships. Whence, outsiders may justly ask, does the ever persecuted Church draw her wonderful life and vigor?

(Review.)

English as She is Wrote.

I have before me a letter from a Persian friend, a person of some literary note in his own country, who informs me that he is learning English by the aid of a small text-book and a dictionary, without any other instructor and he adds: "In small time I can learn as many English as I think I will come to the America and go on the scaffold to lecture."



ST. BONIFACE.

St. Boniface's Industrial School.

A description of our School, in the sunny west, as well as the good work done here will, doubtless, be interesting to the readers of the "Mission Indian," especially those who dwell in a colder climate. The School is pleasantly situated in a beautiful valley between the foot hills of the Grayback and San Jacinto mountains, about a mile north of the little village. Leading up to the main building is a long avenue, on either side of which are tall, evergreen trees, meeting at the top and forming a perfect arch overhead. This opens into the magnificent grounds which are surrounded by cypress hedges, and contain immense palms of different species, pampas grass, eucalyptus and other evergreen trees found only in the golden state, besides choice roses, violets, various kinds of shrubberies and vines too numerous to mention.

The main building, which is of brick, contains the chapel, Sisters' and girls' apartments, — dormitories, lavatory, bath-rooms, sewing-room, class-room, the general office, recreation hall, store rooms, dining rooms, kitchen, private rooms etc. The domestic work, in this building, is done by the girls.

A few yards from this is a two-story frame building for the boys. On the first floor are well-equipped class-rooms, office of disciplinarian and recreation hall, where the boys amuse themselves with quiet games when it is too damp or cold to remain out of doors. On ascending the winding stairway leading

to the second floor, we see the boys' dormitory, a spacious, well-ventilated room, with snowy beds sufficient to accommodate seventy boys or more. The lavatory and bath-rooms are in the basement of the same building. The domestic work, of the different apartments, is done by the boys.

Looking toward the east, the observer beholds an immense orchard, covering about thirty-five acres, where many varieties of fruit may be found in due season—namely: pears, peaches, nectarines, plums, apricots, apples, quinces, figs, besides olives and almonds. Late in December when all the other fruit trees have donned their winter attire, it is a pleasant sight to behold the orange tree laden with it ripe, golden fruit.

To obtain a better view of this enclosed valley, ascend the foot hills at the north, look down on the green fields, gardens, orchards and vineyards spread out before you in all their beauty, or, turn your eyes westward where the day-god sits upon his throne of purple sublimity, and before disappearing behind the earth-wall, sheds his light in long, slanting rays on the opposite snow-capped mountain, where the soft clouds are piled in gorgeous glory. "Lovers of nature" will be amply rewarded, when from this lofty summit, they admire the picturesque scenery. So much for the School and surroundings; now for the work done.

THE DAILY ROUTINE.

The ninth term, of ten months, opened September 1898, with the attendance increased to one hundred twenty five pupils, who usually begin the day by rising at 5:30. At 6:15 they assemble in the chapel, to say morning prayers and assist at Holy Mass, during which the rosary and other prayers, are said in common. On Sundays High Mass is celebrated at 9:30. The sweet, melodious voices of the well-trained choir, inspire even the least devout with holy awe, and cause one to feel, this indeed, is the holy place. At 7 p. m. the children again assemble in the chapel, to listen to a short instruction, followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

Religious instructions receive special attention — an hour three times a week being devoted to it, nor is the labor fruitless, for the pupils of St. Boniface's answer questions regarding their religion, which would puzzle many white children of the same age.

But to return to the daily routine. At 7:15 breakfast is announced by the ringing of a large bell, and the notes of the bugle call, when all the pupils fall

in rank and, in single file, to the beat of the drum, march to the spacious dining-room, and after saying grace with folded hands and bowed head, proceed to partake of their repast with an appetite which only youth and health can give. During the meal perfect order reigns. The children are served by the larger girls and Sisters, who see that each one is bountifully supplied.

When breakfast is over they repair to their various avocations, some may be seen sweeping, dusting, others making beds, washing dishes, or helping in the kitchen. Even the little boys have their work. Under the care of a large boy, who acts as overseer, they march along carrying an arm full of wood, with an air of importance, as thought they too, are good for some thing. The cutting and sawing of wood, as well as supplying the different apartments is attended to by the boys. All the charges are finished at nine o'clock, when the bell is again rung, the pupils form lines and march to their respective class-rooms.

In the primary department, about forty eight bright, little tots greet their teacher with a pleasant "good morning" and begin their days' task, which is work suitable to their age and capacity. The next class-room contains about the same number of pupils in the first, second and third grades. These, as well as the more advanced pupils in the adjoining room, are taught all the branches of similar grades in other schools.

The pupils are examined once a month by the Superintendent and assistants, notes are taken, not only of their progress in each study, but also their deportment and work.

The morning session ends at 11:30. Dinner is served at 12 o'clock. The afternoon session (Tuesdays excepted) begins at 1:30, half the number of pupils alternately attend school in the afternoon, the others being engaged in industrial pursuits, the boys at their trades, the girls in the sewing room.

Supper is announced at 5 o'clock. When at six o'clock the Angelus is rung, the solemn peal breaks upon the air, the children, whether at work or play, pause for a few moments, and recite together the beautiful prayers which recall to mind the mysteries of the Incarnation and Redemption.

RECREATION.

Every practical facility of recreation is given to the boys and girls to make the hours assigned for the purpose enjoyable. The Sister in charge of the girls takes them on long, interesting

walks, and on the play ground the customary games adapted to girls are introduced. The boys, under charge of disciplinarian, take long walks through cañons and up the mountain side. On the play ground base ball, hand ball, vaulting, jumping, and many games of interest to boys are taken part in by all.

At 7 p. m. the bugle call is sounded, on Monday and Tuesday, the pupils go to the class rooms to prepare their lessons for the following day. Wednesday, Friday and Saturday this hour is devoted to singing, while on Thursday a lecture upon a topic suitable to boys is given by disciplinarian.

DRILLING.

The male pupils of the school are disciplined, instructed in military drill and healthful calisthenics, by the well-informed disciplinarian, Captain J. J. Wickham, whose years of experience in work of this kind, enable him to perform it with great success. Each morning, weather permitting, the boys fall in at 5:30, and drill three quarters of an hour, and every evening, before retiring, a series of healthful exercises are given in the recreation room. This branch of school work has proved of great value to the health, carriage and appearance of the pupils, besides adding to their behavior and education, a stimulus of considerable importance in facilitating their advance in all other branches of school work.

At nine o'clock all are snug in bed, in a few moments, wrapt in peaceful slumbers, after their day's work. The pupils are never left alone either day or night.

THE PRINTING OFFICE.

From the School we will proceed to the Printing Office, where the "Mission Indian" is printed. Here we find four little boys setting type, so intent on their work, that they scarcely notice the arrival of a stranger. Our little paper requires more work than one would imagine. First the articles have to be selected or written, then the boys set them in type; after this the Superintendent, corrects mistakes by reading proof on the type; and it depends very much on the handwriting, whether this work goes on slowly or quickly, but professional printers may realize the labor. This done the type is put in place, one more proof is read and the printing begins. The press has only a little space for a form of 17 times 11 inches, consequently not more than two pages can be printed at one time. The printing of each issue of the 2300 copies

of the Mission Indian necessitates 13800 impressions, and indeed the water power used to run the press is a most welcome help. When all is printed, the sheets are folded and pasted together. The folding, pasting and mailing of the Mission Indian requires three $\frac{1}{2}$ days' labor, and if some mistakes are made, our kind readers will pardon the busy Superintendent with his willingly working Indian boys. The work in the printing office has proved a great factor in enlightening the Indian boys.

LAUNDRY WORK.

Bright and early Monday morning, the strong, healthy girls are diligently working in the laundry, when they do the washing for the entire school. The laundry is a large, roomy building, with plenty of doors and windows, stationary wash-tubs, large boiler, hot and cold water, wringers, wash-boards, and other machinery. While the larger girls are thus employed, the smaller ones are folding the clothes and preparing for ironing, which is done Tuesday afternoon. Everything is conducted with great order and cleanliness, under the supervision of the experienced laundress.

SEWING ROOM.

Long tables, several sewing machines, wardrobes, etc. is the principal furniture of this apartment. After ironing, the well-filled baskets are brought here for inspection, the clothes to be mended, stockings to be darned etc. are laid aside, and the heaps piled on the tables keep our girls, large and small, busy plying their needles, receiving instructions from the Sister in charge, how to neatly perform their task, till in an incredibly short time, the clothes are again placed in the baskets, and carried to the wardrobes, ready for use. Besides mending, the girls are taught dress-making, plain sewing and fancy work, for which they exhibit excellent taste. They are now engaged in making dresses for the senior girls, which would do credit to any establishment of the kind.

KITCHEN WORK.

Four girls are appointed for a period of one month to help in the kitchen, so that all may learn that most useful art—cooking. Under the care of a Sister, they prepare the meals for the whole school, pupils and employees. They are taught how to make bread, cake, pastry, in fact everything that will be useful to them, if necessary, to earn a good, honest living, which is the end and aim of all the school work. The girls in the dining-room also receive their monthly appointments, each girl has a table to

attend, first, she carries the dishes to the adjoining room, where a group of perhaps four or five girls wash them, then each girl sets her table and sees that every thing is in order, while another has charge of the sweeping and dusting. In this way all confusion is avoided and the work done quickly.

BAKERY.

Three times a week, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, the four baker boys don their white aprons, mix their dough, which was set the previous evening, and a few hours later remove from the oven large pans of fresh, white, loaves, to be consumed by the healthy pupils. There are exactly six hundred pounds of flour used in a week, besides that used in the kitchen and the amount of cornmeal made into bread and served for breakfast three times a week.

SHOEMAKING.

As in former years a shoemaker is employed to teach the boys. John Verdugo is the present instructor. There are four boys learning this trade; they make and repair the shoes used by the pupils. Those to be mended are sent to the shop Monday morning, and returned in good shape Saturday afternoon.

CARPENTER SHOP.

Carpentering is not neglected. The boys built a new carpenter shop and blacksmith shop during the past three months, they also do the repairing necessary in School and surroundings.

FARMING AND HORTICULTURE.

Eight boys work on the farm. During the months of October, November and December their chief occupation was plowing, though work in the fields, on the roads, irrigation and cultivation was also done. After Christmas for three weeks, pruning was the daily work. In this, the boys all join—while the large boys prune, the little ones carry the twigs away, and others immediately cut them up for fire-wood. This length of time was necessary, as the boys work half a day only. All is done under the guidance of an experienced farmer, George Daniel, an old faithful employee of the School.

THE CARE OF FLOWERS, SHRUBBERIES etc.

A knowledge of this most useful work, is acquired by the boys, as they have the care of the extensive grounds, described above. They likewise attend to the many little odd jobs, or chores, to be found in a place of this kind—such as feeding the pigs, driving the cows to pasture etc.

CELEBRATION OF CHRISTMAS.

On this great Feast, so dear to all, but doubly so to children, nothing was left undone to make our pupils happy. The little crib representing the Manger of Bethlehem, with its life-like image of the Infant-God, brought vividly to mind, the Christmas night long, long ago, when the Angels' song announced to the shepherds the birth of their Redeemer. High Mass was celebrated at midnight, when the sweet strains of the *Adeste Fideles*" and other hymns, filled every heart with joy. At five o'clock a low Mass was said, at which the larger girls and boys received Holy Communion. High Mass was sung at 10:30, a sermon on the events of the day was given by the celebrant. After partaking of a sumptuous dinner, at which many relatives and friends of the pupils were present, all assembled in the large hall, where old Santa Claus appeared in long, beard and wig, loaded down with good things, which, after ascending his throne, he proceeded to distribute to the children, whose joy was complete when they were called up in turn to receive candy, dolls, story-books, ribbons, ties, handkerchiefs, tops, bugles, drums, toys and everything that old Santa Claus stores away for good boys, and girls. After singing of hymns etc, the merry group dispersed.

FORTY HOURS' DEVOTION.

Forty Hours' Devotion, began Jan. 23d. The chapel, for the great event, was tastefully decorated with smilax, calli-lilies, roses, violets all kinds of beautiful flowers, candles, lamps etc. High Mass was sung at 9:30 Sunday, after Mass a procession formed, first, the cross-bearer, closely followed by girls, in white scattering flowers, the Sisters carrying lighted tapers, the altar boys, and four large boys carrying the canopy, under which the priest bearing the Blessed Sacrament, moved solemnly down the aisle, while the choir sang *Pange Lingua*. During the exposition of the Ble-sed Sacrament, many pupils and also Indians approached the Sacraments. The children formed bands, and in turn spent an hour in adoration, and many were the fervent prayers offered for the Benefactors of our School.

There is no brass band, nor pianoes, in the Banning school, our means will not permit of such luxuries; nor are the boys and girls brought together for balls etc. Work, honest work, and time usefully spent in the school room, and in prayer follow in succession. After all, Work and Pray, is an old adage—and always new too, and if the Mission In-

dians, large and small, also those who hold responsible positions in the Indian service would all work and pray, indeed there would soon be a change for the better all around. No good cause is without enemies. In the meantime the employees of St. Boniface's School, especially the good Sisters of St. Joseph, will continue to do their work conscientiously, and should the originator of all evil sow cockle among the wheat, they will know that they have done their work, not for perishable gold or silver, nor for any worldly honor or glory, but for the Lord God and Father of us all, to Whom One in essence and Three in person are dedicated each and every one of our feeble efforts for the salvation of the immortal souls entrusted to our care.

MANSUETA.

THE SEASON OF LENT.

With the appearance of this number of the Mission Indian, in the Kalends of the Church the Lenten Season begins. This season is known to us all as one of penance and prayer, one during which the Church speaking by her precepts imposes on her children a grave obligation, which may be summed up in these words: to fast and to abstain. It is but right then that we occupy our minds for a few moments, and study the nature of this church legislation.

ANTIQUITY.

From earliest times fasting has been regarded as a means of appeasing God's anger and of satisfying His justice. Thus it is by fasting that David, Tobias, Judith, Daniel, the Ninivites obtained pardon for their sins, or particular favors. "Now therefore saith the Lord: Be converted to me with all your heart in fasting." In the New Law we behold a saintly John the Baptist or a pious Anne preparing their souls for the advent of the Messias through fasting and austerities. The Lord himself has given us the example and taught us its efficacy, hence the Church from apostolic days has enjoined on her children an obligation the spirit of which is expressed in her beautiful liturgy:

*Let us more sparing be,
In words, in food and drink,
Bow before His anger
And weep before our King.*

FASTING AND ABSTINENCE.

There are three elements or essentials in the law of fasting. (1) A restriction as regards the quality of food, thus for instance, certain victuals are forbidden. (2) A restriction as regards the quantity, namely the partaking of but one full meal. (3) The determination of time, when said meal is to be taken.

The precept of abstinence consists essentially in the prohibition by virtue of which the use of flesh meats is not allowed. There is however no limitation or restriction as regards the number of meals.

Both these commandments oblige under mortal sin. They differ however in their extents, the law of abstinence obliges all who have attained the use of reason, whereas the law of fasting obliges all who have completed there 21st year unless licitly dispensed. In virtue of an indulgent or concession granted, on fast days, besides the regular meal it is permitted in the morning to take a cup of coffee, tea or chocolate, and in the evening a light collation (or lunch). Though no absolute rule is given, most theologians permit that this collation may be equal to about one fourth of the principal meal.

DISPENSATION.

These laws of the Church admit of dispensation or exemption, which the faithful may obtain by applying to their pastors. In applying for a dispensation it must be borne in mind that the law is grave in its binding force, therefore a serious cause must be had. Such causes are ordinary sickness, laud labor, weakness, great poverty. It must be remembered that whenever a dispensation from abstinence is granted the use of flesh meats and fish is not permitted at the same meal. Secondly, the days of Lent are days of fasting and abstinence, a dispensation from fasting does not include a dispensation from abstinence and vice versa.

OBJECT OF THIS SEASON.

This season was instituted in honor and imitation of the fast of Our Lord. Secondly as a preparation for the great feast of Easter. We have before us the earnest words of the Fathers of the Church and the constant practice of twenty centuries to urge us onward to embrace this means of penance, which while procuring us many blessings for the soul also tends to the preservation of the health of the body.

ANSCONDITUS.

LETTER TO THE MISSION INDIAN.

ALBANO, ITALY, DEC. 10, 1898.

REV. DEAR FATHER:

I thank you for the "Mission Indian" which I have received regularly since last April. Truly it is a nice interesting and instructive paper. From it I learn your very hard and industrious work in benefit of the poor Indian boys, to make them good Catholics, useful and faithful citizens of our beloved country. From the far Italy, faculty and students of the Precious Blood Seminary, admire your apostolic work, and pray the Lord to bless it. Foreward and foreward, sic currite ut comprehendatis. I wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Yours truly

JOHN J. MULLEN, C. P. P. S., Student.

The Mission Indian



VOL. IV.

BANNING, CAL., MARCH 15, 1899.

NO. 6.

Most Rev. Peter Bourgade, D. D.,
Archbishop-Elect of Santa Fe, New Mexico.

The papers announce that the Right Rev. Peter Bourgade has been raised to the dignity of Archbishop of Santa Fe. Bishop Bourgade is one of the pioneers of the Church in the southwest. He left his native land, and his friends and people, to come to Arizona in the year 1869, when the territory had only three priests. Archbishop Salpointe, with whom Father Bourgade came to the west, had been appointed vicar-apostolic of Arizona, in the year 1868, and had at once seen the need of procuring missionaries. He turned to France, and near his native place, he was fortunate in finding volunteers: Father Bourgade, Father Chauco, now in Tucson, Father Morin, now in Silver City, Father Anthony Jouvecau, Father Bernard, Father Escalier. They came of course overland, from Kansas City across the plains, and the Bishop tells how glad they were when tired and weary they came in sight of the old pueblo of Tucson. Father Bourgade had charge of several missions in succession; Yuma, San Elzeario, and Silver City, and in 1885 on Archbishop Salpointe's succession to Santa Fe, Father Bourgade was made Bishop of Thaumacum, *in partibus infidelium*, with charge of the Vicariate Apostolic of Arizona

(including a considerable portion of New Mexico). Last year, the Vicariate was erected into a regular diocese, with the title of Tucson, and with Bishop Bourgade as its first Bishop. During all these years, the Bishop had labored faithfully and silently in the service of God, discharging the duties of priest, pastor and Bishop with edifying care and fidelity. And now the words are spoken to him, and the reward given to him, which we read of in the Gospel: "Well done, good and faithful servant, because thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will place thee over many."

He is removed to a portion which brings with it honor, but also very great labor and additional responsibility. That the duties of the archiepiscopal office will be discharged by his Grace the new Archbishop needs no assurance to any one who is personally acquainted with his Lordship. Laborious, patient, humble, the especial friend of the poor and lowly, zealous for souls the Archbishop corresponds to the model sketched by St. Paul. Wherever the Bishop has made an acquaintance he has made a friend, and his departure from Arizona will be keenly regretted by many. That he may live *ad multos annos* in esteem and honor in the Archdiocese of Santa Fe is our sincere wish to his Grace.

ST. PATRICK.

Many places contend for the honor of being St. Patrick's birthplace. France, Scotland, Wales and even Ireland have been given by different writers as his native land. It is most probable that the Saint was born in North Wales, A. D. 387.

While yet a boy he was taken by pirates as a slave to Ireland and for six years tended sheep and swine on its green hillsides. After his escape he found his way to France where he was trained for his apostolic career.

Tradition tells that, in a vision, the Saint saw the children of the Irish calling him to show them the light of the Gospel and, armed with due authority from Pope Celestine I, he hastened to the land of his former captivity. His success was marvelous. He went through the whole island converting both prince and peasant to the faith of Christ. He did not repel the people by abolishing their old customs and rites but rather won their hearts by giving to these a Christian signification. Thus the Beltane fires, lighted in honor of the god Baal, were turned by him to the honor of St. John the Baptist and these fires still burn brightly on the eve of that Saint's feast on every hilltop in Ireland.

When St. Patrick was preaching to the Kings and Chiefs on the hill of Tara, he wished to explain to them the Mystery of the Trinity. He picked up a Shamrock, that is, a three-leaved clover, representing by the three leaves on a single stem the three Persons in one God. Hence the Irish always wear Shamrocks on St. Patrick's day.

The Saint died March 17, A. D. 493, being over 100 years of age and after 60 years of missionary toil. He was a man of severe penance and mortification and it is, therefore, fitting that his feast should always occur in Lent.

St. Patrick has been called the St. Paul of the West. His character was much like that of the Apostle of the Gentiles. It is recorded in the Book of Armagh that he left this command to the Irish: "As you are Irish, so also be Romans," that is, as you love your country, so also be loyal to the Holy See.

THE FAITH OF THE IRISH.

Language and literature reflect the character of the race to which they belong. There is something in the blood of the Celtic race that is opposed to mere materialism, and that leads to the higher supernatural world. Even under pagan influences the Irish Celts had marked religious instincts; and nothing shows more clearly the purified and spiritual character of even the Celtic paganism than the total absence from all indications of cruelty. Kindness, even towards animals, was always a Celtic virtue. Providence had so arranged that towards the fourth century the pagan worship of the Irish people had lost its definiteness, and the Gaelic people longed for something that would satisfy their desires for a True God and a Faith that would appeal to their naturally devout hearts. St. Patrick's mission was, therefore, an immediate and a general success. We can gather from the Saint's own "Confession" that he was himself filled with astonishment at the rapidity with which the new Faith had seized hold of the whole people. "The sons of the princes and the daughters of the rulers are now become consecrated to God," he says.

From that day to the present moment the Irish people have never lost the Faith. It has become part of their character as a race, it is entwined with their patriotism, it is knitted up with their language, literature and traditions. The Irish Faith has a vivid tenderness peculiar to itself. Hence the success of the Irish missionaries.

Foreigners have been struck by the beauty and poetry of our everyday salutations. Instead of the cold "Good day," "How do you do," or "Hello" of modern civilization, the Irish-speaking man, woman and child all say to friend or stranger "God bless you," and the answer must be "God and Mary bless you." Sometime St. Patrick and St. Columbkille are brought in, To wel-

come a friend we say "God be thy life;" answer, "The same to yourself" or "And to you, too." In time of trouble "God save us," strong, with the rejoinder "And Mary." In thanks "Glory to God," "Exaltation to God," "A thousand thanks and glories to God." When they meet a priest who, in the wild districts where the Irish is now spoken, is usually on a sick call bearing the Blessed Sacrament, they say "A thousand thanks and exaltations to the Son of God." Of the dead, "The blessing of God with their souls."

Even animals, in the Gaelic mind, are under spiritual influences. The red-breast is called "Mary's little one," and a graceful legend explains the name. The crow of the common rooster, instead of being a pagan "cock-a-doodle-doo," is a song of triumph, "Mac na h Oighe slan"—the Son of the Virgin is free. The Rosary is called *paidirín*, the little prayer.

The whole of the Gaelic literature is religious in tone. The part of it that is purely devotional is very large and very beautiful. Litanies, hymns, poems in which the whole Celtic soul is poured in prayer, spiritual works, lives of saints with all that legendary wealth and definiteness of detail in which the Irish mind revels. For twelve centuries the Irish-speaking peasantry have handed down, from generation to generation, beautiful religious hymns, which are repeated to-day by the hearth as they were in the times of the early saints. There is a hymn for almost every possible circumstance.

And all this wealth of religious thought, coming from the most religious race of the world, is uncollected, untranslated, unknown!

E. O'G.

SAN ISIDRO RESERVATION, WARNER,
SAN DIEGO CO., CAL., MARCH 15, 1899,
My dear Mission Indian:

I will write you just a few lines again, in order to inform you of the death of some of our friends.

The old man Manuel Norte from San Ignacio Village went on a visit to San Manuel Reservation; and while there got sick and died on the 3rd of Feb. 1899.

Manuel was a good old man; he died at the great age of 95 years.

The Indian doctor Silverio Chumacat died on Feb. 19th 1899 at Soboba near San Jacinto.

A little daughter of Mr. Domingo died on the 18th of Feb. 1899.

Ambrosia Ortega takes care of the church at Agua Caliente very faithfully.

Several months ago, Mr. Ramon Flores visited the church, and prayed that the San Isidro people would not lose their seed, and would raise a good crop of barley and wheat. He said that all the people had done good work and he hoped St. Isidro would obtain rain for them.

FRANCISCO ALBERAS,

THE FOLLY OF ATHEISM.

The science of the development and form of the organs, in the structure of plants and animals, is called *morphology*. It teaches us that the whole animal and vegetable creation is formed upon certain fundamental types and patterns, which can be traced under various transformations and modifications, through all the rich variety of things, apparently of the most dissimilar build. But here and there a scientific man takes it into his foolish head, that there may be a set of moulds without a moulder, a calculated gradation of forms, without a calculator, an ordered world, without an ordering God. Now this atheistical science conveys about as much meaning as suicidal life; for science is possible only where there are ideas, and ideas are only possible where there is mind, and minds are the offspring of God: and atheism itself is not merely stupidity, it is the purely nonsensical and the unintelligible. Mr. James Russell Lowell writes of Atheists: "The worst kind of religion is no religion at all, and these men living in ease and luxury, indulging themselves in the amusement of going without a religion, may be thankful that they live in a land, where the gospel that they neglect has tamed the beastliness and ferocity of the man who, but for Christianity, might long ago have eaten their carcasses like the South Sea Islanders, or cut off their heads and tanned their hides, like the monsters of the French revolution. When the microscopic search of scepticism, which has hunted the heavens and sounded the seas, to disprove the existence of a Creator, has turned its attention to human society, and found a place on this planet ten miles square, where a decent man may live in decency, comfort and security, supporting and educating his children unspoiled and unpolluted—a place where age is revered, infancy respected, manhood respected, womanhood honoured, and human life held in due regard—when sceptics can find such a place ten miles square on this globe, where the gospel has not gone, and cleared the way, and laid the foundations, and made decency and security possible, it will then be in order for the sceptical literati to move thither and ventilate their views. But so long as these men are dependent upon the religion which they disregard, for every privilege they enjoy, they may well hesitate a little, before they seek to rob the Christian of his hope, and humanity of faith in that Saviour, who alone has given to man that hope of life eternal, which makes life tolerable and society possible, robs death of its terrors, and the grave of its gloom."

Amicus.

Diocesan News.

Miss Anna Fuell is very sick. Her friends are requested to pray for her.

The brother of Rev. Father Schneider, of Yuma, died in Ohio. Our condolence to the good Father, who is himself not quite well.

We are sad to chronicle the death of Mr. Andrew Mullen, the senior partner of the firm Mullen, Bluett & Co., Los Angeles. May he rest in peace.

With historians galore still the birthplace of many a great man continues to be in doubt, perhaps the too many cooks axiom applies to historians also.

Very Rev. Father O'Keefe went to Mexico to be present at the consecration of Bishop Averna, the former Superior of the Franciscans (province Zacatecas.)

Rev. Father Philibert, of St. Joseph's, Los Angeles, has been transferred to St. Boniface's, San Francisco, to the great sorrow of many of his friends in the Angels' City.

At the home of our namesake Mr. J. Hahn, Anaheim, the angel of death hath called, and his beloved wife was taken from him. It was the heavenly Father's will.

The "Father of the poor," "Father of the little ones," "Father of the sick," what beautiful titles! And thank God among our clergy are to be those to whom these titles are applied.

Mary Conception Gonzales died an edifying death in the house of her father. She was not very bright, but understood well how to work out the salvation of her soul. May she rest in peace.

How welcome a visit of the Moses of old would be to many a parish, to collect the offerings and make vessels of gold beset with precious stones, worthy to be used at the sacrifice of the New Law.

The Most Rev. P. W. Riordan, Archbishop of San Francisco, accompanied by the Rev. P. Cummins, is spending a couple of weeks at Coronado beach. His Grace is taking a much needed rest.

"Now remain faith, hope and charity, these three; and the greatest of these is charity." Practice charity, spread it, cheer your surroundings with its fragrance. There is no human virtue and no rules or customs of the religious above charity. True charity comes from God.

Twenty-five years of a happy union the Kalends did show and at God's altar the faithful family of Mr. and Mrs. F. X. Dauser of Anaheim came to return thanks and implore the Lord's blessing on the future.

Hon. L. A. Wright came to Banning on February the 27th. The S. P. Co. intended to sell on that day the ranch belonging to Juan Ramon, an Indian at the Portrero. It is planned, to exchange the land later on.

Rev. Father Chrysostom, of the Franciscan order, is stationed at St. Joseph's, Los Angeles. Father Chrysostom is an old Indian missionary, speaking fluently the Chippewa language; in fact, he knows six languages.

The Newspaper Directory of Geo. P. Rowell & Co. (N.Y.) costs complete only TWENTY DOLLARS A YEAR. Catholic books and directories are cheap when compared with non-Catholic productions of the same kind.

The Free Harbor Jubilee will be celebrated at San Pedro and at Los Angeles, in April. First rock by the car-load will be dumped into the ocean, for a breakwater, and then the feast will begin. Almost to much of a blessing!

The Rev. T. J. Fitzgerald is making many improvements in the church at Redlands. Carpenters and painters have been at work for two weeks. A new bell has been procured and soon the *Angelus* will ring over the orange groves.

The new parish formed at Golden Gate, a suburb of Oakland, is placed under the patronage of St. Columba. This is appropriate, as the church will look out over the Pacific as the Dove of the Cell looked out over the Atlantic from his own storm-bound Iona.

If any man puts away his wife and marries another one, or if any woman leaves her lawful husband to live with another one, they are excommunicating themselves from the Church of God. Adulterers will not enter the kingdom of heaven, they will go to hell.

Latently an Indian medicine man asked, whether it was lawful to find out and apply some tea prepared from a certain herb which was sure to cure consumption. We told him it was not only not sinful, but perhaps the greatest beneficence which could be done to mankind, and the grateful consumptives would collect a fortune for him and erect a monument, to stand for ever in his honor. Sorry to say, the tea is not yet discovered.

Rev. Father Caballeria gave a mission to the Spanish people a Lemon.

Three Indian girls are working in Ontario; viz. Mary Miller, Juliana Chutnicat and Steplana Owlingwich.

The servant is worthy of his hire. But the penny in the Gospel was paid at the end of the day. To the heavenly reward God's ministers especially must look. Still have you heard the story of Paul in the desert, who wanted to be an angel, and hence would not eat; still after a few days to Peter went and said: "A body still I have."

We were pleased to meet lately Mr. Kant, clerk of the Perris Indian Training School. He delights in extolling the progress of the Perris school, and incidentally mentions how happy he feels since he has found a bright, loving companion for life. The Mission Indian hopes that happiness and peace will bless the union for many years to come.

The little Spanish catechism of Padre Juan de San Bernardino will be ready for sale end of March. It is cheap. Only \$1.50 a hundred copies. There is an old proverb which says: "What costs nothing, is worth nothing." Now the little catechism is an exception to this rule. The Rev. Pastors will find it useful in teaching religion to the Spanish population.

In the sixties many priests went to Cahulla to preach to the Indians. Food was scarce then and the Fathers had to undergo many privations. On one occasion, the wife of Chief Manuel Largo desired to be baptized. Father Gonzales was pleased to comply with her request, but wished to have the consent of her husband. Mrs. Thomas was to be god-mother. She spoke to the old Chief. He said: "Bueno, déme jamon, café, azucar y arina." (It is well; give me ham, coffee, sugar and flour.) The old worthless fellow died a pagan.

A gentleman being asked to renew the insertion of an advertisement in the *Mission Indian* replied: "I have not gained a cent by the ad." This is either true or not true. If it is not true — as we believe it to be — it ought not have been stated; but if it is true, then the firms that are advertising in the *Mission Indian* are the most disinterested, broadminded, intelligent people in California, and therefore the most reliable, and our readers will not make a mistake when they buy of those firms that are represented in the advertisement columns of the *Mission Indian*. Patronize them!

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BANNING, CAL., MARCH 15, 1899.

St. Patrick's Day, March the 17th, falls on a Friday. Sunday following, March 19, would be the feast of St. Joseph, which is transferred to Monday, March the 20th, and the following Saturday, March the 25th, the feast of the Annunciation occurs. Palm Sunday is on March the 26th, Good Friday on the last day of March and Easter Sunday April the 2d.

There are still many old and sick indigent Indians in the reservations every where. The Government ought to provide for them. If the Government can afford to send Indian boys and girls around the country for base ball, foot ball and shows, then it can also afford to help the poor and sick Indians. Poor Indians ought to be helped and upon close investigation you will find them *everywhere!*

Five things are necessary to receive the Sacrament of Penance worthily; viz. (1) Examination of conscience, which is the penance of the intellect; (2) Contrition, the penance of the heart; (3) Firm Purpose of Amendment, the penance of the will; (4) Confession, the penance of the tongue and (5) satisfaction, the penance of the whole man.

We read in Ecclesiastes, III, 1-4: "All things have their season, and in their times all things pass under heaven. A time to be born and a time to die. A time to plant and a time to pluck up that which is planted. A time to kill and a time to heal. A time to destroy and a time to build. A time to

weep and a time to laugh. A time to mourn and a time to dance." And now is the acceptable time—a time to do penance and good works.

It is a laudable custom to receive a blessed palm on Palm Sunday; it is highly commendable to be present at the beautiful services during the Holy Week, and then to sing the glorious Alleluja on Easter; but the true sincere Catholic will not neglect to receive the Sacraments, to go to confession and to receive holy communion during this holy season.

Judge not rashly, when you read in the secular press that the religious in the Philippines, Cuba and Porto Rico are very rich. Religious orders are the only people in this world, who labor one for all, and all for one. Their expenses are low, no wages are paid and still the work goes on. Hence they are considered rich. But if their possessions would be divided and to every member of the order be given the proportionate share, no rich religious could be found. Consider moreover the works of charity, and also the debts of the religious! The talk about the rich religious must be taken cum grano salis! Envy is not pleasing to God.

The Holy Father Leo XIII. issued a letter to Cardinal Gibbons, which is at the same time directed to all the Catholics within the States. In this letter, His Holiness warns the children of the Church to guard against erroneous innovations in general, and to take as guides in spiritual matters the time-honored, well-tried and secure teachings of the Church and the Fathers. The Holy Father, 90 years of age, has lately subjected himself to a painful operation, and is now again well. A truly wonderful pope. When the operation was over,

and the Holy Father's sickness was wired over the world, the day following this publication, 28,000 telegrams were received at the Vatican, inquiring into the pope's condition. Now our "no-popery" friends have again a genuine exhibition of popery, and no doubt the ill-famed Myer's history will be enriched by a new chapter.

The church-question in Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines will be a grave and difficult matter for the Church in the United States. The population in these Islands is Catholic, many of them like Garcia, Gomez and Aguinaldo, nominally Catholic. Only a small number of the clergy comes from the native population. The church did not neglect to educate the sons of the native people, but the fact cannot be denied that the Cubans, Philipinos etc. prefer to receive the Sacrament of matrimony rather than the Sacrament of Holy Orders. The Spanish clergy now in these missions will certainly go home. Who will supply their places? And who will support them? How willingly do Catholics in these States help the Church! But will the Philipinos and Cubans do it? God will direct everything according to His own Will; what we may consider a calamity may become a blessing. Still it will be a giant's undertaking to regulate church matters in the former colonies of Spain, and the Church in America, where the missions among the Negroes and Indians are struggling for their existence, has a difficult task on hand!

An eloquent preacher in Los Angeles announces: "To be a consistent and sincere believer in the creed of any church a man must suppress his intelligence, he must put aside all modern scientific knowledge, he must persistently refuse to exercise his reasoning faculties." Less eloquence and more horse sense would just fill the bill!



Letters to Uncle Tom.

Gained 6 Pounds.—The Entertainment.

ST. BONIFACE'S INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL,
BANNING, CAL., FEB. 25, 1899.

Dear Uncle Tom:

Four long months have passed without a word from your nephews at St. Boniface's. During this time we have often thought of you and wonder why you never write any more nice stories for us.

The boys in the printing office were kept pretty busy last week, printing programmes, cards and invitations. We can do all kinds of work. Send us something for a trial.

Oh! uncle, you ought to have been here for the entertainment. It was a regular beauty. The hall where the audience were was just crowded with people. I played off a dialogue; namely: the old tramp. And I tell you everybody says that the old tramp was glad to get the bread which was given him by the mistress of the house, and the advice which he in return gave her—the old lady being deaf. Then the old lady gave him an advice scaring him out of the house by setting the dog on him, after which the tramp never returned.

Our new disciplinarian, Capt. John J. Wickham is really a well posted man, and no doubt he is really deserving credit for the practical military work and physical culture, in which he is drilling the boys every morning when the weather permits. And I tell you, Uncle, since he has been here I have gained six pounds.

We had a good shower of rain here for the last few days, and I tell you it did good. Everything looks fresh and green. The almond trees are in bloom, and the apricots.

I could write a longer letter, but I think I had better stop and let the other fellows have something to say.

I hope dear uncle, that you are well and that we will see your pleasant face soon again. From your loving nephew

PETER SALVADO.

Drilling, Base Ball, and the List of the Best Boys and Girls.

ST. BONIFACE'S INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL,
BANNING, CAL., FEB. 25, 1899.

Dear Uncle Tom:

We expected to see you at our school last Wednesday, but you did not come. I think we better write to you or you may think your nephews have forgotten you.

All the boys and girls are well, busy and happy in school and at work.

We have a fine disciplinarian, who takes a great interest in the boys, teaching us how to drill like the soldiers in the U. S. Army.

We drill about half an hour, every morning before breakfast, and I tell you we have a good appetite, and are glad when we hear the breakfast bell ring.

We had a fine game of base ball last Thursday afternoon. We had a nice fun, lots of people were present, also the nine from Beaumont were there, they played with the Banning boys. They and Beaumont beat the Banning boys. They are all practicing for another game and we are too. About a month ago St. Boniface's boys played against the Banning High school boys. We won the first game, the High school boys the second.

We will try it again some fine day and if we win, I will tell you all about it.

Father sent me to Hemet a few days ago on business. I did not know the road very well,

so I got lost. I travelled back to Beaumont and I asked a man there where the road was to San Jacinto. He showed me the road, and I went there and came to San Jacinto and then to Hemet. I saw beautiful valleys and mountains. I tell you I had a nice ride. We are getting along fine in school, this week we are reviewing, getting ready for examination.

Our teachers are making out a list of the best boys and girls, I hope my name will be there.

With love from all your nephews big and little

SANTIAGO SABELL.

Washington's Birthday. Marching Straight—on the Parade Ground.

ST. BONIFACE'S INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL,
BANNING, CAL., FEB. 25, 1899.

Dear Uncle Tom:

This morning several of the boys and girls decided to write you a letter and we all tried to take different subjects so we will not get tired reading them. I will tell you how we celebrated Washington's Birthday. At 9 o'clock we had High Mass. Father Hahn preached a fine sermon on Patriotism. He told us about that great man who is justly called "the Father of his Country." He said Washington was a brave man. Brave when he led his army to battle and doing what he knew to be right. After mass the large boys helped the Sisters decorate the stage with our national colors, the red, white and blue, and evergreens. A large picture of George Washington hung in the center of the back ground.

The stars and stripes were hoisted over the main building, boys' school and play ground.

About half past seven our entertainment began. It lasted about an hour and a half. We had Patriotic Songs, drills, recitations and dialogues etc. The hall was crowded. The audience seemed much pleased with our efforts. But we were all disappointed, when we did not see our dear Uncle Tom in the front.

The entertainment closed with an address by Father. Dear Uncle, come to see us soon and we will show you some fine drilling, if you don't hurry you won't know your nephews. We all march around so straight on the parade ground; you will think we are Co. A in U. S. A., ready to go to Cuba or any place else to defend our country.

Please write soon to your loving nephew

PATRICIO LUGO.

The Pupils of San Xavier's School Tucson, Ariz., tell all the News they know.

Weather is nice at Tucson.

SAN XAVIER'S SCHOOL, TUCSON, ARIZ., FEB. 4, 1899.

Dear Father Hahn:

I thought I would write a letter to you. I hope that you are well. I come to school every day, my little brother comes too, he is in the Primer class, I am in the Catechism, Arithmetic and the Second Reader. I study my lessons. My father and mother are well. Come to see us sometime. I read my letter in your paper. Pray for the boys and girls that are going to receive our dear Lord for the first time, all are well. Now the weather is nice. Pray for us. I remain your boy

JOSE SANCTO.

Eighty-nine Pupils at San Xavier's School.

San Xavier's School, Tucson, Ariz., Feb. 4, 1899.

Dear Father Hahn:

I hope you are well, and all the Indians. All of the Papagos are well, all are working very hard. We have 89 children coming to School. Mr. Berger was sick, but is well now. All are glad, he is good to us. We have a nice big lamp

in the church before St. Francis. It looks nice. The boys and girls are going to make their first Holy Communion in and Confirmation soon, so pray for them. May God bless you. I am your boy

NICHOLAS XAVIER.

4 Boys and 3 Girls Made Their first Holy Communion Feb. 12th 1899.

San Xavier's School, Tucson, Ariz., Feb. 4, 1899.

Dear Father Hahn:

I hope you are well and hope that you will come to see us. We were very sorry that you was not here for the feast. Four girls and three boys are going to make their first Holy Communion on February 12th and I am one of the boys, so pray for us. I come to school every day and study Catechism, Second Reader and Primary Arithmetic. My father and mother are well. The weather here is very nice and all Papagos are plowing. Your boy

JOSE JATA.

Reading Their Letters.

San Xavier's School, Tucson, Ariz., Feb. 4, 1899.

Dear Father Hahn:

I read my letter in your paper the other day and I was very happy. All the boys were reading their letters. All the Papagos were very sorry that you did not come, but we hope that you will come when the boys and girls make their first Holy Communion, it will be on February the 12th. I hope that you are well. My mother and my father are well. I come to school every day and my little brother comes too, he is in the Chart Class. Pray for all the Papagos. May God bless you. Your boy

VENANCIO.

Some Boys and Girls have a Cold.

San Xavier's School, Tucson, Ariz., Feb. 4, 1899.

Dear Father Hahn:

I hope that you are well and so I am well too, thanks to our dear Lord for it. Some boys and girls have a cold, many come to school and they all try to be very good and they are working very hard, all are plowing. Please pray for us and we won't forget you in our prayers. Pray also for those children who are going to make their first Holy Communion. We got a nice lamp before St. Francis and when you come you will see it. Good-bye. Your boy

JOSEPH.

The Papagos are Plowing.

San Xavier's School, Tucson, Ariz., Feb. 4, 1899.

Dear Father Hahn:

I was reading your paper the other day and learned that you would come to see us another time. I was sorry that you could not come. I come to school every day and study my lessons. I am going to get Fourth Reader soon. I am going to make my first Holy Communion on February 12th. I am in Catechism and Arithmetic and I serve Mass every Sunday and every Thursday. My father and mother are well and I help my father to get some wood. We have 46 boys coming in school every day. Papagos are very busy plowing. So good-bye. Pray for all. I am your boy

FRANK RIOS.

Serving Mass on Sunday and Thursday.

San Xavier's School, Tucson, Ariz., Feb. 4, 1899.

Dear Father Hahn:

We were all very sorry that you could not come to the Feast, but we hope that you will come sometime. I hope that you are well. I come to school every day and I am going to get Fourth Reader soon. All Papagos are well. I help my father to get wood and my brother comes to school with me. My father and mother are well. I am in Catechism, Arithmetic. We have 46 boys coming to school every day and we have a nice picture of the Blessed Virgin in the school yard. I serve Mass on Sunday and Thursday, pray for all Papagos. Your boy

JOSE SANTO.

St. Joseph.

St. Joseph was descended from the kingly line of David, and was a kinsman of the Blessed Virgin Mary (Matt. i. 1-16). The Gospel gives him the praise of being just (Matt. i. 19), that is a man distinguished for all virtues. And surely, as he was chosen from all other men, by God, to be the foster-father of His Son, he undoubtedly excelled in virtues and sanctity, all saints then living. Of his youth, nothing certain is known to us, and of his later life we know only what the Gospel relates. He was a carpenter (Matt. xiii. 55), and lived at Nazareth, in Galilee (Luke ii. 4). Being espoused to Mary, he was inclined, upon learning that she was with child, to put her away privately; not desiring to expose her to public reproach; but being instructed by an angel, he took her to himself, in obedience to the command of God, went with her to Bethlehem, and afterwards, with Mary and the new-born child, fled, without timidity, to Egypt (Matt. ii. 13). At the command of the angel he returned thence, and again dwelt in Nazareth (Matt. ii. 23). From this place they went every year to the feast at Jerusalem, where it happened that Jesus, then twelve years old, remained behind them in the temple, and was anxiously sought for by them. More than this is not told us. At the time of the marriage at Cana, it would seem that he was no longer living, since there is no mention made of him. Little, however, as is said of him, that little is rich in profitable instruction. How worthy to be admired and imitated is his example — his chastity, his tenderness towards Mary, his forbearing to pronounce a judgment in regard to her condition, when he could not explain it, his quick and unreserved obedience towards God and the commands of authority, his love for Jesus, and his care for both the Mother and the Child. On account of his sanctity God has specially distinguished him by miracles, and the Church honors him in a particular manner. In the Litany of the Saints he is named among the Patriarchs, and the feast of his patronage is celebrated on the Third Sunday after Easter. Venerate, therefore, St. Joseph; choose him for your protector in life and in death, and to make yourself worthy of his protection, follow his example.

About the Country where the Indians live. From Cahuilla to Warner.

The distance between the two places would exceed hardly 15 miles, if a direct road would be made through the mountains. As it is now, the traveler has to go down hill nearly two thousand feet in order to go up hill again the same altitude. On the road are the sulphur springs of Mr. Thompson, which have given refreshment to many a weary traveler or camping party. The water is clear, rich in sulphur and has a temperature of about 50 degrees. Wherefrom does it come any how? We need not say, that going down hill is easier than up hill.

Are these differences in altitude not a figure of our life? To ascend higher, to become better is truly up hill work—so many hills must be climbed, rocks overcome and exhausting efforts made! Down the grade, though, we run swiftly and how often is the fall of one who was great the work of just one moment! Do not judge rashly—the servant stands and falls to his Lord!

The valley in which the Cahuilla road strikes the much-traveled road to Warner's Ranch is called Anguana, which means a valley of water. It was formerly the settlement of many Indians, whose graves can yet be shown. Today but one survives, and it was only the timely aid given him by the Indian agency, that saved him from being evicted from his home—at least, for the present time.

Oak Grove is the next settlement of some importance on the road. This place is noted for its huge live oaks from which it has taken the name. The live oak is an evergreen oak. The tree does not attain a very great height, but is beautiful, stately with its gigantic numerous branches, which reach out umbrella-like fifty to seventy feet inviting the passers-by to rest in the cooling shade. The live oak appears to be created by God to refresh the weary wanderer when the fiery sun and the burning sand have exhausted man and beast. We may justly call the live oak the queen of the trees in Southern California. It is commonly found in the higher altitudes. Near Oak Grove are also some gold mines.

Ten miles east of Oak Grove is Warner's Ranch with its pastures, cattle, wild ducks, geese, coyotes, whilst the high, steep, surrounding mountains harbor still many deer, mountain lions and other wild animals. As a full description of Warner's Ranch was given two years ago, we stop here our notes.

Warner's Ranch and also the other stock ranches are now a sad sight. The pastorage is insufficient, the cattle are very poor and hundreds of heads of cattle are lying dead on the ground, to offer feed to hungry dogs, coyotes, buzzards, eagles and crows! It is hardly more than six miles east of Warner's Ranch when the Colorado Desert is reached, about 25 miles southwest of Salton.

Small Pox

is one of the most dreaded diseases; its milder form is called varioloid, its severe form variola. Small-pox is caused by deficient food, bad water, bad air, confinement of many persons in one room (overcrowded railroad and street cars) etc. It is generally believed that the patient must die if the eruption does not appear, hence the importance of remedies which tend to promote it. Father Kneipp in his books advises the application of water, either ablation, wet shirt or Spanish mantle and he says, that the proper application of these remedies will prevent the disfiguring by scars after convalescence. Fresh air by proper ventilation, simple and most digestible food in small quantities (preserved fruit, water, milk) are recommended. He says in conclusion: If the feverishness that precedes the eruption appears in any person during the prevalence of small pox, scarlet fever or any other eruptive diseases, water should be applied directly. Mere waiting and observing "what may ensue," is always dangerous. "From pest, hunger and war—oh Lord deliver us!"

NOT A BIT BETTER.

Old Biddy Brown lived in the famous town of Kilkenny, in Ireland. One cold winter day she caught a severe cold, which caused her to have pains in her chest.

Biddy went to the doctor and asked him what she must get. The doctor ordered her to get a plaster and put it on her chest.

The next day the doctor called to see how Biddy was getting on. When he asked her how she was, she said:

"Aye, doctor, I had no chest, so I put it on a box. Look, doctor, it is sticking there yet and, I am not a bit better."

THE WORLD.

The peace treaty between the United States and Spain is signed. It has thus far not benefitted any of the two countries. The United States have a war of rebellion in the Philippines on hand and what Cuba and Porto Rico will bring, is not yet known, whereas in Spain the Freemasons continue the suicidal regime. China will be the arena of more complications and the great powers are mistrusting one another. The end of the century is making everybody restless—it is a strange world.



Sights in Rome.

The Vatican.

After St. Peter's comes the Vatican, the Pope's palace, which contains 11,000 rooms. These rooms are taken up principally with the picture galleries, museums, and library, all of vast dimensions, and containing priceless treasures. The Sistine Chapel, in which the Pope celebrates morning mass, is a beautiful edifice. Here he consecrated Cardinal Prisco, the present Archbishop of Naples, last June, on which occasion the Chapel looked its best. There were six other cardinals present, many bishops, prelates, chamberlains and attendants both lay and clerical. The pope's choir performed on that occasion. The frescoes behind the high altar represent the last judgment by Michael Angelo, and the ceiling is decorated also by the same master hand.

The Library in the Vatican.

By descending a staircase we arrive at the entrance to the Vatican library, in which are preserved manuscripts and books of the rarest kind. The length of the library is about a quarter of a mile. It is composed of a large number of rooms, each containing the treasures of centuries. Around the walls you see the presses of books and manuscripts, each marked with the years to which it refers. On the floor are arranged the glass cases containing the most celebrated of the books, which are pointed out to the visitor. First comes, the Codex A. of the Bible, the oldest and most authentic existence. A certified copy of it was made by order of Pius the IX. for the British museum, the authorities of which offered to return it with 80,000 dollars for the original. The offer was, of course, declined. In the same case you see the book on the Seven Sacraments, written by Henry the Eighth of England against Luther, for which the King received the proud title of "Defender of the Faith," a title borne by all the kings and queens of England ever since. Beside this book is placed the letter of his first wife, appealing to the pope against the divorce. Here also are seen the originals or authentic copies of the Latin classics, Horace, Virgil, Livy, etc., also of the Italian poets, Dante, Ariosto, Boccaccio, etc., from which the present editions are printed.

On tables, along the centre of the rooms, are arranged large vases of the

costly material and excellent workmanship, presented by emperors, kings and presidents to the various popes. In another room you notice the chairs arranged around the pope's throne, where his holiness receives daily at 10:30 a. m. the ecclesiastical news, from the representatives of the various countries of the world; on which occasion he grants dispensations, makes appointments to bishoprics, and directs the replies to be sent to bishops, in various parts of the earth, as the case may be.

The Museum and Picture Galleries.

But we must hurry on to the museum and picture galleries, each of which is as long and spacious as the library. We behold the greatest statues and sculptures of antiquity, lined on both sides, according to the age in which they were produced. The Apollo Belvidere, the Laocoon group, Meleager the boar hunter, Diana, Pudicitia, the quoit-thrower, etc., all of priceless value. In walking through the picture galleries, we are also filled with admiration. In one room we see the three greatest pictures in the world: The Transfiguration by Michael Angelo, the Communion of St. Jerome by Domenichino, and the Madonna di Foligno by Murillo. There are many other churches and palaces in Rome besides St. Peter's and the Vatican, but they are all more or less eclipsed by the latter. If they happened to be in other cities they would be thought a great deal about.

The Church of St. John Lateran.

The Church of St. John Lateran is the head of all the Christian churches. It is the Pope's cathedral church, and when the Pope was in possession of Rome, as he is not now, it was on the balcony of this church he used to appear on Ascension day, before the vast crowd of people, assembled to get his blessing. Now they have to be satisfied with a blessing given from within the precincts of the Vatican. Formerly, for a thousand years, in fact before the exile of the popes to Avignon, the successors of the fisherman used to live there, in a palace adjoining the Lateran cathedral, in which four councils of the church were held. In summer they used to live in the Quirinal, which King Humbert now occupies. There are to be seen in the basilica, the table on which Christ and His apostles ate the last supper in Jerusalem, the wooden altar on which St. Peter used to say mass in the house of Pudens, the heads of Saints Peter and Paul, of St. John the Evangelist, and many other interesting relics. On either side of the church you behold six co-

lossal statues of the apostles, and gaze with wonder at the new choir recently decorated by the present Pope Leo XIII. It is a marvel of workmanship in marble, gold, and precious stones.

The Church of St. Mary Major.

The church of St. Mary Major is the first Christian basilica dedicated to the Mother of God. It is a dream of beauty, with its cupola. On the high altar of a side chapel stands the famous picture of the Virgin and Child, said to be painted by St. Luke the Evangelist. St. Gregory carried this picture around Rome in the year 590 A. D., when the plague was devastating the city. In this church are preserved the manger of Bethlehem, a veil of the Blessed Virgin and many other interesting relics, which are exposed to veneration on the 5th of May each year, which is the feast day of the church.

St. Paul's Church.

St. Paul's outside the walls is another beautiful basilica, restored by Pope Pius IX., on which he expended hundreds of thousands of dollars. Around the interior of this church, is a continuous line of 269 medallions, life-size pictures of each pope from St. Peter to Leo the XIII. inclusive, and arranged in chronological order. These mosaic portraits, are the only authentic ones extant of the popes, and have been copied from the original frescoes, in the Benedictine monastery attached to the church. Besides these four great basilicas, there are many other churches of much interest in Rome. The church of the Holy Cross contains the largest relic that now remains of the Cross of Christ, three small pieces about four inches long and half an inch thick, preserved in a golden cruciform reliquary. Here also is preserved one of the nails used at the Crucifixion, another of the nails is hammered into a band, which is worn inside the Crown of Italy, hence called the Iron Crown. There are also to be seen two thorns of the Crown, the shaft of the cross of the good thief, across the front of the altar the title that was nailed above our Lord's Head, "Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews" in Latin, Hebrew and Greek. The letters were carved in a board, which is now very much moth-eaten, but they are still legible. The holy stairs, which our Lord ascended in Pilate's house, are preserved in a separate building, not far from this church.

At times mild, at times severe, but always just.

Letter of His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII.
to the Bishops of the whole World.

A most remarkable document on the Holy Ghost.
Continued.

THE HOLY GHOST AND THE CHURCH.

The Church which, already conceived, came forth from the side of the second Adam in His sleep on the Cross, first showed herself before the eyes of men on the great day of Pentecost. On that day the Holy Ghost began to manifest His gifts in the mystic body of Christ, by that miraculous outpouring already foreseen by the prophet Joel (ii., 28, 29), for the Paraclete "sat upon the apostles as though new spiritual crowns were placed upon their heads in tongues of fire" (St. Cyril Hier., *Catech.* 17). Then the apostles "descended from the mountain," as St. John Chrysostom writes, "not bearing in their hands tables of stone like Moses, but carrying the Spirit in their mind, and pouring forth the treasure and the fountain of doctrines and graces" (*In Matt. Hom.* i., 2 Cor. iii., 3.). Thus was fully accomplished that last promise of Christ to His apostles of sending the Holy Ghost, who was to complete and as it were to seal the deposit of doctrine committed to them under His inspiration. "I have yet many things to say to you, but you cannot bear them now; but when He, the Spirit of truth, shall come, He will teach you all truth" (John xvi., 12-13). For He who is the Spirit of Truth, inasmuch as He proceedeth both from the Father, who is the eternal Truth, and from the Son, who is the substantial Truth, receiveth from each both His essence and the fullness of all truth. This truth He communicates to His Church, guarding her by His all-powerful help from ever falling into error, and aiding her to foster daily more and more the germs of divine doctrine and to make them fruitful for the welfare of the people. And since the welfare of the peoples, for which the Church was established absolutely requires that this office should be continued for all time, the Holy Ghost perpetually supplies life and strength to preserve and increase the Church. "I will ask the Father, and He will give you another Paraclete, that He may abide with you for ever, the Spirit of Truth" (John xiv., 16, 17).

By Him the bishops are constituted, by their ministry are multiplied not only the children, but also the fathers—that is to say, the priests—to rule and feed the Church by that Blood where-with Christ has redeemed her. "The Holy Ghost hath placed you bishop to rule the Church of God, which He has

purchased with His own Blood" (Acts xx., 28). And both bishops and priests, by the miraculous gift of the Spirit, have the power of absolving sins, according to those words of Christ to the Apostles: "Receive ye the Holy Ghost: whose sins you shall forgive they are forgiven them, and whose sins you shall retain they are retained" (John xx., 22, 23). That the Church is a divine institution is most clearly proven by the splendor and glory of those gifts and graces with which she is adorned and whose author and giver is the Holy Ghost. Let it suffice to state that, as Christ is the Head of the Church, so is the Holy Ghost her soul. "What the soul is in our body, that is the Holy Ghost in Christ's body, the Church" (St. Aug. *Serm.* 187, *de Temp.*). This being so, no further and fuller "manifestation and revelation of the Divine Spirit" may be imagined or expected; for that which now takes place in the Church is the most perfect possible, and will last until that day when the Church herself, having passed through her militant career, shall be taken up into the joy of the saints triumphing in heaven.

THE MOTTO.

The heart which devotes itself to any given object, passion or duty, requires for device, for stimulant, some strong energetic word which will serve to keep the object pursued ever present to the mind. The human heart desires one of those magical words capable of awakening and goading into action all the powers of the soul. Every state in life has its own:

"Glory" is the soldier's cry;
"Reputation" the philosopher's aim;
"Fortune" the merchant's guiding star;
"My children" the father's only thought;
"Salvation" the Christians one desire.

The saints had their favorite ejaculations, which as a rule were a compendium of their particular lives and objects:

"The greater glory of God"
was the cry of St. Ignatius;
"To suffer or to die"
the sigh of Scraphic Teresa;
"God wills it"
the Crusader's motto.

As the Magi followed with joy their mysterious guiding star; so also should the Christian be attached to the motto which embraces all his duties here below. He should bear it in mind, give it the ardor of his heart, let it direct his acts. This grand motto is:

God, Church, Country.

ABSCONDITUS.

Catholic Missions.

From the report of the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions we learn that seventy-eight priests are engaged in mission work among the 74,468 Catholic Indians of the United States. The number of nuns employed in teaching and training Indian children to become useful members of society is not given; but from the Catholic Directory of 1899 we see that no fewer than 250 Sisters must be devoting themselves to teaching or other works of mercy among "wards of the Nation."

There are 135 churches and 70 schools exclusively for Indians. The schools are frequented by 5057 Indian pupils.

4933 Indian children and 273 Indian adults received Baptism during the year August 1897 to August 1898. The total Indian population of the United States is about 200,000 and not growing.

St. Boniface's Industrial School. Roll of Honor.

The pupils of St. Boniface's, whose names have been on the good conduct list during the past month, and who have also given satisfaction in their class-work are: Peter Salvaleo, Patricio Lugo, Santiago Saubel, Ramon Barthol, Ramon Charley, Benancio Segundo, Stephen Saubel, Marcos Segundo, Ramon Garra, Manuel Pico, Arthur Charley, Mariano Chumitac, Joseph Chapuli, Juan de la Cruz, Pablo Garcia, Esperanza Brittan, Sarah Banks, Louisa Pa, Stefana Casas, Serafina Andreas, Cleopha Lugo, Susana Silva.

The Right Place for a Grown Indian
Boy is the Reservation. Fence in
Your Land, Plow it, Plant Trees, Sow
Grain, Raise Cattle, Stay at Home
and Live a good Life.

HIGHLAND P. O., SAN BERNARDINO CO., CAL.
FEB. 5th 1899.

Dearest Rev. B. F. Hahn:

It gives me a great pleasure to write you a letter and to inform you what has happened here, in Santa Manuel Reservation. An old man named Manuel Norte died here in Santa Manuel. He died last Friday morning about four o'clock. And the funeral was held Saturday morning at exactly 12 o'clock. He is a native of Los Coyotes Reservation. He came here in Oct. last year, with his whole family when his grand daughter was nearly dead. The girl died when they arrived here. And this girl is buried here in Santa Manuel Indian grave yard. And her grand father is buried beside her. May he rest in peace. The old Manuel Norte was the oldest man in California, his age was over 100 years. Please father do pray for him. I guess this is about all for tonight. Please tell my brother Benancio Pavia to write a letter to me to Highland P. O., San Bernardino Co., California, and I send my best regards to you and to all the boys at school. Good-bye. Yours Truly

J. CAPISTRANO PAVIA.



VOL. IV.

BANNING, CAL., APRIL 15, 1899.

NO. 7.

Right Rev. Monsignor J. A. Stephan,
Prondary Apostolic,
Director of the Bureau of Cath. Indian Missions.

The Right Rev. J. A. Stephan was born in the Archduchy of Baden, Germany, in the year 1822. In May 1847, he immigrated to the United States, and received Holy Orders on the 19th of March 1849, in the city of Cincinnati, Ohio.

The first years of his priestly career saw him laboring in that part of Indiana, now forming the diocese of Fort Wayne. When the war of the Rebellion broke out, Father Stephan went to the front as an army chaplain, in which position he remained until the end of the Civil War. When President Grant after the war began to bring the Indians more effectually under the control of the Government, he appointed Father Stephan, who was so well known to the soldiers and accustomed to camp life, Indian agent for the Dakotas or Sioux. These brave aborigines made lots of trouble then, and the appointment of Father Stephan was a wise one. The Indian agents in Minnesota and Dakota did not enjoy an enviable reputation, and were mistrusted alike by Whites and Indians. When Father Stephan arrived in Dakota, he found the Benedictine Fathers establishing missions, which are existing and doing a great work to day. Also

the Jesuits had missions there. We need not mention that Father Stephan, as Indian Agent, was very successful. The Sioux Indians knew him to be strictly honest in his dealings. Father Stephan relates yet with great amusement his experiences as Indian agent, and how he had a long correspondence, including affidavits, statements, bills, vouchers and God knows what more governmental ceremonial, to receive payment for two hundred oxen, which he had bought for the Sioux Indians to encourage them in the pursuit of agriculture. When his term of office expired, he stayed with the Indians as a missionary, having received the leave of absence among the Indians from the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Fort Wayne.

When the Civil War was ended, President Grant was persuaded by the ministers of the various non-Catholic denominations, to inaugurate what is now well known as the contract system. Congress, upon the President's recommendation, allowed a certain sum of money and placing it at the disposal of the Secretary of the Interior, authorized him to enter into a contract with private individuals, who would establish, conduct and maintain boarding schools for the boys and girls of the Indians. To make the schools an attraction and

effective, it was provided to furnish clothing, tuition and everything needed besides, free. When this contract system originated, it was not the Catholics, but the non-Catholics who began and made use of it. The Catholics saw that Protestant schools were established in every available Indian reserve. A Catholic army officer, who had gone through the war, then established the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions. Bigotry was nearly dead after the war. It was killed by the blood of the Catholic and non-Catholic soldiers alike—more than a million of them were dead, wounded or sick. The fellowship on the battlefield, the mutual aid given one to another by the men in blue and gray—regardless of religion—had cemented them together as a band of brothers and the seed of bigotry could not thrive after the bloody struggle. So contracts were willingly allowed to Protestants and Catholics. There was no A. P. A., there was no secret combine against the Catholics and the bishops and ministers of non-Catholic denominations did not fill the corridors of the Capitol in Washington, to protest against allowances made to Catholic schools, as was done during the last nine years; he gentle ladies of the Great Republic were yet mourning their beloved ones and they did

not take the trouble to approach representatives and senators, in order to make them vote against Catholic Indian schools. Thus Catholics and non-Catholics established and maintained Indian schools, and Catholics, aided especially by the generous, charitable Drexel family of Philadelphia, had in a short time nearly sixty schools in the Indian reservations.

The brave and kind hearted soldier, who commenced the direction of the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions, was succeeded by Very Rev. Father Stephan, who had been appointed Vicar General by the late Rt. Rev. Bishop Marty of Sioux Falls, Dakota. The establishment of so many Catholic Indian schools was mainly due to the wise and discreet management of Father Stephan and his personal popularity in Washington.

When President Harrison appointed Gen. Morgan Commissioner of Indian Affairs, a time of tribulation and persecution began for Father Stephan and his schools. First, Morgan dismissed Catholic employees from the Indian schools of the Government. Then he changed the contracts of the Catholic Indian schools, inserting conditions which were bound to make it difficult and onerous to have pupils enter them. Then a regular warfare was carried on in Congress against our schools, and the theory advanced "that the contract system ought to be abolished gradually, because the Government being *non-sectarian* ought not pay money for *sectarian* purposes." This same policy was also continued under President Cleveland's administration, (Indian Commissioner Browning.) No doubt, there was a kind of an A. P. A. scare in the atmosphere from 1892 to 1896.

(The contract system is *substantially* to day the procedure for the Government's schools. There are yet some private non-Catholic schools supported by the Government. The word *non-*

sectarian is a humbug, because religion (non-Catholic or anti-Catholic religion) is taught in every school of the Government. But fashion wants it now that whatever is Catholic is *sectarian*, and the rest is *non-sectarian*. Lately also Episcopalians in charge of charitable institutions in the District of Columbia were added to the list of "*sectarian*" denominations, which would indicate that the Episcopalians and Catholics, being ostracized by "*non-sectarians*," are on a fair way to unite by and by, not at once, but after a number of similar persecutions. Let our Catholics wake up and open their eyes! Let them organize for their own protection!)

During these nine years of trouble, Father Stephan quietly and firmly continued in his office. When every one would be sceptical about the continuation of contracts, he was cheerful, hopeful, brave. When, for the last time certainly, an appeal was made to Congress last winter, no one in Washington nor in any place outside dreamed of success, and although the allowance is very small, still the success was due mainly to Rt. Rev. Father Stephan. We do not want to say to him alone. The prayers said in humility and with fervor, were bound to be heard by God. *Prayer is almighty!* Nor do we underestimate the gentle, edifying influence of the humble nun, Mother Katharine Drexel, who has been the benefactress and true friend of Catholic Indians. But this we emphatically state that it was Father Stephan, the wise, broad-minded veteran, who for all these many years piloted the Bureau for our Indian schools, who as another Joseph provided for them, who as a director guided them by his advice, who represented them before Catholics and non-Catholics, who petitioned repeatedly the American Catholic hierarchy to come to the aid of our Indian missions and schools, who begged for us at the doors of Catholics blessed with means; who encouraged the lonely missionary and the religious in the schools; it was he, whom God had chosen to labor

successfully for Catholic missions and schools among the Indians.

Therefore when the Holy Father, two years ago, made Father Stephan papal prelate, and when he now has raised him to the dignity of Pronotary Apostolic with the privilege to pontificate solemnly, when he thus raised him almost equal to a bishop, the distinction is richly deserved. Father Stephan is now in his 77th year and celebrated on the 19th of March 1899 his golden jubilee as a priest. May he yet live in health and happiness for many years, and may he enjoy the fulfillment of his cherished wish: "That our Catholic Indian missions and schools may find ample support from the Catholic clergy and people, to continue the work of charity successfully, especially when the Government's allowances will cease."

We subjoin some statements taken from the papers:

By papal brief received March 16th by the apostolic delegate, Mgr. Stephan has been raised to the dignity of a pronotary apostolic. This is the highest honor which is ever conferred on Catholic clergymen outside the city of Rome. A few years ago Mgr. Stephan was made private chamberlain of the pope, with the title of Monsignor. That honor, however, raised him but one grade above priests in general and did not make him a prelate. By this new act of the pope Mgr. Stephan is made a prelate and that of the highest rank outside of the episcopacy. The dignity carries with it many privileges, even that of using many of the pontifical vestments in the celebration of solemn functions. During the ceremonies of a solemn mass he can wear the long stockings, the slippers, the gloves, the tunic and the dalmatic and the plain white mitre. He can even, during the celebration of the same function, wear the pectoral cross and the ring. In solemn processions and other similar functions he appears clad the same as a bishop in the like circumstances. In short, he is fully a prelate with all prelatical privileges.....

Diocesan News.

Dr. Creighton and wife of Chicago are staying at Redlands.

Rev. Father Peter O'Reilly is in very poor health. There are so many sick priests in California.

Rev. Father Boland, of the archdiocese of St. Paul, is the guest of Father Doyle at St. Mary's, Los Angeles.

Rev. Father Doyle is not as well as everybody would desire it. Still the father is indefatigable in his work.

Rev. Father Conneely of Riverside visited and held services for the Indians at Soboba during the Easter octave.

Most Rev. Archbishop Henry Elder of Cincinnati, Ohio, celebrated his eightieth birthday, March 23d 1899.

The solemn feast of Easter after Lent is indeed a true picture of life—through labor and suffering to glory and rest. No cross, no crown.

Rev. Father McDonald, who has been editing the Monitor since Father Yorke's departure, is enjoying a much needed rest at Paraiso Springs, Cal.

Rev. Father Clifford was a visitor to Father Fitzgerald, the week after Easter. After the exhausting Lenten and Holy Week exercises, a respite is necessary—and well deserved.

Rev. Father Barron preached a course of Lenten sermons at the Cathedral. In fact every one of our clergy conducted devotions and preached appropriate addresses to the faithful.

Rev. Father King of Oakland's St. Mary's Church will visit Southern California. He will be a guest of Father Fisher of Pomona, who in turn will spend some time in Oakland.

The floral display on Easter is something marvelous in California. The Cathedral and St. Vincent's Church in Los Angeles were changed into veritable gardens on that day.

\$600 is the amount recently expended on the Church of the Sacred Heart, Redlands. With the Easter offering, and other offerings half that sum has been realized. Only \$300 is added to the debt.

There will be a fair in the near future for the benefit of St. Mary's Church, Boyle Heights, Los Angeles. Look out for the more detailed announcements and help along a worthy cause and a most zealous pastor.

The daily papers have not killed the Pope yet.

Ind. Agent Wright visited the Indians at Portrero, in the last week of March. His encouraging words and his permission to cut and sell dry wood on the reservation pleased the Indians. In fact, there is a much better understanding.

When a man in the employ of the Government presents to the Indians a petition against one of the men in the Indian service he ought to be ousted. This would be a lesson to those who make use of such a creature for their own base intentions.

The Monitor of San Francisco is now edited by Mr. Connolly, who has come from the East to lend his pen to the Pacific Coast's Catholic weekly from the Golden Gate. The Monitor is brimful of Catholic news and the Mission Indian extends his sincere good wishes to the new able editor.

Rt. Rev. Bishop Verdaguer is still staying at the Old Church, Plaza, Los Angeles. The venerable prelate is well known to the old Indians in Southern California. The seed of God's Word was always sown by our priests, and the Indians indeed know well the principles of Christianity.

Visitors to St. Boniface's Industrial School: Mrs. and Mr. Dugan, Mrs. and Dr. Creighton, Mrs. Fitzgerald, Mrs. Frinzell, Mrs. and Miss Mulvihill, Miss Murphy, Mrs. Shannon, Mrs. Rivera of Redlands came to see our school on April 5th. The visit was an agreeable surprise. Call again.

The Free Harbor Jubilee will be celebrated on April the 26th and 27th at San Pedro and at Los Angeles. The harbor is certainly a great thing for Southern California. (Golden Gate is the entrance into the San Francisco Bay; Silver Gate is the entrance into San Diego's harbor; what gate will San Pedro's be? Perhaps San Pedro's worthy pastor will tell us!)

The two ladies, Mrs. French, field-matron, and Mrs. Dr. Halloway, have left the Indian reserve Agua Caliente. They have been with these Indians for 6 years. They were preaching another religion to Catholic Indians. They no doubt did many works of charity to the Indians. It was and it is our humble opinion, that interfering with the religion of Catholics, whatever color they may be, will make infidels and sneerers at religion—the end will be desolation!

Ven. Mother Bonaventure,

Sister of Mercy
DIED APRIL THE 6th 1899
AGED 60 YEARS.

Mother Bonaventure, of the Mercy Home, Los Angeles, died April 6, 1899, aged 60 years. The venerable religious entered the order of the Sisters of Mercy 31 years ago. Ten years ago, she came to the city of Los Angeles and established a branch of her order, beginning her little community in the old Cathedral residence, corner Second and Main. Later on, she bought a house on Third Street and then built the present beautiful Mercy Home. The Sisters of Mercy devote their time and labor to nursing the sick and caring for feeble and old people. In this work of love, Mother Bonaventure was untiring and God alone knows her acts of true Christian charity. She was very sick for nearly a year and a peaceful edifying death crowned her life, spent for religion and the neighbor's good. May she rest in peace.

Consumption is incurable, but if attended to in time, may be conquered. The word of the Latin poet: "Principiis obsta...." (Resist in the beginning) can be most appropriately applied to feeble and run-down constitutions.

The little catechism of Father Juan finds a ready sale. The Spanish-speaking children are delighted. A child wants to have something which it may grasp and comprehend in its little mind. Philosophy and theology and a catechism with word-meanings are an Egyptian darkness for the little ones.

Hon. Zach. Montgomery has written to the Monitor a communication in which he logically shows the impossibility and undesirability of the idea to unite Catholics into one political fold. Still it appears to be an absolute necessity that Catholics should unite in defending their constitutional rights. As long as they permit the men, to whom they have given their votes, to trample upon them just as they please, (remember the sectarian non-sectarianism), some unity of action is sorely needed. Now the Mission Indian believes, that this unity will come when the clergy and laity will unite and extend the glad hand. In unity is strength!

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BANNING, CAL., APRIL 15, 1899.

"The Lord has risen truly alleluja." Jesus was not raised from the dead, He rose by His own power; and, as His body rose glorious and transformed, so shall the bodies of the just rise. Since the resurrection of Christ, His tomb has remained, and ever will remain, an object of reverence and love to the Christian world.

After His resurrection, Jesus showed Himself no more to the Jews; they had rejected Him and resisted all His efforts to convert them; He appeared only to His disciples. In like manner to-day He comes to those who, with a good heart, receive Him, but abandon those who despise His warnings and reject His graces.

Scripture Texts on the Sacrament of Penance.

"He that hideth his sins, shall not prosper: but he that shall confess, and forsake them, shall obtain mercy." Proverbs 28, 13.

"When a man, or woman, shall have committed any of all the sins, that men are wont to commit, and by negligence shall have transgressed the commandment of the Lord, and offended, they shall confess their sin." Numbers 8, 5-7.

"And there went out to him all the country of Judæa, and all they of Jerusalem, and were baptized by him in the river Jordan, confessing their sins." Marc. 1, 5.

"Amen, I say to you, whatsoever you shall bind on earth, shall be bound also in heaven: and whatsoever you shall loose on earth, shall be loosed also in heaven." Matth. 18, 18.

"Jesus said therefore to them again: Peace be to you. As the Father hath sent me, I also send you. When he had said this, he breathed on them: and he said to them: Receive ye the Holy Ghost. Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them: and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained." John 21, 21-23.

"If we confess our sins: he is faithful and just; to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all iniquity." 1 John, 1, 9.

It is not generally known, that by the maintenance of parochial schools an immense amount of money is saved to tax-payers. If the children, now frequenting private or parochial schools would enter the public schools, our co-religionists would have to pay as much for additional taxes as they are now paying for their own schools. We clip the following remarks from the Colton Chronicle (San Bernardino County):

"The question of taxes is becoming a very serious one. The first question asked by a tourist contemplating coming to California to reside is, 'What is your tax rate?' This has been run up abnormally high. The supervisors fixed the county rate this week at \$1.85, which includes the state, 48.8 cts.; general fund, 65 cts.; hospital, 15 cts.; road fund, 31.2 cts.; county school, 25 cts. In San Bernardino \$1.538 of the above is in force and added to it is the city rate of \$1.30; city school bonds, 15 cts.; high school bonds, 74 cts.; graded school, special 16 cts.; high school special, 32 cts.; making a total for the city of \$3.208 on every \$100 of assessment. This makes the total tax for schools \$1.856. Last year 52 per cent of all the money paid into the county treasury was for school purposes."

What a man does not know, he will not appreciate. Ignorance in religious matters makes infidels. How well applied is money paid for parochial schools! This ought to be fully understood, also by Catholic Indians, who receive the benefit of a free school, both from Church

and State. Indian children, who are placed in non-Catholic schools, will never know their religion, and it would be better they were never baptized. Though they sail under the name of being Catholic; when their religion is ridiculed and sneered at, they do not know what to say or to answer, and few of them have the backbone to come forth and profess what they are, because they do not know and understand properly. There is a general truth which cannot be denied: "A Catholic, who does not know his religion, will fall away in time of temptation and trial." This explains more than anything else some experiences during the last ten years in California, in reference to Whites, Mexicans and Indians. "Whoever shall deny me before man, I will also deny him before my Father, Who is in heaven." Matth. 10, 33. "With the heart we believe unto justice; but with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." Rom. 10, 10. "As it profits unto eternal life to confess Christ, so it is injurious unto eternal death to deny him." St. Augustine. "Whoever shall be ashamed of me, and of my words, of him the Son of Man shall be ashamed, when he shall come in His majesty, and that of His Father, and of the holy angels." Luke 9, 26.

An editorial writer in a daily paper recently stated that Catholics should make no objection when they are described as members of the 'Church of Rome'. To support his claim he quoted from the Pope's late letter to Cardinal Gibbons this sentence: "She is rightly called the Roman Church".

To this contention the following reply has been made, which explains why Catholics do object to the use by non-Catholics of the terms 'Roman' and 'Church of Rome':

"The objection is well taken, and on reasonable grounds, by Catholics. They believe that the church of the creeds is of no one nation—that she is co-

extensive with the whole world. In Jesus Christ there is neither Greek, nor Scythian, nor Barbarian, nor Jew, nor Gentile. In the bosom of His Church they are as one people — one family.

"To preserve the oneness of doctrine and of government in this world-wide fold of Christ, God has placed the center and foundation of unity in the chair of St. Peter, 'the root and womb of the Catholic Church', as St. Cyprian wrote sixteen and a half centuries ago. This center of doctrinal authority — this seat of Government — are established at Rome, the Apostolic See of Peter.

"By the word 'Catholic' the faithful declare the universality of Christ's kingdom on earth; by 'Roman', the divinely constituted center of unity. And so the church in this sense is designated Roman Catholic, or Catholic and Roman, or simply Roman. All her members are of Rome, and every Catholic is a Roman. It is plain, to use the language of logic, that Roman is not applied to Catholic or to church as a distinguishing characteristic of a genus for the purpose of defining a species.

"Non-Catholic opponents have unjustly ignored our signification of the terms, and have wantonly tried to have 'Roman Catholics' mean but one of the divisions of Catholicity, and 'Roman Church' a national, foreign, religious society. We of course reject these meanings as irreconcilable with the principles stated above and we deny that churches which have separated from the ancient Catholic Church still have a right to the title of Catholic. In the British dominions the followers of the Pope are styled in law Roman Catholics, and in Ireland the Faithful emphatically assert they are Roman Catholics. They perpetuate the words of St. Patrick: 'As you are children of Christ, so be ye children of Rome'. As narrated by the ecclesiastical historian, Venerable Bede, St. Augustine urged the British bishops to conform to the 'custom of the Holy Roman Apostolic Church'. And the same saintly historian writes of King Osway: 'Though educated by the Scots, he perfectly understood that the Roman was the Catholic and Apostolic church'."

Some friends may wish you free from care,

And others joy and wealth;

Some may wish you blessings rare,

Long life and perfect health;

My wish for you is better far

Than others all have given,

That when you from this world depart,

Your soul may rest in Heaven.

Literature.

LETTERS TO THE MISSION INDIAN.

"Seven Gems from the Lips of Our Lord and how to use them." By Rev. Joseph O'Reilly. Los Angeles, Cal. Price 10 cts.

Books have their atmosphere, and one must find this atmosphere in order to enter the fulness of their delights. The reader of the "Seven Gems from the lips of our Lord and how to set them" becomes fully aware of his love for that most sublime and sacred of prayers. The above named little book is an honor to its author, Rev. J. O'Reilly. The work, while one of love, is also one of labor, patience, thorough discernment, perfect critical insight showing a scholarly independence, and equal balance. The style is one that recommends itself in such works. It is plain and simple. You are never in a quandary as to its meaning and the reason is very readily and forcibly to be seen. I give full praise and honor to the author, Rev. J. O'Reilly and hope that in the future children of the house hold of faith may with pleasure and profit hear of and read his valuable productions.

O. S. H.

A Latin Newspaper.

A Latin newspaper that is really a newspaper and not a periodical reprint of classical gleanings is something new even in latter-day journalism. Yet such a publication has been produced and is now in its second year, although its advent was as practically unheralded, except in scholarly circles.

This paper, which combines the ancient and modern in a strange and fascinating way, is *Vox Urbis*, and is as the subtitle reads, "de litteris et bonis artibus commentarius," and, as indicated by its name Rome is the place of its birth. *Vox Urbis* appears every fortnight, and in addition to the news of the Eternal City its columns contain notes of general interest, translated in all parts of the world and transcribed into the stately idiom of ancient Rome.

Although "*Vox Urbis*" cannot be classed with those papers which are called "progressive," yet it can boast of many well-known persons as contributors. Indeed, it has had the honor of reproducing by special permission and authority poems from the august pen of His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII.

Religious news, naturally, receives a attention, but is not permitted to monopolize undue space. Great interest has been aroused among archaeologists and students by two recent researches in Rome, and reports of the various discoveries have been printed as the work of exploration advanced, for, as already said, "*Vox Urbis*" is nothing if not a newspaper. Nevertheless, it is a novel sensation to read accounts of researches into the history and monuments of antiquity which would be perfectly intelligible to those same men of old who were brought back to life again. Another feature in which the present and the past join hands is a continued story, written by a well-known novelist, and translated into Latin. Comments on modern political problems and affairs are made in the classical tongue of Cicero, while book reviews, literary news and items on art and kindred subjects are to be found in every issue.

Noris is the limit of the scope of "*Vox Urbis*." There are essays on many subjects, puzzles of well-known men, and even riddles, histories and jokes.

Though "*Vox Urbis*" is a very quiet voice in the noisy babel of the newspaperdom of today, it has succeeded in attracting much attention, both from the unique field it occupies and the subject matter of its contents. In many schools and colleges the paper is being used to increase the interest of Latin students in their work, and to enable them to put to practical use the results of their labors in the classroom. Even many older Latinists, who have become "rusty" through the lapse of years, have found such a paper an agreeable method of making themselves once more familiar with the language.

The American representative of "*Vox Urbis*" is the Commissariat of the Holy Land, No. 148 West Ninety-fifth-st., New-York City.

Yuma Indians.

The girls' dormitory, girls' school, the dining hall and kitchen of the Yuma Indian Training School was destroyed by fire, March 14th. Suspicion and subsequent developments laid the charge of arson at the doors of some Yuma Indians. The following note taken from the Los Angeles Herald explains the state of affairs. The saddest feature in the case is, that there are always some white people, who advise the Indians to resist authority. To burn down government's property may prove very disastrous to the Indians.

YUMA, Ariz., April 5.—United States Marshal H. Z. Osborne arrived here this afternoon with an armed posse, and in company with Indian Agent L. A. Wright went at once to the reservation on the California side of the river and took Patrick Miguel into custody and placed him in the Yuma jail. No resistance was made by ex-Chief Miguel, his father, or his followers, who are numerous in the tribe.

Patrick Miguel will be taken to San Bernardino tomorrow by Deputy Marshal McCulloch and arraigned before United States Commissioner Ball, charged with arson. Marshal Osborne will remain here until quiet is restored among the Yumas.

The trouble is the result of a long-continued factional quarrel among the Indians themselves, Miguel having formerly been chief. He is a man of considerable ability and cunning, and he is charged with keeping a portion of the tribe stirred up and ready for mischief. The reservation school is in charge of Catholics, Mother Ambrosia being superintendent. Miguel appears to have a great antipathy to the school, and several years ago, in company with another son, now dead, and several other Indians, made an assault on the school, for which they were tried in the United States court. Miguel narrowly escaped conviction, and his son and three others were sent to San Quentin. The girls' school was burned on the reservation on March 14. Young Patrick Miguel boasted to several people that he did the burning and Indian Agent Wright placed him under arrest. Meetings of the tribe have been held, and threats have been made that there would be bloodshed when Patrick Miguel was remanded. A meeting of the tribe is to be held tomorrow, which Indians Agent Wright and Marshal Osborne will attend.

There has been no more trouble since the above was written.



Died: April the 4th 1890 at St. Boniface's Industrial School, Banning.: ANNA JOSEPH FUEL, aged 23 years.

The deceased young lady was born near the town of Needles, Cal., 23 years ago. Her father was a white man, her mother a Chineluvis Indian. There were three children in the family. Her father seemed to have made lots of money by running a boat on the Colorado. One night, he was murdered for his money. No one knew by whom and why, but Anna being the oldest child, then about 8 years, understood only too well the tragedy, and as she knew where father would keep the money, she looked after it, when the murderers had left the camp. She found that the money had disappeared, and so strong was the impression made upon her spirit, that she hardly ever mentioned her experience to any one except when she realized the hour of her death approaching. Then she explained, how a perpetual gloom was cast upon the path of her life, and why it was that she spoke at times so little.

After the death of her father, Anna with her little brother and sister, stayed with her mother, living in poverty and misery. Some visiting Indian inspector of the Government's Schools, placed the children in the school near the Colorado River, and later on another official had them transferred to the Yuma Indian Training School.

In relation to her removal to the Government's school Anna Joseph would relate how her mother followed her until she was taken on the boat plying between Yuma and the Needles. For a long time she saw her mother

crying and looking after the boat, which carried her to the school. She also mentioned how she was told by the Indians that her mother went on foot hundreds of miles, to see her children at the school but when she arrived at the Colorado River school Anna had already been transferred to Yuma. Truly, there is nothing like a mother's love, and benevolent removals of Indian children, to separate them from their families, may solve the Indian problem in bringing about a speedy termination of the Indian race, but they are not in accordance with our Savior's maxim: "Do unto others as you wish others do to you."

The Sisters of St. Joseph, in charge of the Yuma Indian school, thought it wise to separate Anna from the more or less uncivilized pupils. She was sent east. There she spent two years in the academy of the Sisters of St. Joseph, at Waterloo, Illinois. She learned well and made her first communion there.

When the Banning school opened, Sept. 1, 1890, Anna Joseph came again with the good Sisters west and entered the school, partly continuing her studies, partly setting the example to the new fresh pupils entering the school and, in general, aiding in the work, as she was fully competent to do general house work etc. In the year 1894, the Sisters of St. Joseph, upon Anna's request, transferred her to the Deaf and Mute Institute, North Temescal, Oakland, Cal. She there assisted the Sisters, was a member of the Young Ladies Sodality of the Sacred Heart Church, Rev. Father Serda, pastor. No doubt, the members of the sodality well remember the quiet, virtuous Anna Joseph, who punctually recited the office enjoined by the statutes, and who truly was a worthy and virtuous member of the parish. She was in fact called to the religious life, but her somewhat gloomy disposition, as mentioned before, prevented her from so doing because gloomy natures in a religious community are not happy and do not make others happy.

A year ago last August, Anna Joseph caught a severe cold, and although immediately and properly attended to, the germs of consumption developed, which brought her to an early grave. When the physician advised an immediate removal to Southern California, she came to Banning last October. The change did not help her. She was weak and unable to take the exercise in the open air and it was soon evident, that her earthly career was drawing to a close. During the time of her sickness,

she bore her sufferings with great patience and, by prayer and receiving the sacraments, prepared for the hour of death. Although especially Holy Week was a time of suffering for her, and although Easter Monday and Tuesday, when the final struggle took place, her pain was intense, she nevertheless retained full consciousness, disposed of her books and other things to her friends, and then death came, peacefully and painlessly, to open to her as we confidently hope the gates of heaven for ever. Anna Joseph was a virtuous, stainless Indian girl, her life and death was edifying. May she rest in peace. Amen.

Her Last Prayer.

O Blessed Feet of Jesus,
Weary with serving me,
Stand at God's bar of justice,
And intercede for me.

O Knees that bent in anguish,
In dark Gethsemani,
Kneel at the throne of glory
And intercede for me.

O Side from whence the spear-point
Brought Blood and Water free,
For healing and for cleansing
Still intercede for me.

O Hands that were extended
Upon the awful tree,
Hold up those precious nail-prints
And intercede for me.

O Head so deeply pierced
With thorns that sharpest be,
Bend low before Thy Father
And intercede for me.

O loving, risen Jesus!
From death and sorrow free,
Though throned in endless glory,
Still intercede for me.

The Name of Easter.

In the languages of Christian countries the great feast of the Resurrection is known by two different names. These are some forms of the words Pascha or Pasch, which is of Hebrew origin and which is always used in the Liturgy of the Church, and of the Saxon words, Eastre, or the German Ostara, who was the goddess of the dawn. All European languages except those of Saxon or German origin employ words of the former origin, that is, some modification of Pasch. The languages of Saxon derivation use some form of the word Eastre or Ostara. The feast of this pagan goddess fell in the spring; hence the spring month was called the Easter month by Saxon races. When, therefore, Christianity was introduced amongst them, they naturally called the great Christian feast of the spring season the Easter feast.

Liturgical Symbolism.

According to the dictates of nature man is obliged to render to his Creator the homage of his submission and worship. And through the virtue of religion man acquires himself of this duty. "Religion," says St. Thomas Aquinas, "has for its object the rendering to God the cult which is due to him." This cult is composed of all religious acts commanded by God or in his name by the Church. It may here be objected that religion produces only interior acts. Beyond doubt there are acts of religion purely interior, but man is a being composed of a body and a soul and therefore he can and ought to adore God both interiorly and exteriorly. "In reality," says St. Thomas, "we render honor and reverence to God not for Himself (namely as a want), because of Himself he is filled with a glory to which a creature can add nothing, but for ourselves, for in honoring God our spirit subjects itself to Him, which is the perfection of the soul."

From the Visible to the Invisible.

The human soul in order to unite itself to God has need of sensible things, thus the words of the Apostle: "For the invisible things of God being understood by the things that are made." Also in the divine cult it is necessary to have recourse to corporeal things, through which the soul of man is excited to spiritual acts which unite it to God. Religion, therefore, consists principally in interior acts, and secondarily in exterior acts, the exterior cult being as it were the complement of the interior. Religion may be defined as the moral virtue through which we render the supreme cult to God as Creator and Sovereign Master of all things.

Liturgy.

The social form of religion is the liturgy. The word liturgy is derived from the Greek and its signification is a public ministration, a public function. The Church liturgy may be defined: the assemblage of those things, words, chants, rubrics ordained by the church to render to God the cult social and public which is due to him. How well the church understands this, appears from her demands on the kingdoms of nature: from the mineral she demands the stones and marbles to construct her temples, the gold and silver for her

vessels; from the vegetable, the flowers to adorn, the wheat and wine at the sacrifice, the oil at her unctions; from the animal, the silk for her vestments, the wax for her lights. How beautifully is accomplished the prophetic wish: "All ye creatures, praise the Lord." Creatures without intelligence, without a heart to love, in man you find your mediator, who also through you renders a reasonable service to the Common Creator.

Advantages.

The advantages of the liturgy are manifold. It ennobles the body of man, in employing it as a necessary instrument to honor God and of communicating grace to the soul. Every part of man has a special function to fulfill in this cult. The soul is sanctified and enlightened with its mystic poetry. These grand Christian principles; to wit, the existence of a God, his providence and justice, the creation of man, his fall, his redemption, his divine call all are placed vividly before the eyes of society. Art is benefitted, what noble inspirations has not the Christian liturgy created! Masterpieces of architecture in her Cathedrals and Basilicas, in statuary, in sculpture, with the artist's brush! What grand ideas are not often concealed in her most simple ceremonies!

Origin.

Do we seek its origin, we will be led to the very beginning of the world, and indeed to God himself as the Institutor. Man was created for God's glory, and at all times we behold the Lord's faithful ones offering him their sincere expression of public worship. It is in the patriarchal days from the just Abel to the faithful Abraham, offering the firstlings of his flock, Enos calling on the name of the Lord, Noah building an altar, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob erecting altars and consecrating places, Melchisedech the pacific high priest, or in the Mosaic dispensation so rich and solemn in its ceremonies of sacrifice. And when the Word became Incarnate, he came not to destroy but to perfect, he substituted the reality for the figurative. Thus we behold an unbroken chain, each link adding more lustre, leading to the days when the Father is adored in spirit and in truth.

Symbolism.

By symbolism in liturgical things is understood the signification which the Church attaches to her sacred rites in order to express her cult towards God and to instruct and edify her children.

One of the most beautiful as well as instructive parts of liturgy is its symbolism. Christendom, whose means of sanctification are the sacraments, proclaims the necessity of these sacred rites. She teaches that the matter and form of the sacraments were not arbitrarily chosen and in view of commodity only, but that Christ in designating the matter, selected that which at the same time expressed the effect produced. For instance, in baptism the pouring of the water and washing of the body Christian symbolism teaches to signify the pouring of grace on the soul and its cleansing from sin.

Examples.

Liturgical symbolism is based on the sacred Scripture and Tradition. A few examples to illustrate its beauty we will take from the New Testament. The prophet had proclaimed the triple character of the World's Messiah; the kings who represented all Gentile peoples came to offer their gifts, gold to acknowledge his royalty, incense to acknowledge his divinity, and myrrh, his humanity. Thus Our Lord also often instructed us; at the tomb of Lazarus his tears and groans showed his human nature, while by an act of his divine power he calls Lazarus from the grave.

Again in working his miracles the Saviour often made use of ceremonies and signs; at times it is a simple touch, again it is a raising by the hand, a laying on of his hand, the raising of his eyes to heaven, spitting on the ground, etc. All these acts have each their meaning, they are symbolic of some grand truth, for the miracles he performed depended entirely on his divine will. Thus we may refer to the institution of the holy Eucharist, or his breathing on the apostles after his resurrection, expressing the communication of his divine Spirit, even as in primitive days God breathed an immortal soul in the father of the human race.

It is therefore a betrayal of ignorance on the part of those who, sneering at the ceremonies of our church, call them ridiculous and useless. On the contrary we should reverence these ancient customs and endeavor to become acquainted with their meaning. The spire of the church, crowned by the symbol of our hope, the cross, points to heaven, teaching us where our true home is. And thus with every other sign and ceremony at the services, they contain much for our enlightenment and edification.

ABSCONDUCTUS.



Sights in Rome.

The Church of XII Saints.

The ancient Pantheon is now transformed into a church. It was a pagan temple built by the Emperor Agrippa, and dedicated to all gods. It is said that among the gods, there was a statue representing Christ, as Agrippa wished to have even the God of the Christians; but when Rome fell into Christian hands, nearly all the pagan buildings were christianized, and the Pantheon is now dedicated to All Saints. This is the largest dome of pagan times, which has successfully resisted the law of gravitation, and it served Michael Angelo as a model for the "vast and wondrous" dome of St. Peter's.

St. Lawrence's Church.

St. Lawrence's, outside the walls, is also well worth a visit, as it is one of the most ancient basilicas of Rome, being built in connection with the Catacombs. On the gospel side of the church is a passage leading down to a chapel in the Catacombs, where Mass is celebrated every day still. On either side of this chapel, you can see the long streets of the Catacombs for a considerable distance, and the shelves cut into the walls, wherein bodies of the early Christians were interred. This church was beautifully decorated and renovated by the late pope Pius IX, whose remains now repose therein. Inside the church, you see the marble pulpits for the reading of the epistle and gospel, and the high altar is constructed in such a way that the back of it is towards the people so that the priest in saying Mass, is facing the people. This is the way in all the basilicas. Behind the high altar is a raised choir for the canons, and a throne for the presiding dignitary. Amongst the many relics of this church is the marble flag on which the body of St. Lawrence was placed, after it was broiled on the gridiron; and the track of his shoulders is still visible, being marked into it by the martyr's body. One experiences a thrilling sensation, when examining this relic, and gets a lively idea of the martyr's fortitude.

Remains of Ancient Rome.

The visitor must not neglect to visit the many interesting remains of ancient Rome, which are still to be seen. Any one who goes through the ruined cloisters of the Palace of the Caesars, will

have a good idea of the splendor and magnificence in which they must have lived. There were thousands of slaves at their beck and call, and thousands of others, whose life or death depended on the whim of an Emperor. The Emperor himself lived in splendid misery. The walls of his corridors were so polished, that as he walked along, he could see if any miserable slave was after him with a dagger. He feared for his own life, and those about him were afraid of him. Passing the palace of the Caesars, we come to the Colosseum or Flavian amphitheatre, even now standing in its splendor, and looking magnificent by moonlight. It was designed by a Christian, and twenty thousand Christian slaves were forced to build it. It was there the seed of Christianity was sown, and from it sprang up the Christian power, which spread throughout the world. Byron writes of the Colosseum:

"While stands the Colosseum Rome shall stand,"

"When falls the Colosseum Rome shall fall."

"And when Rome falls,—the World."

Letter of His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII., to the Bishops of the whole World.

A most remarkable document on the Holy Ghost. Continued.

THE HOLY GHOST IN THE SOULS OF THE JUST.

The manner and extent of the action of the Holy Ghost in individual souls is no less wonderful, although somewhat more difficult to understand, inasmuch as it is entirely invisible. This outpouring of the Spirit is so abundant that Christ Himself, from whose gift it proceeds, compares it to an overflowing river, according to those words of St. John: "He that believeth in Me, as the Scripture saith, out of his midst shall flow rivers of living water"; to which testimony the Evangelist adds the explanation: "Now this He said of the Spirit which they should receive who believed in Him" (John vii., 38, 39.) It is indeed true that in those of the just who lived before Christ, the Holy Ghost resided by grace, as was read in the Scriptures concerning the prophets Zachary, John the Baptist, Simeon, and Anna; so that on Pentecost the Holy Ghost did not communicate Himself in such a way "as then for the first time to begin to dwell in the saints, but by pouring Himself forth more abundantly; crowning, not beginning His gifts; not commencing a new work, but giving more abundantly" (St. Leo, the Great, Hom. iii., de Pentec.) But if they also were numbered among the children of God, they were in a state like that of

servants, for "as long as the heir is a child he differeth nothing from a servant, but is under tutors and governors" (Gal. iv., 1, 2). Moreover, not only was their justice derived from the merits of Christ who was to come, but the communication of the Holy Ghost after Christ was much more abundant, just as the price surpasses in value the earnest, and the reality exceeds the image. Wherefore St. John declares: "As yet the Spirit was not given, because Jesus was not yet glorified" (John vii., 39). So soon, therefore, as Christ, "ascending on high," entered into possession of the glory of His Kingdom which He had won with so much labour, He munificently opened out the treasures of the Holy Ghost: "He gave gifts to men" (Eph. iv., 8). For "that giving or sending forth of the Holy Ghost after Christ's glorification was to be such as had never been before; not that there had been none before, but it had not been of the same kind" (St. Aug., de Trin., l. iv. c. 20).

Human nature is by necessity the servant of God: "The creature is a servant, we are the servants of God by nature" (St. Crys. Alex., *Thesaur.* v., c. 3). On account, however, of original sin, our whole nature had fallen into such guilt and dishonour that we had become enemies to God. "We were by nature children of wrath" (Eph. ii., 3). There was no power which could raise us and deliver us from this ruin and eternal destruction. But God, the Creator of mankind and infinitely merciful, did this through His only begotten Son, by whose benefit it was brought about that man was restored to that rank and dignity whence he had fallen, and was adorned with still more abundant graces. No one can express the greatness of this work of divine grace in the soul of man. Wherefore, both in Holy Scripture and in the writings of the Fathers, men are styled regenerated, new creatures, partakers of the Divine Nature, children of God, god-like, and similar epithets. Now those great blessings are justly attributed as especially belonging to the Holy Ghost. He is "the Spirit of adoption of sons, whereby we cry: 'Abba, Father.'" He fills our hearts with the sweetness of paternal love: "The Spirit Himself giveth testimony to our spirit that we are the sons of God" (Rom. viii., 15-16). This truth accords with the similitude observed by the Angelic Doctor between both operations of the Holy Ghost; for through Him "Christ was conceived in holiness to be by nature the Son of God," and others are sanctified to be the sons of God by adoption" (St. Th. 3a, q. xxii., r. 1). This spiritual generation proceeds from love in a much more noble manner than the natural: namely, from the uncreated Love.

What an absurd thing it is to pass over all the valuable parts of a man, and fix our attention on his infirmities!—ADDISON.

The Mission Indian



SAN LUIS REY Trust Del.

VOL. IV.

BANNING, CAL., MAY 15, 1899.

NO. 8.

* Hail Virgin, dearest Mary, our lovely Queen of May! *

Hail full of grace: the Lord is with thee, Blessed art thou among women. Luk. 1, 28.

Ad Multos Annos!

The diocese of Monterey and Los Angeles comprises the southern part of the state of California. The Catholic population is estimated at about fifty thousand. The first bishop of California was Rt. Rev. Francis Garcia Diego y Moreno, who died 1846. The next two bishops were Archbishop Alemany, afterwards of San Francisco, and Bishop Amat of Monterey. Thus two bishoprics were established in California, and later on, San Francisco was subdivided and the diocese of Grass Valley, now Sacramento, comprising northern California, erected, of which Bishop O'Connell was the first Ordinary.

After Bishop Amadeus Amat's death, Bishop Mora, who had been his coadjutor, succeeded to the See of Monterey and Los Angeles, and the episcopal residence was transferred to the latter city. The Right

Rev. Bishop Mora governed the diocese from the year 1878 until he resigned three years ago. Under his eyes Los Angeles had grown to be a large city and the territory, which formerly was only a pasture, constitutes now the most populous part of the city. The number of clergymen greatly increased and new parishes were established in many places, where there appeared to be a necessity for them. Five years ago, the Holy Father gave to the Venerable Bishop Mora a coadjutor, the Right Rev. George Montgomery, D. D., our present beloved chief pastor in this diocese.

The Right Rev. Bishop George Montgomery was born 51 years ago in Kentucky. He was educated by the Sulpician Fathers at St. Charles' College, Howard county, Maryland, and at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, and was ordained in December 1880. He commenced his priestly career in the archdiocese of San Francisco and was Secretary

of Archbishop Alemany from 1881 to 1883 and Chancellor under Archbishop Riordan from 1883 to 1894. In the latter year he was chosen Coadjutor Bishop of Monterey and Los Angeles and was consecrated by the Archbishop in St. Mary's Cathedral, San Francisco, April 8, 1894.

On this day, therefore, the anniversary of his consecration occurs, and it has to be observed by all the members of the clergy by a special commemoration in the Mass. The Rt. Rev. Bishop is not fond of external shows and celebrations; he believes in democratic simplicity and for this reason, no celebration usually took place on the anniversary day. However on April 8, of this year, the fifth anniversary, the Bishop could not help staying at home and receiving the glad good wishes of many of the clergy and laity in the diocese.

The Bishop has worked incessantly for the progress of religion in his diocese. There is hardly a

place, which he has not visited. The Indians also get a good share of his paternal care. A number of new parishes and several parochial schools were established and erected, societies for the aid of the poor, for the instruction of the young and the rescue of the fallen and neglected, have been founded and are doing great good. The Bishop is especially solicitous to spread the work of the Catholic Truth Society and indeed, considering the peculiar circumstances in Southern California, the organization is sorely needed.

It is not the intention of the Mission Indian to use this publication as a means of flattery, and the bishop himself prefers a frank truth to disguised praise. But nobody will find fault with us when we state that every one in this diocese, clergy and laity, loves and venerates Bishop Montgomery, the Bishop given us by God and the Church, the Bishop who has a tender feeling and a large heart for each and every one of his spiritual children.

To govern this diocese and to push ecclesiastical matters is not an easy task. We have here to deal with a population which is, in some way, not exactly generous; and those who are generous are, for this reason, overtaxed. Money is needed to establish churches and schools, money is needed to provide for them and to place them on a solid basis. It is no use to conceal the truth. Just think of it, the taxes alone amount to nearly twenty thousand dollars a year.

The fact cannot be denied that the peculiar conditions of the Church in California, where expenses are double what they are in the East and where the receipts are less, greatly impede the work of energetic, zealous men in the service of the Church. Thus our good Bishop has not exactly a pleasant work, and lack of funds greatly hampers the labor for God and religion. If

our well-to-do Catholics would realize how much good could be done, if they would be truly generous, they would also be more willing to use the means which God gave them in such a manner as to gain immortal merits and life eternal.

When lately the statement was made that religion costs nothing, requires no pecuniary sacrifice, it was contradicted rightly by the papers. Not only does religion necessitate a sacrifice paid in coin, but in fact to live a good and religious life, sacrifices of all kinds have to be made. The poor have to make sacrifices, and the rich have to make sacrifices;—the old and the young, the child and the parent, the husband and the wife, the laborer and the employer, the clergy and the laity, the king, the beggar, the pope, the religious—*All* have to offer up *their* share in sacrificing liberty and possessions for the sake of others, and when the day dawns that there is no longer any one to do so, society will collapse.

Thus to carry on successfully the administration of a diocese, the Bishop needs the cooperation of *all* the faithful in the flock and, whether Americans or from the old sod, whether belonging to this or that nationality, all ought to unite and do *their* share to push on and bring about the realization of the spiritual progress of the Church. In Bishop Montgomery—dear friends—we have a Bishop who will guide us on to victory!

May God direct Rt. Rev. Bishop Montgomery and preserve him in health and strength; may He bless his labors for us; may He give to him the joy to see the fruits of honest zeal and love for religion!

Ad multos annos!

The Mission Indian.

THE THREE BROTHERS.

There was once a poor man who had three boys, named Cant, Wont and Try. They were very different from one another, and you would scarcely have thought that they were brothers.

Cant was a very idle boy and a great coward. He was afraid to spring across a ditch, for fear he should tumble in. He was afraid to climb a tree for fear he should fall down.

When asked to do anything Cant was sure to say he could not do it, though he might have tried. It was just the same at school or on the play ground. If he was asked a question, he would say, "I don't know." If he had to learn a lesson he would say, "I can't do it."

Wont was not idle and he was not stupid; but he had a temper, and was stubborn. If he had made up his mind not to do a thing, you could not make him do it.

If Wont was cross the school boys could not get him to play no matter how much they begged him. If he wanted to play he would not learn his lesson even though he was sure to be punished for such bad conduct.

Wont was not good at a game for he wanted to have his own way in all things and he did not succeed in his studies, as he would not do as he was told. In fact he was disliked on account of his bad temper and his obstinate ways.

Try was a very little fellow and the youngest of the three. But he had a brave heart, even if he was little; and he was always ready to do what his parents and friends told him.

If Try was asked if he could do any hard thing he would say, "I don't know that I can do it but I will try." Sometimes he would fail, of course, but almost always he was able to do what he tried to do.

Once he tried to jump across a brook, but it was so wide that little Try fell into the water. Still, he did not cry. He made up his mind that when he was a bit older he would make a fresh trial; and ere long he could spring over the brook in its widest place.

When Try first went to school one of the teachers said, "Can you read?" "No sir," said he, "but I will try to learn." "That is all I ask," said the teacher; "I want boys in my school who will try to learn."

In a few months Try was at the head of his class, Cant was still at the foot of his, and Wont was down at the foot of his. Which do you think is the happiest of the three?

All three are grown-up men now. Cant is a servant to a master named Must; Wont is a soldier under Captain Shall. Try is a partner in the great firm of Success & Company.

Diocesan News.

Many a sinner sings during the Easter time *Alleluja*, when he ought to sing *Miserere*.

The Easter Candle on the Gospel side of the altar is a figure of the risen Saviour. He is the Light of the World.

Juliana Chutnicat and Stephana Owl- ingwich are "outing" in Ontario. They are very good and give satisfaction.

Miss Frank Lindley assists her uncle, Mr. John Lindley, in the Post Office of Ontario.

Dr. Hefferan came up from Yuma, to testify before the Federal commissioner in Miguel's case.

The new chapel in Pichango is finished and will be dedicated in the near future.

Mrs. and Mr. Frank Wilson went to San Diego last month. People living in the country enjoy long rides.

Harvest in Banning began in the beginning of May. Barley is being cut for hay. There is a medium crop.

The bazaar in Riverside passed off successfully. The result exceeded the most sanguine expectations. The Mission Indian is glad.

Mrs. Mary Puzezy stayed for a short time in Beaumont, to look after her property. We wish there were more Mrs. Puzezy's.

July the 12th to 14th an institute of teachers in the Indian schools will take place in Los Angeles. Preparations for the purpose are being made.

Rev. Father Fisher of Pomona enjoys the visits of many members of the clergy and laity. His home amidst flowers, shrubberies and orange blossoms is a veritable habitation of bliss.

The new church in Ontario will soon be built. The lot upon which it is to be erected is bought. Father Fisher will soon let the contract and the long desired place of worship be opened for the good Ontario people.

The appropriation for the California contract schools is: Banning \$2800.00; San Diego \$2700.00; Mission Terribilis \$500.00 and Hopland \$250.00. To carry on the work at the Banning school not less than from eight to nine thousand dollars are needed. Some promises have been already made by charitable friends, but they are not yet sufficient.

Captain Moore, editor and proprietor of the "Redlands Facts" died on the 7th inst. The Captain was a great man, because he was good. The people of Redlands paid a splendid tribute to his goodness. His funeral was largely attended.

We met an ambitious little boy of five or six summers on the streets of Redlands the other day who has an intense passion for education. He is now attending the Kindergarten. He said: "When I get out of Kindergarten I am going to the Grammar school, and then to the High school; and after that to the Indian school." Such perseverance as that will surely be rewarded.

Ontario and its fragrant flowers and orange groves is a genuine paradise. (So much for the sceptics about the terrestrial paradise.) Ontario's Catholics are intelligent, generous children of the Church and for this reason, if the Rev. Pastor does not object and if the Mission Indian's editor does not die soon, a pleasant call will be made by him, because who could resist the invitation to such a charming spot.

Our esteemed contemporary, the *Monitor*, is improving in a hygienic way. Its recent editorial on Mushmea as a breakfast food was healthful and digestible. But a feeling of sadness came over us when we observed that the cook's hat wasn't on straight. The *Mission Indian* surmises that the lady has been reading the *Monitor's* poetry to the utter neglect of her looking glass. Indeed it may be she has that tired feeling; the *Indian* gets it too. Try sarsaparilla—on the opposite page.

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St. Boniface's Industrial School.

St. Boniface's School was recently favored by a visit from Bishop Verdaguier of Laredo, Texas. The Los Angeles readers of the *Mission Indian* remember him lovingly as "Father Peter" of the Plaza church. The Bishop says he is a young man and it is a rule of this paper never to doubt an episcopal assertion. But here are some dates that are puzzling. He was pastor of the old church at Agua Mansa, a mile from Colton, in 1863. He built the first church at San Bernardino in 1865. In 1867 he was transferred from Agua Mansa to San Gabriel and remained there until 1871. In the latter year he was appointed pastor of San Bernardino. Bishop Amat promoted him to the church of Our Lady of the Angels in Los Angeles in 1874.

Bishop Verdaguier erected the first church in Anaheim in 1869. More than a quarter-century ago he administered the last sacraments to a dying Indian on the grounds now occupied by St. Boniface's Industrial School, having travelled from San Bernardino on horseback for that purpose. In 1890 he was chosen Vicar Apostolic of Brownsville, Texas, and was consecrated in the Cathedral of Barcelona by Bishop Catalá on November 9 of that year. His Texan diocese covers almost 25,000 square miles and as most of his time is spent in travelling over this vast territory, the bishop is probably correct in saying that he is still a young man.

His many friends will be glad to hear that he is completely restored to health and returns to his diocese with all the vigor and zeal of his youth in Southern California. The *Mission Indian* hopes that the Bishop will live to be an old man and that his labors in the Lone Star State will be as fruitful as his earlier efforts were in the Land of the Bear Flag.

ROLL OF HONOR.

No. 1. Peter Salvadeo, Ramon Barthol. Stephen Saubel. Patricio Lago. John Barthol. Felix Verdugo. Benancio. Segundo. Conrado Chaparosa. Joseph Roan. Martina Silvas. Louisa Pa. Virginia Flores. Esperanza Brittain. Hilario Munoa. Sarah Banks. Lucy Norte. Mary A. Brittain. Clara Welmas. Magd. Leo. Jennie Santiago. No. 2. Nazario Lago. Stephen Chaparosa. Manuel Pico. Gratiano Munella. Henry Pino. Perfidio Chapuli. Rufino Peña. Stefana Casasas. Susanna Silvas. Rose Modesta.

MINI DEPARTMENT James Poncet. Domingo Norte. Jose Poncet. Juan Rodriguez. Thomas Ubaldo. Florincio Torre. Theophilus Norte. Augustina Lill. Annie. Lawrence. Gonzales. Juanita Venzuala. Matilda Ignoto.

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BANNING, CAL., MAY 15, 1899.

The insurrection in the Philippines commenced Feb. 5th and owing to the fact that all the victories were on the side of the U. S. army, the insurgents are pretty well tired out. The Government has a very difficult question to solve and we all pray and hope that the final result will be honorable to this great free country. To bring about this happy solution of the question, is the sacred duty of every true citizen and patriot.

When the insurrection in the Philippines is over the civilization and enlightenment of the Filipinos will commence. Missionaries have gone there and more will follow. Ten millions of Filipinos must be enlightened. Some have died and some more will die, it is true. A great number though will be left for experiment. From what we have heard of Hawaii and the United States, the beginning will be thus:

Missionary: "Are you my friend, Mr. Filipino?"

Filipino: "I am a friend of everybody."

M.: "If you are my friend, I will help you."

F.: "Thank you, Sir."

M.: "To night, I will preach. If you come to hear me, I will always be your friend, and I will help you."

F.: "Very well, I will come. Could you give me a pair of boots, pantaloons, a watch and a hat?"

M.: "I will write to the Government in Washington."

F.: "What kind of a man is the Government?"

M.: "The Government is an awfully big man. He will punish you, if you do not come to hear me."

F.: "Punish me? If I do not hear you? He must be awfully strong! I have bows and arrows!"

M.: "You are a very foolish man. Bows and arrows do not count any more. You must love the Government and you must have patriotism!"

F.: "What is patriotism?"

M.: "Why, patriotism is a very great thing. You must come to hear me; you must tell on the 'other fellow', who is buried in Catholic superstition; you must believe — well I cannot exactly tell what, except that freedom of conscience entitles you to the privilege of renouncing any religion; you may also let me have some of your land — of course, I pay you well for it — then, my good friend, you have patriotism!"

Filipino (sings): "There's a hole in the bottom of the sea. There's a hole — there's a hole!"

Last year the living poets of the United States produced three millions of poems; 250,000 of them were telling of spring; 100,000 were dedicated to despair; 50,000 sang of Platonic and 30,000 of blasted love; *Your Duty* was expounded in 1000 poems, and *My Duty* was related in just one production.

Another example of the 19th century enlightenment was given in Georgia, where a criminal was led out of prison, mutilated, burned at the stake and then had his heart torn out and pierced — all done by a mob of civilized people! If the Filipinos hear this, they may justly say: "Medice, cura teipsum." (Physician, cure yourself.)

There are some unfortunate people in this world, who cannot get along with any one. They make trouble and have trouble. They ought to be relegated into obscurity and some ones who have brains ought to be put into their places!

Horace writes in his book on poetry: "There are some boundaries and limits, and when you go beyond these, the right cannot exist." So it is with human beings and their works. Horace also says: "Nodati ipse Homerus." Even Homer sometimes nods. Now how about the cartoon and Morehouse bill in California!

Our separated brethren find much fault with us — the Catholics — for adoring the Blessed Virgin, pictures, relics etc. The fault finding has been answered many times. We adore God alone but we pray to the Saints as friends of God that they may intercede for us. We honor relics and pictures with the same intention as our separated brethren honor the relics and pictures of *their* friends or of those men and women, whom *they* admire. Now this is as clear as day light. Add to this natural light the electric spark of supernatural faith — and the bugaboo that scares our dear brethren will dissolve into nothing!

In spite of all fault-finding, pictures of our Lord etc. are made and put up by the million. Shrines have considerably increased in number. Many of our separated brethren are falling in line, using religious pictures, the cross and candles. It is true, some are still afraid of holy water, but when the time will have come that our Indians will be celebrities on the stage, such trifles as making the sign of the cross and using holy water will not be regarded as sectarian any more.



Letters.

What the Pupils of St. Boniface's wrote on Father's Feast.

ST. BONIFACE'S INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL,
BANNING, CAL., MAY 3, 1899.

Rev. B. Florian Hahn: Dear Father:

With gratitude I will write you these few lines wishing you a thrice happy feast day and hope that Almighty God who is good will give you all the gifts which you need. I know you will be glad to read our letters and we were very glad to have a little to write.

Dear Father I hope you will please forgive me if I ever had given you any trouble this year but I tried very hard to be a good girl and I will continue to be good until school closes not only here but also when I leave the school I will pray to the Blessed Virgin that she may help me to be a better girl than I am.

And I am very very thankful to you dear Father for the things you have done for us and I hope that God will bless you for being so good and kind to the Indian children and I know you are always willing to help the Indians.

I hope you will be satisfied with my short letter wishing you again a happy feast day. May God bless you and protect you from all danger. I am your loving child.

SARAH BANKS.

ST. BONIFACE'S INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL,
BANNING, CAL., MAY 2, 1899.

Dear Father:

It is real pleasure to me to write you these few lines in order to wish you a Happy Feast day. What shall we give you? We have nothing to offer, but our poor prayers, and you are remembered by all your Indian children boys and girls and we are very thankful to you for all your kindness to us children in the school and to the Indians on the reservations. And often we have left school. I will try to think of all your instructions and be good as you wish to see us.

We missed you very much last week, when you were away.

I like to go to school to learn all I can. Wishing you again a Happy Feast and may God bless you. Your loving child

HILARIA MUNOA.

ST. BONIFACE'S INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL,
BANNING, CAL., MAY 3, 1899.

Dear Father:

With great gratitude this morning I and some of the other girls and boys decided to write to you in order to wish you a Happy Feast day and that you and all may have a good time.

I wish to inform you also that we will pray for you and will never forget you.

I remember well when I first came I was a little girl and see how big I am now and all that time you have taken care of me and instructed me in my Holy Religion and now I wish to thank you dear Father for all that and will ask you at the same time to pardon me for all the wrongs, I have done.

I will remember you where ever I am and I will never forget the good you have done for me. Dear Father I will now close my short letter wishing you again and again a Happy feast day and I trust pray for us all that we may be all good children and you may be sure we will not forget to pray for our dear Father F. May God bless you. I am your grateful child

VIRGINIA FLORES.

ST. BONIFACE'S INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL,
BANNING, CAL., MAY 4, 1899.

Dear Father:

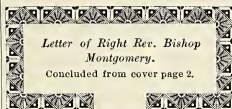
With the greatest pleasure I am to write you these few lines wishing you a most happy feast day.

I am ever so thankful for the kindness you have done us, and pray that Almighty God in heaven will give you the grace for a holy life and a happy death and also keep you from all danger. I hope you will do the same for us and never forget us poor Indians.

There is nobody that I have seen that is so charitable and kind as you are dearest Father.

I am very sorry, indeed very sorry to leave the school where we receive the instructions and learn our Holy Religion so that when we leave we will take care of our immortal souls and try never to fall out from our Religion. Dear Father I ask your pardon for all my faults and the trouble I gave you and all the Sisters. I will do better next time if it is God's will. I wish you again and again a happy and still happier feast day. I am your loving child

MARTINA SILVAS.



Letter of Right Rev. Bishop
Montgomery.

Concluded from cover page 2.

Church's mission is not only to teach—it is to govern, sanctify and save souls. Our Bl. Lord redeemed the world and wishes all men to be saved. Redemption, then, is absolute and universal, whereas salvation is conditional.

This is evident from the words of St. John when he says, "He came into His own and His own received Him not, but as many as received Him, He gave them power to be made the Sons of God." (a) He did not MAKE them sons of God, but gave them power to BE MADE sons of God, according to a divine plan. This plan is unfolded to us in His own divine words: "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, he that believeth not shall be condemned," (b) "Unless a man be born again of water and the Holy Ghost he cannot enter the Kingdom of God." (c) Here our Blessed Lord not only declares salvation to be conditional, but marks out the divine plan upon which it is given, namely, a sacramental system of grace. "The Church of the living God, the pillar and ground of truth," (d) has ever taught that seven sacraments instituted by Jesus Christ, and clearly inculcated in Sacred Scripture, are the ordinary channels of divine grace, and that the Holy Ghost "abiding with the Church forever," (e) is the sanctifier of souls through the divine instru-

mentality of these sacraments, and this is the complete office of the Holy Ghost in the Church of God.

Having rejected a divine and infallible teaching authority, alone can preserve whole and entire the faith once delivered to the saints, many dear children of God have so confused the doctrines of redemption and salvation, that while accepting the redemption they reject the plan of salvation established by Our Lord, which is plainly the sacramental system of grace; thus depriving themselves of many of the most precious graces purchased by the blood of Jesus Christ.

To preserve the children of the Church in loyal adherence to this faith and practice, and to recall all men to these fountains of supernatural life, the common Father of Christendom sets forth the office of the Holy Ghost in the Church, that they and we may know and possess the fullness and certainty of divine truth. The heart of man is greater than all the material universe. The world cannot fill it; God alone can satisfy its aspirations. As St. Augustine says: "Thou, O God, hast created us for Thyself and our hearts will never rest until they rest in Thee." With the image of God stamped upon the soul man tends towards God by a law of his very being. But having broken off by sin the union that bound him to God, he cannot reach Him again without a supernatural guide, for God and Heaven are supernatural. Acting from this natural longing, but without this supernatural guide, men are as sheep without a shepherd. In their hearts they crave for certainty and for unity of faith. The principle of this certainty and this unity of faith is the Holy Ghost, teaching, governing, sanctifying and saving souls, and Our Lord Himself has taught us the spirit of this Novena in these words: "Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven."

Yours truly in Christ,

† GEO. MONTGOMERY,
Bishop of Monterey and Los Angeles.

QUOTATIONS: (a) Ep., 4-14. (b) Ep., 4-3. (c) Jno., 10-16. (d) Heb., 11-6. (e) Rom., 10-17. (f) Rom., 10-14, 15. (g) Heb., 1-1, 2. (h) Jno., 10-16. (i) Matt., 28-18, 20. (j) Luc., 10-16. (k) Jno., 14-16. (l) Jno., 14-26. (m) Jno., 15-26, 27. (n) Gal., 1-8. (o) 1-11, 12. (p) Mark, 16-16. (q) Jno., 3-5. (r) 1 Tim., 3-15.

Do good works, now, that you live!

Wise Words of Bishop Spalding.

Here is what Bishop Spalding has to say of the Philippine question:

"We have sympathized with all oppressed people—with Ireland, Greece and Armenia and Cuba. To emancipate the slaves we gladly sacrificed the lives of hundreds of thousands of our soldiers. And now the American soldier is sent 10,000 miles across the ocean to shoot men whose real crime is that they wish to be free, wish to govern themselves. To say that they are unfit for freedom is to put forth the plea of the tyrant in all ages and everywhere. The enemies of liberty have never lacked for pretexts to justify their wrongs; but, in truth, at the root of all wars of conquest there lies lust for blood or for gold.

"If the inhabitants of the Philippines come gladly to throw themselves into our arms, we should refuse to do more than counsel, guide and protect them until they form themselves into a stable and independent government. What then is to be thought of those who seem resolved either to rule or exterminate them, believing probably that the only good Filipino is a dead Filipino?

"If it is our destiny to become an empire, it is not our destiny to endure as a republic. Empire and imperialism are associated with kingly and arbitrary rule, with militarism and conquest. Was not the Roman Empire built upon the republic?

"The more we hold aloof from England, the better shall it be for America. She has not an ally in the world, and there is probably not a nation in the world which would trust her as an ally. She has never loved us from the days in which she oppressed the colonies to the dark days when, by aiding the Confederacy, she sought to make the disruption of the Union permanent. She does

not love us now. We are the most dreaded rival she has, because we threaten her supremacy in what is nearest to her—her finances.

"She is confronted by difficulties and dangers of various kinds from which we are free. An alliance with her would involve us in the difficulties and dangers by which she is confronted and from which we are free. We need neither her advice nor her assistance.

"When the American people resolve not to hold what they never intended to take possession of, they will have little difficulty in finding a solution of this Philippine question. Above all, let them not be misled by vanity; let them not hearken to the siren voice of English flattery; let them not stop to think what other nations shall say, but let them, as becomes a great, a free and enlightened people, be self-directed, holding in view only such aims and ends as are wise, just and conducive to the permanent welfare and highest interest of the republic."

A True Story, with Names Omitted.

One of the Indian schools' inspectors (let us call him Mr. M. C.) has had a most amusing and eye-opening experience in some place not a thousand miles from Banning. There are some public schools in California where, in order to make up a decent average attendance, Indian pupils are enrolled. The Federal Government pays for each of such Indian pupils twelve dollars a quarter, which sum is to go to the funds of the respective districts, and these, in return, must supply the Indian pupils with books etc. In one of these districts, the board of trustees consisted of the teacher, his wife and a friend of the teacher. The board of trustees naturally made use of the greatest latitude in reference to the amount received for the Indian pupils. *It paid wonderfully.* Circumstances though have somewhat changed. When Mr. M. C. visited the district he was informed by the interested parties that he might use his good efforts to increase the somewhat reduced income. Thus Mrs. Nicklin, the teacher's wife, said that the school under her husband's care was in a deplorable condition. The Indians

did not send enough children, the Government did not pay enough money, the school trustees were interfered with and so forth. Whether she told Mr. M. C. also that some Catholic priest advised the Indians not to send their children to her school we cannot say, but it is known that she used to tell this story. (By the way it was only a surmise and certainly not based on truth). So Mr. M. C. felt very sympathetic towards the poor, starving teacher, and he surely must have taken some notes in reference to this matter and some "quos ego" may have been in store for the offender. When Mr. M. C. arrived at his stopping place, he accidentally met the husband of the poor unfortunate Indian teacher's wife but the teacher unhappily did not recognize Mr. M. C., and thinking he was one of the green horns, who travel through the mountains to find out how the mountaineers are getting along, informed the gentlemanly and astonished Inspector, that he—the teacher,—had the softest snap in the whole county; that he was making money by the barrel by teaching a school for Whites and Indians; that the paternal Government in Washington pays something, and that the county and district pay something; that he can live cheaply and cash in the "plata;"—in a word, that he really had found a bonanza! Moreover the loquacious teacher mentioned that he hated the Indians, and that he did not care whether their children learned anything or nothing, and that he considered the whole Indian service and schools a means for making money;—no more and no less. When he was through, one of the bystanders, who knew Mr. M. C., introduced him as the Inspector of the Indian schools. We are very sorry that we were not present and that we could not "Kodak" the face of the teacher and also of the now very well informed Inspector, Mr. M. C. The incident is related and repeated with the greatest delight. *The Mission Indian* smiles too.

WHAT THE FLOWERS SAY:

Flowers preach to us if we will hear.
The rose saith in the dewy morn,
"I am most fair,
Yet all my loveliness is born
Upon a thorn."
The lilies say, "Behold how we
Preach, without words, of purity!"
But not alone the fairest flowers:
The merest grass
Along the roadside where we pass,
Lichen and moss and sturdy weed,
Tell of His love who sends the dew,
The rain, and the sunshine too,
To nourish one small seed.

Letter of His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII. to the Bishops of the whole World.

A most remarkable document on the Holy Ghost.
Continued.

THE HOLY GHOST IN THE SOUL OF THE JUST.

The beginnings of this regeneration and renovation of man are by Baptism. In the sacrament, when the unclean spirit has been expelled from the soul, the Holy Ghost enters in and makes it like to Himself. "That which is born of the Spirit, is spirit" (John iii., 6). The same Spirit gives Himself more abundantly in Confirmation, strengthening and confirming Christian life; from which proceeded the victory of the martyrs and the triumph of the virgins over temptations and corruptions. We have said that the Holy Ghost gives Himself; "the charity of God is poured out into our hearts by the Holy Ghost who is given to us" (Rom. v., 5). For He not only brings to us His divine gifts, but is the Author of them and is Himself the supreme Gift, who, proceeding from the mutual love of the Father and the Son, is justly believed to be and is called "Gift of God most High." To show the nature and efficacy of this gift it is well to recall the explanation given by the doctors of the Church of the works of Holy Scripture. They say that God is present and exists in all things, "by His power, in so far as all things are subject to His power; by His presence, inasmuch as all things are naked and open to His eyes; by His essence, inasmuch as He is present to all as the cause of their being." (St. Th. Ia, q. viii., a. 3.) But God is in man, not only as in inanimate things, but because He is more fully known and loved by him, since even by nature we spontaneously love, desire, and seek after the good. Moreover God by grace resides in the just soul as in a temple, in a more intimate and peculiar manner. From this proceeds that union of affection by which the soul adheres most closely to God, more so than the friend is united to his most loving and beloved friend, and enjoys God in all fullness and sweetness. Now this wonderful union which is properly called "indwelling," differing only in degree or state from that with which God beati- fies the saints in heaven, although it is most certainly produced by the presence of the whole Blessed Trinity—"We will come to Him and make our abode with Him," (John xiv. 23)—nevertheless is attributed in a peculiar manner to the Holy Ghost. For, whilst traces of divine power and wisdom

appear even in the wicked man, charity, which as it were, is the special mark of the Holy Ghost, is shared in only by the just. In harmony with this, the same Spirit is called Holy, for He, the first and supreme Love, moves souls and leads them to sanctity, which ultimately consists in the love of God. Wherefore the apostle, when he called us the temple of God, does not expressly mention the Father, or the Son, or the Holy Ghost: "Know ye not that your members are the temple of the Holy Ghost, who is in you, whom you have from God?" (1. Cor. vi. 19). The fullness of divine gifts is in many ways a consequence of the indwelling of the Holy Ghost in the souls of the just. For, as St. Thomas teaches, "when the Holy Ghost proceedeth as love, He proceedeth in the character of the first gift; whence Augustine saith, that through the gift which is the Holy Ghost, many other special gifts are distributed among the members of Christ." (*Summ. Th.*, Ia. q. xxxviii., r2. St. Aug. *de Trin.*, I. xv., c. 19). Among these gifts are those secret warnings and invitations, which from time to time are excited in our minds and hearts by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost. Without these there is no beginning of a good life, no progress, no arriving at eternal salvation. And since these works and admonitions are uttered in the soul in an exceedingly secret manner, they are sometimes aptly compared in Holy Writ with the breathing of a common breeze, and the Angelic Doctor likens them to the movements of the heart which are wholly hidden in the living body. "Thy heart has a certain hidden power, and therefore the Holy Ghost, who invisibly vivifies and unites the Church, is compared to the heart." (*Summ. Th.* 3a., q. vii., a., ad 5). More than this, the just man, that is to say he who lives the life of divine grace, and acts by the fitting virtues as by means of faculties has need of those seven gifts which are properly attributed to the Holy Ghost. By means of them the soul is furnished and strengthened so as to be able to obey more easily and promptly His voice and impulse. Wherefore these gifts are of such efficacy that they lead the just man to the highest degree of sanctity; and of such excellence that they continue to exist even in heaven, though in a more perfect way. By means of these gifts the soul is excited and encouraged to seek after and attain the evangelical beatitudes, which, like the flowers that come forth in the spring time, are the signs and harbingers of eternal beatitude. Lastly there are the blessed fruits, enumerated

by the Apostle (Gal. v., 22), which the Spirit, even in this mortal life, produces and shows forth in the just; fruits filled with all sweetness and joy, inasmuch as they proceed from the Spirit, "Who is in the Trinity the sweetness of both Father and Son filling all creatures with infinite fullness and profusion." (St. Aug. *de Trin.* I. vi., c. 9). The Divine Spirit, proceeding from the Father and the Word in eternal light of sanctity, Himself both Love and Life, after having manifested Himself through the veils of figures in the Old Testament, poured forth all His fullness upon Christ and upon His mystic Body, the Church; and called back by His presence and grace men who were going away in wickedness and corruption with such salutary effect that, being no longer of the earth earthly, they relished and desired quite other things, becoming of heaven heavenly.



Sights in Rome.

The Via Sacra.

Walking along the Via Sacra from the Colosseum to the Capitol, we see, on our left, the triumphal arch of Constantine the Great, and in front of us the arch of Titus, erected to commemorate his victory over the Jews. On it is sculptured the only authentic representation of the five-branched candelstick taken from the temple of Jerusalem. No Jew ever walks under this arch to the present day. Farther on is the Roman Forum, where Cicero thundered forth his eloquence, Caesar was slain, and the pomp and splendor of Imperial Rome were continually manifested. Hard by is the Mamertine Prison, where the Apostles, Sainte Peter and Paul, and also Jugurtha of old were imprisoned. The well in the floor, which sprang up miraculously near by to supply the water with which the jailers were baptized, is pointed out by the guide, and the door leading to the Cloaca Maxima, through which the bodies of the prisoners were got rid of.

The Ancient Capitol.

We now arrive at the ancient Capitol of Rome. The museum contains the dying gladiator, busts and statues of the Cesars, senators, patricians, and celebrated Roman ladies of the ancient republican time. It is interesting to remark the different fashions in which the Roman ladies did up their hair in these remote ages. In another room we see the instruments of torture employed during the persecutions of Nero,

Claudius, and Domitian, racks, pincers, iron collars with long spikes, the brazen bull, and caldrons, in which the Christian martyrs were boiled alive in oil. In the tower is a large bell that is sounded only once a year to proclaim the Carnival before Lent, and it is used also to announce the death of the Pope. At the Capitol is always kept a she-wolf, in memory of the legend, that Romulus and Remus were suckled on a wolf. The remains of many pagan temples are to be seen standing in the forum and throughout the city, especially those of Castor and Pollux, Antoninus and Faustina, Venus and Rome, Vesta, Schola Xantha, Jupiter, and the temple of the Sybil in Tivoli.

We must pay a short visit to the Catacombs.

where the early Christians took refuge from the persecutions, during the first three centuries of the Church. Anyone who has read Cardinal Wiseman's "Fabiola" has a good idea of these subterranean streets. The most celebrated are those of St. Calixtus, St. Sebastian, and St. Agnes. The Catacombs of St. Lawrence were closed by order of Pius the IX., as about a dozen students of the Propaganda college were lost in them. They went astray inside and never came out; neither were they found by the search parties sent after them. No one now ever ventures to explore the Catacombs without a guide, and as they are cold and damp it is dangerous to make a long stay in them. When you enter, you notice, on each side, the shelves in which the bodies of the Christians were buried, and the bones and skulls are to be seen in many of them still; there is a large amount of bone dust in all of them, showing that many bodies were buried in each. When you come to a martyr's grave, you can see, on a marble slab closing up the entrance of those that were not yet disturbed, a palm branch sculptured, the sign of martyrdom; the name also engraved, and a small glass chalice that held his blood, which was soaked up with sponges from the spot of his execution, by his Christian relations. In about every hundred yards, the visitor comes on a small chapel where the Christians had Mass and prayers, as well as meetings; some of them may have been the homes in which they lived. There is one chapel in the Catacombs of St. Agnes, in which is a chair, hewn out of the solid marble, on which St. Peter is believed to have often sat during the sacred ceremonies. In the Catacombs of St. Sebastian, is shown the place where the bodies of Saints Peter and Paul were first interred, before being translated to St. Peter's.

But this article is already long enough although it does not notice more than half the interesting things to be seen in the Eternal City, which is full of interest for the antiquarian, the historian and the artist, but especially for the Catholic pilgrim, who can understand and visit with devotion its many holy places and things.

Amicus.

NEWS FROM THE INDIAN RESERVATIONS.

POTRERO, NEAR BANNING.

In order to enable the Indians to have a supply of water for irrigation, a large reservoir has been constructed by them. The reservoir has a diameter of 400 ft. and it is hoped that it will prove a great thing. For years the supply of water has been distributed very partially. Vegetables and trees perished for want of water, and the development of more water and the big reservoir are an absolute necessity.

CACILLA VALLEY.

Policeman Antonio Casero has resigned, and Sirvanto Lubo has been appointed by the Indian Agent as policeman in the Cahuilla reservation. The Indians were not entirely pleased with the appointment, because they thought that the policeman ought to be elected by them. As the Indian police are paid by the U. S. Government, it belongs also to the Government to appoint them. The Cahuilla Indians though requested Sirvanto Lubo to look after the interest of the *Indiano* and not after the white man's affairs, which would mean that there have been some Indians, who instead of caring for the welfare of their own race, preferred to be the white man's friends, and to be traitors to their kinsmen, rather than impartial officials. This is only too true!

Pico Lugo, son of the late Andreas Lugo and Dorothea, died February 5th 1899. He is buried in the Cahuilla cemetery, which is the resting place of more than two hundred Indians. There are more dead than living Indians in Cahuilla. The cemetery was laid out and blessed in the year 1861. There are no big boys or big girls in Cahuilla; the reservation is dying out, whilst the young are in the schools and "outing."—This is the quick-consumption policy of getting rid of the red man!

When services were held in Cahuilla lately, almost the whole reservation turned out to hear the Word of God. One lonely family did not appear and its absence was very significant.

The son of Sirvanto Lubo is very sick with inflammatory rheumatism. Gabriel Costa is in the same condition. Agua Caliente is the place to cure rheumatism!

The pasturage in Cahuilla is fine just now, but there is little stock to feed on

it. There are some poor, old people, widows and children in Cahuilla, needing help. In fact, the former strength and number of the Cahuilla Indians are things of the past. Some of the houses are deserted. *Post nos diluvium!*

There are 17 pupils on the list of the Cahuilla day school. Why the Catholic Indians allow the preacher to teach their children another religion, when they are at school, is incomprehensible. When one of our Rev. Fathers, at one time, had a meeting of the Indians at the Cahuilla school house, Agent Rust issued an order that no priest should be allowed to enter the school to preach to the old or young Indians; when the same Father gave instructions to the pupils in Perris, the Washington authorities again prohibited him; but a preacher may do just as he pleases! This is another instance of the non-sectarian sectarianism. If the Government's schools are to be non-sectarian, let them be non-sectarian!

A number of Indians are working at Highlands and at Redlands. There is not much work for them this year. Southern California suffers greatly from the drought.

Rev. D. F. Hahn.

Letters from San Xavier's School.

Save the Pictures.

San Xavier School, Tucson, Ariz., March 28, 1899.

Dear Father Hahn:

I thought I would write you a nice little letter. I study my lesson and I saw the picture of the Bishop and the Church of New Mexico and the Cathedral of Santa Fe in your book. I come to school every day. My brother comes to school too, he is in the primer class and my father and mother are well. Please pray for the Papagos. I study Catechism, Arithmetic, Fourth Reader and Fractions and all the Papagos are well, so good-bye. Your boy

FRANCISCO.

The New Big Lamp.

San Xavier School, Tucson, Ariz., March 28, 1899.

Dear Father Hahn:

I come to school every day and study my lessons and my sister comes to school too and studies her lessons. My father and mother are well. Many children come to school every day and we have a big lamp in the church and all the Papagos are well. I am your boy

AVAILINO.

The Grotto.

San Xavier School, Tucson Ariz., March 28, 1899.

Dear Father Hahn:

I am well and hope you are the same. I come to school every day and study my lessons and also many children come to school every day. My father and mother are well. I am in the Second Reader and the Arithmetic and Catechism, my brother is in the First Reader. We have a nice grove in our school-yard and flowers around it. I wish you a Happy Easter—Your boy

JOSE FELIZ.



VOL. IV.

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NO. 9.

The Jubilee of 1900.

This is a translation of the Pope's bull ordering a year of jubilee to celebrate the close of the Nineteenth century:

"To all faithful Christians, salutation and benediction.—The proximity of the end of the century, which through the grace of God we have nearly passed, has decided us to order action which will serve toward the salvation of Christian people and perhaps be the last act of our ministry. We wish to declare that Grand Jubilee, instituted since ancient times, and which has come to us under the name of Holy Year, whether because it ought to be accompanied by numerous holy ceremonies, or, above all, because it furnishes a greater means for correcting morals and leading souls to holiness.

"We have seen many benefits arising from the last jubilee under the pontificate of Leo XII. At that epoch, religious manifestations occurred in Rome, making the city the veritable ground of God. In spirit let us recall the crowd of pilgrims, the multitude of the faithful visiting the temples in processions, the sacred orators who spoke to the public, the Pontiff himself, surrounded by Cardinals, giving examples of piety and charity.

Rome's Changed Condition.

"Alas! These thoughts carry with them grief, seeing the present time so different. The former solemnities cannot be renewed to-day, because the condition in Rome is changed. Let us hope that, however, God will grant

success for our celebration and our undertaking only for His glory, wherein we desire nothing other than to facilitate that eternal salvation by applying those remedies which Jesus Christ has placed in our hands for the diseases of souls. That is the duty of our office and the necessity of the times.

"One cannot say this century has been sterile in good works and Christian virtues. On the contrary, by the grace of God, we have an abundance of illustrious examples. There are no exalted virtues in which many men have not signaled themselves, because the Christian religion has obtained from God continued fruition of these virtues.

"At the same time, what blind eyes have prevailed! How many people are running toward eternal ruin. What grief for our heart to see how many Christians, seduced by license of thought, are losing every day the great gift of faith. It is difficult to express what injury these habits of thought have inflicted upon the foundations of society.

An Admonition.

"Men's souls, full of bad tendencies and cupidities, are taking part in a dangerous and dreadful struggle, without law, aiming to seize the goods of this world. It is necessary, then, to recall to men their duties, to succor perishing souls, to recall the thought of eternal salvation to all those who at every hour run the danger of losing the heavenly portion offered to them. This is the time for Holy Year, and the Mother Church will try during the period to discipline souls, to teach them expiation through penitence.

"With this principle she will multiply her prayers to the calm, outraged Majesty of heaven, to obtain the abundance of heavenly gifts. In open-

ing the treasures of indulgences, wherein it is the dispenser, the Church invites the whole of Christendom to the hope of pardon.

"Why ought we not to hope for good results if the people prepare themselves spontaneously to honor Christ by celebrating the end of the century?

"We cannot propose anything holier or more salutary for men, or more of what man ought to desire, aspire and hope for, than to ask of Jesus, throughout this Holy Year, that salvation found in His resurrection, and in abandoning which men go to perdition.

The Arian Heresy.

"Alas, many men refuse with contempt this saving mercy. We have seen in these latter times a renewal of the Arian heresy regarding the divinity of Jesus. But have courage, and let us do our work.

"Let all Christians contribute to these proposals by examples of piety, joining in teaching to the people what is necessary, detesting every form of impiety against the divine majesty of Jesus.

"Raising our eyes to God, with His help and with the approbation of the Cardinals, we order a universal jubilee to commence in this sacred city of Rome, with the first vespers of Christmas, 1899, and to cease on the same day in 1900.

"During this jubilee year, we concede full indulgence and pardon of sins to all Christians truly penitent, who confess their sins and partake of communion, and who will visit the basilicas of St. Peter's, St. Paul's, St. John's, or at the Santa Maria Maggiore, in Rome, at least once a day during twenty days, if having domicile in Rome, or, if pilgrims, during ten days. All ought to pray for the exaltation of the Church, for the

extirpation of heresies, for the concord of Catholic princes, and for the salvation of Christian peoples.

Invitation to Churchmen.

"Those who through sickness or other legitimate causes cannot visit the Roman basilicas, if they confess and communicate, may also benefit by the indulgence. To Rome we invite you with love, sons of the Church, throughout the world.

"At the same time, good Catholics ought, during this period, to renounce all spectacles of a profane character. Divine Rome will inspire you. Jesus has chosen Rome as the center of the highest action. Here is His empire. Here, under His will, is the immovable seat of His Vicar on earth. Here is guarded the truth. From here spreads light to all the world. Who removes himself from Rome, removes himself from Jesus. Religious monuments, majestic temples, the tombs of Apostles, the catacombs of martyrs, all add to the sanctity of Rome."

The Pop. in St. Peter's.

On Sunday morning—April 16, 1890—the Sovereign Pontiff, after an almost miraculous recovery from a severe illness, descended from the Vatican to His great church and assisted at the postponed mass of thanksgiving to be celebrated on the twenty-first anniversary of his coronation. To see once again the beloved and admired Leo XIII brought over fifty thousand persons of all classes and many nationalities to St. Peter's. They felt that the thoughts of Catholics throughout the world were at that moment directed to this great world's Church, and to the scenes that were enacted within its walls.

It is safe to say that throughout the confines of earth no such scene could take place as that which was enacted in the Church of St. Peter in the presence of over fifty thousand persons—the population of a good-sized city. In the courts of kings the sword is the symbol, and the orders of the drill sergeant break the silence; in the Vatican the cross is the symbol, and the words are words of prayer and blessing. The voice of a great multitude was raised in a sort of joyous utterance rather than a cheer, a sob of rejoicing at seeing once more the beloved Pontiff Leo XIII, after his recent illness. It was evident to all that the Pope was pleased with this demonstration of affection; a smile lit up his exceedingly pale features, and his eye was bright.

When the grand ceremony was over,

after he had with trembling hands put on his spectacles, he read the prayers preliminary to the bestowing of the Papal Benediction. His voice at first was very feeble and uncertain, but as he went on it gathered strength and volume, and at intervals he rose from the chair as if to give more force and emphasis to the words he was uttering. Finally he stood upon his feet and, with outstretched arms, as if he would embrace all these thousands within his view and the vast world of human beings scattered over the whole earth, he raised his hand and gave the Triple Benediction, his voice meanwhile seeming, amidst an awful silence, to reach the most distant limits of the great church. The sound of many thousand voices uttered a great "Amen," and again the crowd burst into applause and the clapping of hands and the waving of handkerchiefs. Slowly was he borne down the great nave, and repeatedly did he raise his trembling hand to bless the people. There was a long delay there, and it seemed that he could scarce consent to leave the church and the fervent people that were so glad to see him again. It was altogether a scene of most deeply felt emotion and happiness.

Santiago Segundo, a Cahuilla Indian.

Santiago Segundo is in San Ignacio again. He is one of the old men of former years. Here is an account of his when we met him.

Santiago: "I am happy to meet you Father. Years ago I lived with my tribe in Los Coyotes. We were many Indians. We planted corn, beans, wheat and had fruit trees. In the Los Coyotes canyon are the remains of many Indians.

"One year the rain fell so plentifully that a large river flooded our reservation. The land, trees, and houses were washed away. We had to look for other homes. We used to gather berries, roots and plants for food everywhere in the mountains. We were well acquainted with the place where San Ignacio now lies and we went up to San Ignacio, where we began to cultivate the land. At that time we had no horses nor plows and we cultivated the land with poles, which we ran through the ground. Now San Ignacio looks well. I am happy to see the church so fine here and the Father visiting us.

Rev. B. F. H.: "Are you a Christian, Santiago?"

S.: "I am. Father Camilo baptized me, when I worked in Redlands. I was

three years there. I did not know my religion, but I wanted to be baptized. Father Camilo also married me, as up to that time I was not properly married.

We noticed a feverish look in his face, his lips were blue and dry, he coughed and his voice was hoarse. We asked him: "Are you sick, Santiago?"

S.: "No, I am not sick. I have worked hard all my life. I am now working and sowing. I feel *languid* because I have not enough to eat.

Rev. B. F. H.: "We will have services in the church this evening. Juan Lugo will interpret what I say in Spanish; you bring your old wife along; you might yet learn a little.

S.: "Very well. I am so pleased and happy to meet you and see you stay with us."

Rev. B. F. H.: "Tell me, Santiago, how did you come up from Indio to San Ignacio?"

S.: "I packed my things upon the horses; there were four horses; my wife and I rode and we also drove cows along. The animals could not travel fast, there was no good road and a great deal of brush and rocks had to be gotten over. We were eight days on the road. We had to stay all night in the open air without tent or house, and one night we slept on the top of a mountain. It was very cold and stormy.

"Sometimes we had to go a long distance to find water, but I know every place in this country. There are four trails leading from the desert to San Ignacio. The last day we were traveling, we met our relations of San Ignacio in Los Coyotes. We felt very happy."

Rev. B. F. H.: "When you were traveling, how did you find the trail? Did you talk much to your wife on the road?"

S.: "To find the road, I looked east, west, north and south; I looked to heaven and down on the mountains. I prayed God to guide me well.

"I never said a word to my wife, because I was lonesome and sad, when I returned to my former home. But I spoke to God. Do you think that was right.

B. F. H.: "Certainly, you have done well. Prayer is always very good. What are the Indians doing at Indio?"

S.: "They are working on the S. P. R. R. and are cutting wood. As long as they have work, all is well; when there is no work they have to suffer from hunger. Sometimes I thought I would die of starvation."

B. F. H.: "What are you going to do in San Ignacio?"

Santiago: "I will now stay here with my people, I will plow and sow, and raise wheat, corn, and beans. I wish to stay until I die."

Diocesan News.

The mother of Very Rev. Father Linn, C. M., died last month. May she rest in peace. Amen.

Exhibitions and Annual Exercises are going on. The best show is a good, straight, public examination.

Sunday school at Vernon is another inauguration in Los Angeles, promising much good.

The Rev. J. A. Cooper, the new pastor of Ocean View, is busily engaged in the erection of a parochial residence.

Great rumors about promotions were in the air last month. Expectations are in the air too.

The fair of St. Mary's Church, Los Angeles, was a huge success. Congratulations!

Mr. Kistler of Anaheim keeps one of the neatest bakeries in Southern California.

The Rev. Father Scanlan, chancellor of the San Francisco archdiocese, is home again. He made many friends in the South.

The Rev. Peter O'Reilly stays at San Diego. The Father is not well and the Mission Indian extends its best wishes for a full recovery.

On Corpus Christi, a good rain fell in Banning. The procession was postponed and held on the following Sunday.

Twenty two children were confirmed by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Montgomery, in the chapel of St. Boniface's School, June the first.

The Sisters of the Holy Names at Pomona raise the best oranges in the Southern citrus belt. Moreover they are very generous with them.

A new Spanish paper "El Monitor Mexicano" appears at San Bernardino. The paper fills a long felt want — may it live long — to do good among Spanish speaking people.

The Rev. P. Scanlan pastor of St. Joseph's, San Francisco, and chancellor of the archdiocese, was much improved in health by his recent trip through Southern California. He paid a brief visit to St. Boniface's School.

Yorba has a neat little church, which is located near the Santa Fe railroad track. The village is of old origin and

the Yorba people have always been faithful to the Church.

One good old man was greatly put out on Queen Victoria's birthday. The aged lady in London happily did not hear the sarcasm and there were but few passengers on the car.

Miss Nora Boland of San Bernardino has been very ill from erysipelas. Her sister, Miss Jane Boland of San Francisco, has been visiting her and did not forget the Indian children of St. Boniface's School.

The Rev. James Flood, rector of Sacred Heart Church, San Francisco, has been dangerously ill from typhoid fever. His arduous labors in connection with the magnificent new church had exhausted his vitality.

Rev. Father H. S. Aertker, brother of the Rev. pastor of St. Joseph's, Los Angeles, died in April, at St. Clement, Mo. Death came almost unexpectedly. The Rev. Father was a priest in the truest sense. May he rest in peace. Amen.

The Rev. P. C. Yorke of San Francisco will read a paper at the annual meeting of the Maynooth Union, June 22. His subject will be the "Education of the Clergy." The *Mission Indian* is no prophet, if there won't be a rattling of dry bones that day at the old college.

We met at the S. P. depot, Anaheim, Jim Carroll, an old time parishoner of St. Boniface's Church. On boarding the train Jim disappeared, owing to a generous hail of rice. Old people may speak of experiences. The young newly married couple was responsible for all this fuss.

The Rev. M. J. Whyte, pastor of the recently formed parish, St. Columba's, at Golden Gate, has completely recovered from his recent illness. He has purchased suitable property and is preparing to erect a church at the corner of Alcatraz and San Pablo Avenues. A Sunday School has already been established and meets at South Berkeley Hall on Ashley Avenue.

On the fifth of this month was celebrated the feast of St. Boniface, the Apostle of Germany. This Saint received the martyr's crown while administering the Sacrament of Confirmation. The Church at Anaheim is dedicated to St. Boniface. The Rt. Rev. Bishop administered the Sacrament of the Holy Ghost on St. Boniface's feast to a class of forty-five. May this great Apostle obtain the grace of fortitude and perseverance for all.

"Bucking Judas" has been again performed in some places. Would to God that those who thus desecrate the memory of our Lord's traitor, would not repeat the offence of Judas by betraying the Church in whose bosom they were baptized.

Our Lord said that towards the end of the world many false Christs would make their appearance. These words will certainly be fulfilled. False Christs—preachers of infidelity—are not messengers of God, but seducers of the faithful. What a crime to persuade a man to become faithless to a promise made to God!

Bishop Durien of the diocese of New Westminster, B. C., has recently been called to the reward of his labor. He was a zealous and successful Indian missionary and his passing was mourned by the Indians as the passing of a beloved father is mourned by grateful and dutiful children. May he rest in peace.

Bishop Montgomery administered the Sacrament of Confirmation at Redlands on the evening of Corpus Christi, June 1, and at San Bernardino on the following morning. The Bishop examined the children at both places and was highly pleased with their intelligence and careful training. One of the questions was an abstruse theological problem which almost gave fits to the scholarly rector. It is said he has ordered a complete set of the works of his patron saint.

The Rev. Eugene O'Growney, M. R. I. A., the eminent Gaelic Scholar, formerly professor of Celtic at Maynooth College, Ireland, has been visiting St. Boniface's School. Father O'Growney is a bird—of passage. The state of his health compels him to spend the winter in Phoenix, Ariz., and the summer in balmy Southern California. He has gone to the Sisters' Hospital, San Diego. His friends will be glad to learn that he is in good spirits, and continues to spin his incredible yarns without any tear of the wrath to come.

Mrs. Gallagher of Riverside died Wednesday, May the 10th. The venerable lady was an old member of St. Francis de Sales' congregation. Sincere and faithful to the Church, unpretending and true, she made many friends in Riverside and elsewhere. Her kind favors shown to the clergy, and her childlike veneration of the exalted office of the priesthood, gained for her the esteem of even strangers and since she has passed away to the home beyond, she was not forgotten at the "Memento." May she rest in peace.

Señora Francesca de Lago, who died at the age of 110 years, was buried recently at San Gabriel Mission, near Pasadena. She was born a direct subject of Charles IV of Spain. She acted as supply agent for the Mexican troops during 1847, traveling about on horseback, although then 53 years of age. Señora Lago was conscious of her surroundings until the last. The date of her birth as contained in the archives of the San Juan Capistrano Mission was October 23, 1789.

A pessimistic writer in an Eastern paper has been weeping over the decline of country parishes and missions. He gives figures, too, for his tears. Amongst others things he stated that in the archdiocese of San Francisco fifteen parishes and missions were abandoned last year and quoted the Catholic Directory as authority. As several new parishes were formed and many missions attended for the first time last year, something must be wrong with the Directory or the writer. The Directory is beyond medical skill but the sad eyed writer might try tincture of podophyllin.

The Rev. James McDonald, the newly appointed pastor of St. Charles' Church, San Francisco, comes of a very religious family. An uncle was for many years Vicar-General of the historic See of Ossory, Ireland. Another uncle was a famous missionary to the Maoris of New Zealand, amongst whom he lived for many years, adopting their dress, acquiring their speech, "breaking their bread and salt." Father McDonald's brother is Prefect of the Dunboyne Establishment at Maynooth and Senior Professor in the Irish National College. A nephew is at present a student for the priesthood in the same institution. His only sister is a Presentation nun in the ancient city of St. Canice. Dr. Walter McDonald of Maynooth is the author of a profound philosophic treatise on "Motion: its origin and conservation." Father McDonald is himself a writer of marked ability but the bent of his mind is towards poetry. This is his only fault and his best friends hope he will overcome it with the help of the grace of the pastoral office. As editor of the *Monitor* he was eminently successful in maintaining the high standard established by Father Yorke, at the same time giving it a literary flavor, a "lightness and freedom" all too rare in Catholic papers. The *Mission Indian* sends cordial greetings to one editor man who has got his reward on this side of the "dark flowing river." AD MULTOS ANNOS!

THE MISSION INDIAN.

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BANNING, CAL., JUNE 15, 1899.

The Sacred Heart.

The devotion to the Sacred Heart during the month of June has a two-fold object, a sensible or material one and a spiritual one.

The material object is the Heart of Flesh and Blood, the Heart which loved men, was pierced on the Cross and is now in Heaven. But it should be remembered that the object of devotion is not this Heart as separated from but as hypostatically united to the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity. In other words it is the living Heart of Jesus as it is glorified in Heaven with the rest of the Sacred Humanity. The Sacred Heart is an excellent object of devotion, because, as Cardinal Manning says, it was formed by the power of the Holy Ghost from the purest Blood of the Immaculate Virgin; because it was quickened by the most perfect soul that ever proceeded from the hand of God and was so intimately united to His Son that it may be called the Heart of God; and because it was filled with the purest love for all mankind but especially for the sinful, the sorrowful and afflicted, and for the little ones of whom our Lord said: Theirs is the kingdom of Heaven.

The spiritual object of this devotion is the love of Christ for us. At all times and in all places the heart has been and is the symbol of love. The Sacred Heart is the Symbol of Christ's infinite love for men. The Five Wounds show His love for us in His Sacred Passion and in the same way the other parts of the Sacred Humanity show His love for us at some

particular time; but the Sacred Heart is the sign of that love at every moment of His existence. Now love can only be compensated by love, and our poor finite love is but a weak recompense for His infinite love for us. The true test of love is sacrifice. Christ gave Himself for us even unto His death on the Cross. It was to win our love that He manifested His Sacred Heart to the Blessed Margaret Mary. "He showed me," she says in the 'Pearls': "that His great desire of being perfectly loved by men had made Him form the design of manifesting to them His Heart."

Some of the Indians were told that the school in Banning will break up, because the children do not learn to play on the guitar, nor do they play the fiddle etc. The fact is, there is too much fiddling any how. Let the Indians fiddle behind the plow or with the ax or the dish rag!

The boys and girls that are "outing" for an eastern school do not get the money they earn. The money is kept for them at the school. This is fine. We are earnestly told by many people that the Indians have no land, the Government owns it for them; and the schools keep the money also for them; now what is left? Answer: The grave, provided they do not perish by fire or water, in which case they may sing: "Shall we meet beyond the river?"

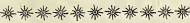
The Cahuilla Indians do not like it, when other people talk about them in an uncharitable manner. The Potrero Indians also have repeatedly expressed their discontent, that for years they have been systematically denounced to the Indian Agent and to Washington as gamblers and drunkards. They say: The Gov-

ernment has appointed an Indian police. Let these men do their duty. Let them arrest those who do wrong and leave the other Indians, who are good and law abiding, undisturbed. The truth of this cannot be denied. But as long as the Indians permit the men, who wish to fish in disturbed waters, to pose as representatives and authorities on Indian affairs, they will have to suffer the consequences. Years ago, Agent Rust sent bunches of letters to the Indian Office in Washington. These letters contain falsehood even against the editor of the Mission Indian. When the former Indian Commissioner was forced to submit the case of the Mission Indians to the U. S. Senate, he had Rust's letters printed as an answer, but the letters written by parties who told the truth were not published. History repeats itself. Let broad-minded, liberty-loving people unite in forcing the men who are elected and in office to be perfectly and impartially nonsectarian!

REV. B. FLORIAN HAIN.

A certain Los Angeles editor, who is an Anglo-Saxon from Anglo-Saxony, doesn't love the Irish-Americans or the German-Americans, because they oppose the absurd alliance with England. Well, so be it! But it is not of record that a man of either race, on the pretext that the Filipinos were finally crushed, turned back from Malolos to sit under his own fig-tree in the land of sunshine. The Irish-Americans and the German-Americans will resist the Anglo-manics, political brigadiers to the contrary notwithstanding. Men of their breed fight and don't run away.

The Los Angeles *Herald* likes to write up an anti-Catholic sensation. Recent examples of this spirit are Father Craft's unconscionably idiotic epistle from Cuba and the parental difficulty over the possession of a little girl now in the Ramona Convent. No other Los Angeles paper gave space to Craft's patriotic lunacy but the *Herald* gave place and prominence. The letter was an attack on the Church's representative in Cuba. The report of the trouble at Ramona would lead non-Catholics to believe that the good Sisters of the Holy Names maintained a medieval castle in the pleasant suburb and that the child in question was confined in the donjon keep. Catholics should remember that a daily paper's conscience is in its pocket.



Letters to Uncle Tom.

I Am Glad to Hear from you Again.

ST. ANTHONY'S INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL,
SAN DIEGO CO. CAL., MAY 20, 1899.

Dear Uncle Tom:

I suppose you will be glad to hear from one of your nieces. I have long promised myself to write, and have at last availed myself of the pleasure since I get so many pretty letters printed in the Mission Indian, and hope of seeing my letter in print before the ending of school. I am delighted to write and inform you little about our school. I have advanced a great deal in my studies, my principle studies are, Spelling, Grammar Arithmetic, Geography etc. This is my fourth year in the school and the dear Sisters are so good and kind to us. I am sorry the time is fast approaching because I have to leave the school end of the month of June will be here sooner than I expect. Last week we visited the Normal school in the city of San Diego there were a large choir of more than 100 pupils we were in the music hall. One of our girls played the Piano and the rest of us sang, we gave there great surprise to the students and faculty of the School. We all enjoyed it very much. I think I must close my letter with with best wishes I don't want to make it very long and so good-bye God bless you. Hoping to be numbered among your loving nieces

ROSALIA M. A. OLIVEREZ.

Like Their Books Very Much.

ST. ANTHONY'S INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL,
SAN DIEGO CO. CAL., MAY 21, 1899.

Dear Uncle Tom:

Since I have read the Mission Indian it encourages me to write you dear Uncle, for I have seen so many letters printed in the Mission Indian therefore I wished mine would be printed also. Now dear Uncle as this is my first letter I hope you will be pleased with your new niece, I have heard ten of the girls speak of you and say they wished you would come and see them. Of course uncles are always glad from their nieces. Well we are coming near vacation, but I do not think we care so much about it, because we like our books very much. The little girls are very anxious, for they are so fond of play. Now Uncle I do not want to make it very long, for I know you are busy all the time. God bless and reward you for your kindness and hope that we shall happily arrive at the end of our journey. Your loving niece

ROSALIA M. NEJO.

Late, But Lots of News. Callistro is NOT Dead.

SPUR RES. INDO. CAL. APRIL 16, 1899.

Dear Father:

I take the pleasure of writing to you these few lines and hope that it will find you all in a good health. My brother and I are very well and hope those pupils are all well too and I am glad that you are well and comfortable there at home. Dear Father I think I will tell you about the death of Sedorio's mother, she died last Sunday afternoon at two o'clock and we buried her Monday morning at nine o'clock and there are more sick now. My Aunt, Cabezon's wife she had been sick for a long time and now she is still the same and no better than she was before, I earnestly hope she may soon be well, can't tell, she

has pains in her back and all over her left side it is very difficult for her to breathe but at a time she is real easy which lasts only a few minutes, she hardly ever sits up but only lying down all day and night but she does not get very much sleep either, some times, she takes a short nap. She does not eat as well as she ought to but she does pretty well. An Indian Doctor is here now and intends to stay till Aunt gets better.

Dear Father Callistro, Antonio died last month March 15, 1899, I got a letter from Jamison Penn. which has been written to me. The letter said that Callistro was dead, I received that letter when I was at Potrero Res. about the death of my poor cousin I am so sorry for it, that was too bad but what shall we do when the time is coming to us, why we all have to be in the same way most any time we can't prove no other way, the sickness will never get finished or never stop. These Spur Indians are all well for a while and myself. Dear Father we had quiet an excitement here today, a Mexican man was killed near Riverside and the Sheriff Telegraphed all over for two Mexican men they thought they had committed the crime. The Constable caught them here yesterday and took them to Riverside today on the train with sheriff who came out after them. The way of the transgressor is hard and if one does wrong they always get into trouble and surely get caught. I hope you will continue always to be the same good man and you may depend upon it you will surely have a happy life. Dishonesty and wickedness may prosper for a while but it is always punished sooner or later. God knows best and his wisdom is beyond the comprehension of man so do not worry for all is right.

Dear Father I think you know Mr. Gale, his house burned down and he lost everything and a great pity as it is so hard to build a new house again. Dear Father how is everything there I wish I was there again. I can write more but I have no time right now. You will excuse my short letter, but I will never forget you I will write you again some time. So I will close hoping to hear from you again. God be with you till we meet again. Yours very affectionate

CHICO HARRIEL LOOMIS.

San Xavier School, Tucson, Ariz., March 28, 1899.

Dear Father Hahn:

I like to write letters but very hard to think of something new to tell you. But I will try and do my best with it. First I will begin telling you about how we are. The Indians here are well and hope that you are in the same condition as we are and the fields also look nice. I had my first Holy Communion picture framed and blessed and I took Peter for my Confirmation name. I am well so is my mother and father, my brother does not come to school any more he is too big. I wish you all the joys of Easter and hope God will bless you and the boys of Easter. The good Bishop is going away. No more to say now. I will close my letter. Yours truly

JOSE JAUN.

San Xavier School, Tucson, Ariz., March 28, 1899.

Dear Father Hahn:

Just a short letter this time. As Easter is coming I want to wish you all the joys I can. I hope this letter will find you well. We are all well. We are sorry that the school will be soon close. We have a large school here and I am in the first subtraction and in the First Reader. I am learning how to serve Mass. I am so happy. Please come to see us and we will be glad to see you. Yours truly

NICHOLAS XAVIER.

Banning News Notes.

It is a long time since the Mission Indian in its news column referred to the town of Banning, where this paper is printed. Of the most important happenings since then we mention:

Drs. King and Shibley look after the sick in the San Geronio pass. They are both reliable physicians.

Water is rather scarce this year, but Banning is not worse off than other localities in Southern California.

Apricots will yield a pretty good harvest, also almonds; pears and prunes are plentiful.

Mr. Chas. A. Reid has one of the neatest stores and a clean, reliable stock of goods.

W. S. Hathaway carries a full line in dry goods, groceries, crockery and hardware. Go and see!

Go to Mr. Hyatt for prunes. He knows it all and even the learned agricultural professors could not beat him.

Mr. French Gilman knows more about the almond culture than the rest of us people. His orchard is a model.

A clean shave can be had at the parlor of Mr. Day Reasons. He does a fine job. There are also other reasons for patronizing him.

The Banning telephone service is a great convenience. It saves many a trip and sometimes a little laugh through the "phone" is very enjoyable.

Carpenter and Hamilton roll the barley—sell feed and grain and keep a first rate livery, only equalled by our namesake John Hahn in Anaheim.

Last winter Mr. Frost paid several times an unpleasant visit to this section. The consequence is that some fruit was frozen in its very beginning of existence.

Mr. Barker sen., the venerable father of Mr. C. O. Barker, oversees and cares for the ware house. He will weigh any thing—yourself included—on the big scale—charges moderate and honest balancing.

Our postmaster handles quite an amount of mail matter. The more you bring to the Post office, the broader the smile of well deserving Mr. John McMullen. It is said the joy bells will be soon ringing.

Mr. Frank Dudley, the butcher, supplies his patrons with choice meats. The Mission Indian offers its services to the carnicero. We will print bills, price lists, circulars, letter heads and so forth.

Dr. Hauverman of the U. S. army has the neatest home, this side the Rockies. There is a soft, warm, salubrious current in the air, and we are happy to state the genial doctor is not forgotten.

China John also washee for Melican men. The pool on the side of his laundry, though, spoils the beauty of the metropolis of San Geronio township, and the jail near by ought to be patented.

When people in Banning get into trouble, they may have the services of a justice of the peace—Mr. Morris—or the deputy county clerk—Mr. Hathaway—or the notary public—Mr. Hamilton.— These gentlemen help you for a moderate consideration help you to get out of trouble.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The oldest Legend told by the Cahuilla Indians.

In the beginning there were two beings, Mookat and Temmayowitt. They were pure beings, in the state of innocence. They had no need of food. They did not work. They did not suffer. Mookat lived on, and possessed the white lands. Temmayowitt the red lands.

Both had an offspring. The children of Temmayowitt were more numerous than those of Mookat; so there arose a dispute between the two. Mookat did not like to see so many members of the Temmayowitt family. He told his rival that he was not satisfied this way. Temmayowitt replied that he would not quarrel with him and, in order to end the unpleasantness, he would go into the interior of the earth. Mookat said that he would not let him do so. But Temmayowitt was as strong as Mookat, and he with all his followers descended into the regions below.

Then the whole earth trembled, a general upheaval took place and mountains and valleys were formed,

the immense rocks thrown into the places where they now are.

Temmayowitt is still living in the interior part of the world.

When Mookat was left alone, he started a great fight among his own people. A great battle took place. The children of Mookat did not know that fighting was wrong, and that some might be killed. In the battle three sons of Mookat lost their lives. When the others saw this they became enraged against Mookat and, rising up, slew him.

After Mookat's death his posterity separated; some of them went east, others west, etc.

The Indians of California came from the east; they were transported thither by a great being named Tamitneam. They crossed the mountains and settled on the plains near the sea coast. Some of them went on to the islands in the ocean.

They had no canoes, and how they went there was unknown; but they knew well a way to cross the ocean, between the main land and the islands.

To relate the full story, would require a long time. Only a few very old people know the whole legend, the young know absolutely nothing about it.

Bibliography.

We take pleasure in acknowledging receipt of the "Parochial Hymn Book" (complete word edition), edited by the late regretted Father Police S. M. of Boston.

The friends of the Orphan and Destitute Boys of the House of the Angel Guardian of Boston, "The Brothers of charity," thinking they could do a good work by introducing this publication amongst the Catholic population of America, whom they are proud to call benefactors of their institution, wish to draw the special attention of our readers to this notice.

This collection of hymns, the largest and most complete of its kind, contains all the chief truths of our holy religion, expressed in beautiful verse; it likewise unfolds the meaning of the liturgical seasons and chief festivals of the ecclesiastical year, thus giving the faithful an insight into the sublimity of Catholic worship and tending thereby to increase in their hearts love for God and Holy Church.

In order to meet the wants of all, the compiler has also added to this collection a set of prayers for common use among the faithful, and other prayers most suitable for special meetings of confraternities or other parochial devotions.

This publication is sold at 25 cents a copy, paper cover, and 35 cents cloth binding stamped in gold, delivery pre-paid.

This book can be procured from the House of the Angel Guardian, Boston, Mass.

N. B.—We call the special attention of Religious Communities to the above.

A special edition with music is sold at \$1.00 a copy, Postpaid.

The Inspiration of the Bible.

By ANSCONDITUS.

The interest which during our age is taken in the Bible may be called in the widest sense of the term general, for it is not confined to one country, to one class of men, to one religion or to one object. The antiquity, authenticity, genuineness, integrity, inspiration, interpretation of the Bible have become the subjects of the closest attention, study and research of not only the divine but also of the rationalist; the candid mind seeking truth, the sceptic doubting, infidelity treating it as mythology. All this must attract the attention of every thinking man, and excite in his mind a desire for information respecting the sacred books. True, for Catholics there exists a teaching authority which watches ceaselessly over this sacred deposit, interprets for them the meaning of its texts, in one word is for them the rule of belief in all which is of practical importance. As the mission of the church is to enlighten and instruct, she desires her children to acquire a correct and full knowledge of her doctrines. What is, then, her teaching as regards the Inspiration of Sacred Scripture?

Excellence of the Holy Scripture.

When contemplating a master piece of art or literature one naturally inquires as to its value. Man cannot appreciate fully the treasure he possesses in the Sacred volumes, venerable in their antiquity, sublime in their contents, majestic in the simplicity of style. To them is applied the appellation "the inspired word of God" even as the Wisdom and Splendor of the Father is called the "Word of God." Both Sacred and profane history bears testimony that in the time of Christ there existed in the synagogue a collection of books which were considered as Sacred and inspired. They were called "the Scripture," "holy Scripture," a citation from these volumes was introduced with the words "It is written." Christ also called upon them, "Search the Scripture," this is the testimony, heaven and earth will pass rather than they fail. God is called the author of these writings: "The Scripture must needs be fulfilled, which the Holy Ghost spoke by the mouth of David." "How then doth David in spirit call him Lord." This supernatural action which the Divine Spirit exercised on the writer is called inspiration.

Inspiration Defined.

Catholic teaching states that God is the author of the Sacred books not by

the immediate production of the text of Holy Scripture, but by the mediate instrumentality of their human composers. As the learned Dr. H. Hurter explains in his thesis on the Sacred Scripture: "Any person may properly be called the author of a work actually written out by another, provided that the conception of the work should be his own, and that its execution should be so supervised and directed by him, that it may really express that which he intends and excludes whatever is foreign to or different from this intention." We have, hence, a principal author who instigates, suggests, commands and the person employed who writes under direction, obedient to the concepts communicated to him. Apply this to the Sacred Scripture and consequently in order that the Holy Spirit may be called their principal author this fourfold element is requisite for inspiration:

- I. "An efficacious movement of the will to write;
- II. An illumination of the intellect, in virtue of which the mind of the writer may conceive all those things which God wills that he should write;
- III. Divine direction, that the writer who is inspired may omit nothing which God wills to have written, much less add anything alien from it;
- IV. Assistance, that the writer may not use words unfit to express the sense of the concepts which are from God."

Secondary Author.

Inspiration is not of such a nature that it constitutes the secondary author or writer a mere amanuensis of the Holy Spirit, writing down words dictated to him in a supernatural manner. This view which was held both by Catholic and Protestant authors is an antiquated theory, being false sinning per excessum.

Human study, thought, labor, use of acquired knowledge, liberty in style of rhetoric are in no wise excluded by inspiration. In matters known to the writer either through study, research, personal experience and the like, revelation is not necessary but direction is required. In matters unknown such as mysteries of God, prediction of future events revelation is necessary. In the style of writing an assistance also is granted to him in the selection of words which are best adapted plainly to express the idea he intends to convey.

To illustrate what has been said, take in hand the gospels, compare the elegant rhetoric of St. Luke to the rather severe and firm style of St. Mark, or again the plain style of the Pentateuch to the florid and poetic rhetoric of Job. Notice how not only different events are related, but the same facts described in such different words; the idea the same, its presentation so varied. The divine influence on the inspired writers did not

supply them with a supernatural instruction and education in natural science, rhetoric and the art of composition. Thus in concluding his narrative, the author of the books of Machabees says: "If I have done well, and as it becometh the history, it is what I desired; but if not so perfectly, it must be pardoned me."

God certainly does not select unfit instruments for the work he assigns them; as his intention in giving to mankind the Scripture was to be a means of becoming wise unto salvation, not to satisfy the curiosity of the human mind or to form models of classical reading, the natural defects of the writer were left to him. Doctrinal and moral instruction and prophecy constitute the most important contents of the Bible; it not being God's intention to teach us natural science, the sacred writers were left in just the amount of knowledge or ignorance which belonged to their time and condition.

False Notions of Inspiration.

The action of the Holy Spirit as principal author being defined, also the relation to and liberty of the writer under this divine influence, it follows first a verbal dictation is not necessary. Others have fallen in error and restricted inspiration to what they call matters of great importance; this opinion is false and as the first was termed sinning per excessum, this is per defectum, for neither in the Bible nor in the writings of the Fathers can this distinction be found; they received and revered the entire Bible as the inspired word of God. Neither can inspiration be limited to mere assistance, preserving the writer from error, for this is something entirely negative. Furthermore divine approbation even of a human work, would not render it an inspired book, because while this approbation would show its contents to be true, that a writing may be termed inspired a divine influence or action must at the very time of writing be exercised over the writer.

Interpretation of the Bible.

It is not only permitted, but commendable and desirable that the faithful read the Bible frequently, carefully and devoutly. It is a sacred history, full of the praises of God, of moral instructions, but with all this there are difficulties and obscurities. As God has established an authority in society, so also there is an authority in religious matters, a Church whom all must obey. The Bible may properly be called God's letter to man, but as it contains many mysteries, how then is man to know the true meaning of its text? In civil matters laws are written in the plainest terms and still what disputes, controversies and decision? Were each and every one, then, at liberty to interpret the Scriptures as it suited him there would be interpretations ad infinitum. Men would pass judgment on the inspired words, attach to them a meaning with as little concern as if they were treating with the words of ordinary mortals. Reason and faith teach us that there should be an authority to watch over the sacred writings and interpret their meaning.

Letter of His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII.
to the Bishops of the whole World.

A most remarkable document on the Holy Ghost.
Concluded.

On Devotion To The Holy Ghost.

These sublime truths, which so clearly show forth the infinite goodness of the Holy Ghost toward us, certainly demand that we should direct towards Him the highest homage of our love and devotion. Christians may do this most effectually if they will daily strive to know Him, to love Him, and to implore Him more earnestly; for which reason may this Our exhortation, spontaneously flowing from a paternal heart, reach their ears. Perchance there are still to be found among them, even nowadays, some, who if asked, as were those of old by St. Paul the Apostle, whether they have received the Holy Ghost, might answer in like manner: "We have not so much as heard whether there be a Holy Ghost" (Acts xix, 4). At least there are certainly many who are very deficient in their knowledge of Him. They frequently use His name in their religious practices, but their faith is involved in much darkness. Wherefore all preachers and those having care of souls should remember that it is their duty to instruct their people more diligently and more fully about the Holy Ghost—avoiding, however, difficult and subtle controversies, and eschewing the dangerous folly of those who rashly endeavour to pry into divine mysteries. What should be chiefly dwelt upon and clearly explained is the multitude and greatness of the benefits which have been bestowed, and are constantly bestowed, upon us by this Divine Giver, so that errors and ignorance concerning matters of such moment may be entirely dispelled, as unworthy of "the children of light." We urge this, not only because it affects a mystery by which we are directly guided to eternal life, and which must therefore be firmly believed; but also because the more clearly and fully the good is known the more earnestly it is loved. Now we owe to the Holy Ghost, as we mentioned, in the second place, love, because He is God: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole strength" (Deut. vi, 5). He is also to be loved because He is the substantial, eternal, primal Love, and nothing is more lovable than love. And this all the more because He has overwhelmed us with the greatest benefits, which both testify to the benevolence of the Giver and claim the gratitude of the receiver. This love has a twofold

and most conspicuous utility. In the first place it will excite us to acquire daily a clearer knowledge about the Holy Ghost; for, as the Angelic Doctor says, "the lover is not content with the superficial knowledge of the beloved, but striveth to inquire intimately into all that appertains to the beloved, and thus to penetrate into the interior; as is said of the Holy Ghost, who is the love of God, that He searcheth even the profound things of God" (1 Cor. ii., 10; *Summ. Theol.*, Ia. 2ae., q. 28, a. 2). In the second place it will obtain for us a still more abundant supply of heavenly gifts; for whilst a narrow heart contracteth the hand of the giver, a grateful and mindful heart causeth it to expand. Yet we must strive that this love should be of such a nature as not to consist merely in dry speculations or external observances, but rather to run forward towards action, and especially to fly from sin, which is in a more special manner offensive to the Holy Spirit. For whatever we are, that we are by the divine goodness; and this goodness is specially attributed to the Holy Ghost. The sinner offends this His Benefactor, abusing His gifts; and taking advantage of His goodness becomes more hardened in sin day by day. Again, since He is the Spirit of Truth, whosoever falleth by weakness or ignorance may perhaps have some excuse before Almighty God; but he who resists the truth through malice and turns away from it, sins most grievously against the Holy Ghost. In our days this sin has become so frequent that those dark times seem to have come which were foretold by St. Paul, in which men, blinded by the just judgment of God, should take falsehood for truth, and should believe in "the prince of this world," who is a liar and the father thereof, as a teacher of truth: "God shall send them the operation of error, to believe lying (2 Thess. ii., 10). In the last times some shall depart from the faith: giving heed to spirits of error and the doctrines of devils" (1 Tim. iv., 1). But since the Holy Ghost, as we have said, dwells in us as in His temple, We must repeat the warning of the Apostle: (Eph. iv., 30). Nor is it enough to fly from sin; every Christian ought to shine with the splendour of virtue so as to be pleasing to so great and so beneficent a guest: and first of all with chastity and holiness, for chaste and holy things benefit the temple. Hence the words of the Apostle: "Know you not that you are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you? But if any man violate the temple of God him shall God destroy. For the temple of God is holy,

which you are" (1 Cor. iii., 19-17); a terrible, indeed, but a just warning.

Lastly, we ought to pray to and invoke the Holy Spirit, for each one of us greatly needs His protection and His help. The more a man is deficient in wisdom, weak in strength, borne down with trouble, prone to sin, so ought he the more to fly to Him who is the never-ceasing fount of light, strength, consolation, and holiness. And chiefly that first requisite of man, the forgiveness of sins, must be sought for from Him. "It is the special character of the Holy Ghost that His is the Gift of the Father and the Son. Now the remission of sins is given by the Holy Ghost as by the gift of God" (*Summ. Th.* 3a, q. iii., a. 8, ad 3m). Concerning the Spirit the words of the Liturgy are very explicit: "For He is the remission of all sins" (Roman Missal, Tuesday after Pentecost). How He should be invoked is clearly taught by the Church, who addresses Him in humble supplication, calling upon by the sweetest of names: "Come, Father of the poor! Come, Giver of gifts! Come, Light of our heart! O best of Consolers, sweet Guest of the soul, our refreshment!" (Hymn, *Veni Sancte Spiritus*). She earnestly implores Him to wash, heal, water our minds and hearts, and to give us who trust in Him "the merit of virtue, the acquirement of salvation, and joy everlasting." Nor can it be in any way doubted that He will listen to such prayer, since we read the words written by His own inspiration: "The Spirit Himself asketh for us with unspeakable groanings" (Rom. viii., 26). Lastly, we ought confidently and continually to beg of Him to illuminate us daily more and more with His light, and infuse us with His clarity; for, thus inspired, with faith and love, we may press onward earnestly toward our eternal reward, since He "is the pledge of our inheritance" (Eph. i. 14).

Such Venerable Brethren, are the teachings and exhortations which We have seen good to utter, in order to stimulate devotion to the Holy Ghost. We have no doubt that, chiefly by means of your zeal and earnestness, they will bear abundant fruit among Christian peoples. We ourselves shall never in the future fail to labour toward so important an end; and it is even our intention, in whatever ways may appear suitable, to further cultivate and extend this admirable work of piety. Meanwhile, as two years ago, in Our Letter *Provida Matris*, We recommended to Catholics special prayers at the Feast of Pentecost, for the reunion of Christendom, so now We desire to make certain further decrees on the same subject.

As a pledge of Divine favour and a testimony of Our affection, Venerable Brethren, to you, to your Clergy and people, We gladly impart in the Lord the Apostolic Benediction.

Given at St. Peter's in Rome, on the 9th day of May 1897, in the 20th year of Our Pontificate.

It is little enough, after all, that we can do. Let us, at least, do what we can to make this world better, by helping to brighten and purify our own little corner of it.

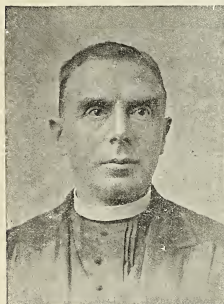
The Mission Indian



VOL. IV.

BANNING, CAL., JULY 15, 1899.

NO. 10.



Very Rev. Joachim Adam, V. G.

AU REVOIR.

The Very Rev. Father Adam has resigned and will return to the place of his birth, Barcelona, Spain. It is a sad duty, to chronicle the resignation of a pioneer priest in our diocese and such a worthy member of the clergy in California, as the well known, esteemed rector of St. Vibiana's Cathedral. It is sad to note the departure of so many priests, born in Spain, born of a nation, that once ruled over the whole world, and that has given to the old world the new world, that has given us—Columbus—Cortez—Balboa and so forth, with a most

zealous, virtuous, brainy army of missionaries.

It is not our business to judge nations. There is One in Heaven Who will one day do so. It is not a sign of enlightenment and of a superior mind to sneer at everything coming from Spain. There was war between this country and Spain, last year. Now there is peace, and let us as Christians and men of knowledge give due credit and praise to the nation which gave us this new new beautiful world, now so rich, so powerful, so great.

We are indeed sorry to lose the men who came from so charming, so romantic a country as Spain. California and Spain have very much in common. Almost the same climate, the same products. Still in many respects time changes. This may account for, why one by one leaves us to be again with his own nation.

The Spanish missionaries explored and assisted in colonizing New Mexico; they did the same in Arizona (also in Texas) and in California. The immortal Father Junipero Serra with his faithful band of pious men Christianized and colonized California. When one of their number died, another one rushed into his place. Thus they labored and succeeded. It was but natural, that the young men in

Spain, hearing of their nation's missionaries, volunteered enthusiastically to follow in the footsteps of such a worthy and noble band of good men.

Thus no doubt the Very Rev. Father Adam said good bye to fair Spain—pobrecita Spain—and came to the land of sunshine, to California, not to search for gold or to raise fine oranges, but to labor in the vineyard of Him, Who once exclaimed to His disciples: "Go ye therefore and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

The Very Rev. Father Adam was active in this diocese for a long time, and as Vicar General for seventeen years.

We do not like to see him go. We wish there would be no farewell solemnities, no shaking of hands, but that he would stay. As such a wish is not going to be heeded, we say a sincere, affectionate *Farewell!* A Dios—Au revoir—Auf Wiedersehen—To Meet Again. In Father Adam, the clergy loses a sincere friend, the laity a fatherly priest and our good Bishop a true, loyal advisor and Vicar General.

VERY REV. FATHER ADAM: Good Bye! May the path of your life be strewn with flowers; may your sojourn in Spain be a happy

and blessed one! Remember and think of your California friends at the *Memento!* Accept our sincere thanks for all the kind favors received. May God guide you and shower upon you His divine blessings. GOOD BYE!

Ed. Mission Indian.

For the Month of July:

The Most Precious Blood.

The devotion to the Most Precious Blood of Jesus, our Redeemer, is as old as the Christian religion. After the unfortunate first sin in Paradise, the Creator speaking to our first parents disclosed to them the fountain from which they might expect salvation. The bloody sacrifices of the old law, offered up for four thousand years, were directly ordered and commanded by God. They were intended as figures of the Precious Blood of our Lord, and they kept alive in the hearts of men the belief in the Redeemer to come.

The Most Precious Blood was prefigured in the blood of Abel, in the sacrifice of Isaac and Melchisedech, and in the blood, with which the Israelites sprinkled their door posts when they ate their first Paschal lamb.

God showed also to the prophets, when and how and where this Most Precious Blood would be shed for mankind and the prophecies speak of it.

The Most Precious Blood is the fountain of grace; from this precious treasure p.w.r., efficacy, sanctity is given to the Sacraments. It is daily offered up upon the altars, it is adored by the faithful, it is received by them in Holy Communion. No man can be called a Christian, who does not directly or indirectly love, treasure and honor this prize of our redemption.

In adoring and honoring the Most Precious Blood of Jesus, we adore and honor our Savior. Christ Jesus is true God and true man. He is the second person of the Blessed Trinity. We owe Him adoration, love, honor, praise. Whether He appears to us as a little Infant, or as the great Teacher of mankind, or transfigured as on Mount Thabor, or crucified on the cross, or risen from the dead, or in His majesty as the great God, whether we honor and adore His sacred wounds, or His Most Precious Blood, or His Sacred Heart, or the Blessed Sacrament, it is always the same good, kind, loving Redeemer, Whom we adore and honor.

To Him honor and glory—to His Most Precious Blood adoration, thanksgiving! love; praise and worship forever. "Converse in fear during the time of your sojourn here, knowing that you are not redeemed with corruptible things as gold and silver, but with the Precious Blood of Christ as of a Lamb unspotted and undefiled." (St. Peter, I, 18.)

"We beseech Thee therefore, help Thy servants, whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy Precious Blood."

Glory be to Jesus
Who in bitter pains
Poured for me His life blood
From His sacred veins.

The Devotion to the Holy Ghost.

The human soul is a spirit created to animate a material body, within which it is confined, and through which it is tied down, at present, to this visible world. Yet, at the same time, it gives evidence of a strong and irrepressible tendency to break through its barriers, raise itself above this physical universe, and hold converse with the inhabitants of the unseen world. Whence arises this tendency? It may, to some extent, be quite natural; for the soul, being spiritual, would naturally tend to commune with beings of its own kind. Yet the real cause must be attributed to the fact that God destined man for supernatural union with Himself, which implies the raising of man to a state beyond his natural condition; and hence there springs up within the soul a natural and indestructible longing for something beyond the whole world, implanted in his heart by God Himself. As long as man aspires to this supernatural union, all is well with him. He will find therein true peace and contentment, which is a foretaste of that unspeakable joy and happiness with which his whole being will be replenished when that union is perfected in heaven.

Yet, at all times, men have been found who, through either blindness or perversity, have deliberately turned aside from God and placed their final end in some other object. But the soul's true nature and instinct ever assert themselves, in spite of man's endeavors to the contrary and from the lowest depth of the human soul there is raised a strong cry for something beyond this world even then when God is lost sight of and rejected. And what is the

result? Attempts are made to place oneself in 'communication with the spirits of the other world. In many instances, it ends in mere sham and trickery, practised upon a credulous crowd by impostors. Yet, it also happens that, by a just permission of God, such rash attempts are actually realized and finally result, directly, in positive demon worship, by whatever innocent or high-sounding name it may disguise its real nature. And although practices of this kind have existed at all times, it cannot be denied that, at the present day, they have assumed alarming and wide-spread dimensions.

Now the Catholic Church possesses within her vast treasury special antidotes against all errors and malpractices. If men will crave after the occult and mysterious, they will find in the Catholic Church a true form of genuine Spiritism, by which man places himself in direct and personal communication with the Supreme Spirit, God the Holy Ghost Himself. Who actually comes to abide with him and by Whose influence all that is good, noble, and beautiful within the soul of man is brought out and raised to perfection, and man himself is made God-like.

Hence special devotion to the Holy Ghost, the Third Person of the most Adorable Trinity, so strongly advocated and recommended by His Holiness, the Sovereign Pontiff, Leo. XIII., is most opportune; and it is a healthy sign of the times to notice that his laudatory advice has not been left unheeded.

To promote devotion to the Divine Spirit, a Pious Union has been erected in the Diocese of Indianapolis, with the sanction and approval of the Bishop.

A manual of instruction and devotion in honor of God the Holy Ghost is in the press, and will appear shortly.

Communications to be sent to Rev. Sup., O. M. Cap., St. Anthony's House, Franklin, Ind.

The Boy Satisfied.

"Although it grieves me to do it," said Mr. Beemes of Boston, as he applied the rawhide where it would have the greatest effect, "it is for your own benefit that I punish you, Waldo."

"How can it benefit me?" asked the victim between sobs.

"In addition to its reformatory effect, it makes you cry, and scientists tell us that a good cry is highly beneficial. It appears that crying does not consist merely in shedding tears, but it includes a general and wide-spread action of the muscles of the whole body, convulsing them."

"How very interesting, papa," said Waldo, trying to break out into a fresh paroxysm of weeping; "thwack me again."

Diocesan News.

Mr. McDonald of San Francisco is still at Beaumont. He likes the "roasting summer of 1899" and is benefited by it.

The 4th of July picnic in Sycamore Grove was celebrated pleasantly, quietly. Our good Bishop spoke befittingly on American citizenship.

The newly ordained Rev. brother of Father Clifford paid a visit to Los Angeles. "Dabitur enim vobis in illa hora quid loquamini."

Agualnaldo is a convert to Episcopalianism. Since he is defying and fighting Uncle Sam, he must have become a pagan again.

When the esteemed Very Rev. Father Adam will have departed for Europe, there will be a concursus pastorum for some vacant rectories.

Rev. Father Reynold is at Tehachapi. He is a bird of passage too, residing in winter at the Needles and in summer at Tehachapi.

The "Holy Hour" at the Plaza Church and "St. Anthony's devotion" at St. Joseph's Church are the most popular spiritual retreats in the Angel City.

Retreats are going on everywhere. It is a pretty warm time for these exercises and for this reason they are a true time of penance.

San Diego is the oldest mission in California. It is located five miles from San Diego and today St. Anthony's School stands upon the historic spot.

Business is said to be rushing in the East; here in California every body rushes to the sea shore to escape the heat of the interior.

The band of the Perris school serenaded in Los Angeles during the convention of the N. E. A. Great efforts indeed are made in behalf of the Government's Indian schools.

Mr. B. Shaw at the Boston Dry Goods Store, is one of most gentlemanly salesman that can be found. Besides he is always ready to invite for lunch or dinner if he sees his friends.

The mission San Gabriel, the picture of which is on the cover of this number of the Mission Indian, was one of the favorite landmarks visited by the members of the N. E. A. during the conven-

The new church in Pasadena is nearing completion. One hundred and fifty by eighty feet in magnitude, the church will be one of the finest in Southern California. We say to Father Farrelly "Well done."

Father Chrysostom and two lay brothers of St. Joseph's Church, Los Angeles, went to Santa Barbara for a retreat. This left Father Victor sole occupant of the cells in the Franciscan Father's home. Mr. Pfefferle of Los Angeles and the Mission Indian's editor broke the monotony.

The Rev. Father Cote and the three physicians who attended the smallpox patients in Los Angeles last winter, celebrated their deliverance from the dangerous charge by a banquet. The gentlemen had to use rubber clothing during the epidemic. Now they may again wear ordinary "citizen's clothing." Hence the banquet.

The exhibit of the Indian schools at the Westminster Hotel in Los Angeles demonstrates how everybody in the Indian service tries to educate the Red Man.

June the 20th, about 50 pupils of the St. Boniface's Industrial School went home for vacation. Two weeks after this, the measles made their appearance everywhere, to the great consternation of everybody. The cases which came to our notice were of a light nature and the children are recovering.

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The Indian Institute in Los Angeles.

On Monday July the 10th, the Indian Institute was opened in the hall of the Normal School. Addresses were made by the Hon. Ass't. Commissioner Tonner, Supt. Pratt of Carlisle and Supt. of Public Instruction, Kirk.

The tendency of these addresses were of the same style and character as usual. Capt. Pratt mentioned the \$25,000 dollars earned by Indian boys and girls, gave a little side kick to the agents and missionaries, advocated the immersion of the Indians into the white population and the discontinuance of the Indian service. Mr. Kirk addressed the Indian teachers, telling them how wisely they acted in succeeding to have the allowance for "sectarian" schools stopped. (Sic! The Government schools are sectarian too!) The brass band of the Perris School, and the girl's mandolin orchestra played and were greatly applauded.

The institute will be continued July the 17th to July 25th, Saturday and Sunday excepted.

Miss Estelle Reel, the National Superintendent of Indian schools, a most amiable lady, is conducting the conferences.

May the deliberations accrue to the welfare of the Indian children, is our sincere wish!

"Dear me," said little Janet, "I buttoned just one button wrong, and that makes all the rest go wrong," and she tugged and fretted as if the poor button were at fault for her trouble.

"Patience, patience, my dear," said Sr. Virginia; "the next time look out for the first wrong button, then you'll keep the rest all right. "And" added Sr. Virginia, "look out for the first wrong deed of any kind; another and another is sure to follow."

Janet remembered how one day not long before, she had struck baby Alice. That was the first wrong deed. Then she denied having done it. That was another. Then she was unhappy and cross all day because she had told a lie.

Look out that the first button does not go wrong.

THE MISSION INDIAN.

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BANNING, CAL., JULY 15, 1899.

The Mission Indians in California are self-supporting. Hundreds of them work in the orchards and on the farms. The sum thus earned exceeds the sum of twenty five thousand dollars a year.

Mr. Kirk of the Southern California University congratulated the Indian teachers on their success in fighting the "sectarian" schools. This sounds like A. P. A'ism. Besides it is news to the Catholics. They may know now who are their enemies. Let us change the axiom: "Equal justice and freedom to every one," and let us say: "You must have a pull!"

The rumor was spread at Indio, Palm Springs and Cahuilla, that the smallpox was raging at Banning and at St. Boniface's Industrial School, and that seven persons died. The informer of such a dismal story is ignorant and tells a lie besides. During the last year and this year about twelve persons died; every one of them was a victim of consumption, except one boy, John Barthol, who died suddenly, when sleeping, and an old Indian woman, who died of old age. Smallpox, as a rule, does not appear during the hot weather. The measles have been in nearly every town or city in Southern California and it was inevitable, that the sickness would be imported to Banning "from below." Happily the cases have been very light, where proper care was taken. But if patients afflicted with the disease are allowed "to cool off" at the wrong time and in the wrong manner, no one else than those who do not mind the advice

given and who do not care can be held responsible.

The difference between the Indian dances and modern (rot n l) dances is this: Indian dances are foolish and sometimes superstitious; but per se harmless. Modern dances are more or less objectionable; they must be classed in the same category as romances, viz. they are an occasion to sin for some people, and they are not for others, and they are always more or less exciting. There is an all-seeing Eye of God above us, that looks into the innermost recesses of the heart! Remember this, Christian children, and the less you taste the sweet but slippery fruit, offered to you in romances and dancing parties, the purer you will be! To teach Indian pupils in the school how to dance, to bring the boys and girls together for a dance, boys and girls that do not possess the intelligence and will power of white people, is a mistake. Cui bono?

We would call the attention of our readers to the article of the historian Charles F. Lummis. (See cover pages 1 and 2.) The missions in California were surpassed though by the two architectural beauties, created by the industrious, humble sons of St. Francis, about a century ago, at Tucson and Cumacacuri. St. Francis Xavier still exists in tolerably well preserved condition. An expense of a few thousand dollars would go far to save the historic treasure. As all the other old mission churches in Arizona were destroyed by the savage Indians, as San Xavier is about the only one still existing, we repeat here the words of Mr. Lummis: "There is no question that the United States is smart. If it is also wise, it will preserve and honor its finest antiquities." From what we have read and heard, Tumacacuri and San Xavier were the finest churches in

the territory of the United States, a century ago. And they were built, as Mr. Lummis states, "by stupid savages held to their task by the magnetism and diplomacy of a couple of brown robed missionaries." A comparison of the two missions San Gabriel and San Xavier will be instructive.

The *California Independent* writes: "We made a visit to the St. Boniface Indian school near Banning. It is delightfully located on about ninety acres of land that fairly blushes with the ripening fruit on many kinds of fine trees. Father Hahn founded the work nine years ago and is still in charge. Between two and three hundred Indian children are taught and cared for here by the Sisters. Father Hahn is a whole souled Brother full of energy and thoroughly devoted to the good of his Indian charges. The boys are taught trades and the girls are instructed in lines of work suitable to their future needs."

These are kind words. Thanks. What a happiness would ensue and how much could be done if all the Christians would be as our Lord prayed united into *one fold*. "That Thou wouldst vouchsafe to grant peace and unity to all Christian people; we beseech Thee, hear us."

Did You Make a Retreat?

During the months of July and August, the clergy and religious make retreats. As there are many readers of the *Mission Indian*, who perhaps never made a retreat, or who may not know what a retreat means, the following remarks may be interesting.

Our body needs exercise. It is true there is plenty of exercise in daily work. Still we need some recreation; and we do not find this recreation at home, sitting down or gazing at what surrounds us. But we take a walk, or we go up into

the mountains, or down to the seashore to bathe and swim, and by these different exercises our body gains new strength and health. Especially sickly people are advised to take plenty of out-door exercises, to strengthen their constitution.

Also our souls need exercise. Although we daily say our prayers, and keep from sin, although a daily remembrance of what is our last end ought to guide our actions, nevertheless some special spiritual exercises are necessary to make the soul strong and healthy.

Special spiritual exercises include meditations, serious reflections on on what will bring about our true happiness for time and eternity. Works of penance and various devotions are added to these meditations. Worldly affairs and transactions are entirely suspended for the time.

A worthy reception of the Sacrament of penance and the practice of Christian virtues are the complement as it were of a good retreat. A retreat may be compared with one of the ancient Christian temples, which were erected to honor of God.

(1) On the porch or portico you find the Holy Water. In this place the faithful would wash themselves, and the penitents who could not enter the church, would do works of penance. The portico of a retreat is the cleansing of the soul from sin, and inordinate worldly affections.

(2) The main door or portal that leads into the church is ornamented with the picture of our Lord Jesus Christ, inviting His subjects and vassals to follow Him, going into battle against His enemies. The consideration of the Kingdom of Christ leads those who make a retreat to the faithful service of God.

(3) Entering the church there is to the right a well-lighted bright chapel. The images within show our Lord's life; His Birth at the stable of Bethlehem, the adoration of the Magi, the flight into Egypt, His disputing in the temple with the doctors, His hidden life at Nazareth, and His public life. Into such a side-chapel the soul is led during the retreat, to learn from the example of Christ to follow Him, and long, long do those who make a retreat dwell therein.

(4) There is also a dark chapel to the left, it is more a shrine or a tomb. The Stations are there and the holy cross. This represents the place

or the time of a retreat when the soul is to suffer for Christ's sake.

(5) The magnificent high altar in the middle of the church, with the images of the Resurrection and Ascension of our Lord, the Descent of the Holy Ghost; and in its center, in the tabernacle, the vision of the love of God, surrounded by flames and rays of His divine charity—the Sacred Heart of Jesus. The representation of Heaven with all its happy inhabitants is a befitting picture in the background. The remembrance of the glory in Heaven and the sweetness of God's love to His creature is the finishing scene of a retreat. All this is contained in the words: *Intra totus, permans solus, exi alter*; which means in English: Begin the retreat with all your heart—continue in solitude—come forth another better man!

This in a few words conveys the idea of a retreat! Happy they who can make one and thus drink from the fountain of grace!

Banning News Notes.

The Commencement Exercises of the Banning High School took place in the Kelly-Frazier Hall on Friday June the 16th. The hall was filled and standing room at a premium. The two graduates, Misses Susie and Marian Bird, read their graduating essays in a fluent, distinct manner. To some remarks on superstition we do object. They are certainly taken from biased authors. The singing was very good, the violin solo fine. The benediction at the end, being eminently sectarian, ought to have been omitted.

The picking and drying of apricots is merrily going on, but will soon be finished. Apricots sell at 12 cts in the East now. So there is some money made this year. Much of the fruit though is small; but the quality is first class.

Mr. C. S. Holcomb is the blacksmith at Banning. He will repair anything you bring to him, as broken wagons, buggies and implements. Even ancient Indian vehicles will by his skillful hands be changed into veritable rubber tired broughams. Hence if anyone visiting Banning "breaks down," let him go to wheelright Holcomb.

Opposite St. Boniface's School, on the other side of San Gorgonio Pass, is situated the home and farm of Mr. Sweeters. There are no oranges or lemons there, nor any extensive orchards. But many acres of land yielding hay and barley to his stock, and work and a happy life to a numerous family.

During vacation, services will be held at the St. Boniface's Chapel every Sunday at 9 A. M. Come and see. You will find a short service, a solid practical sermon, a body of nice, brainy Christian people, sometimes a little hint into the inner heart, but always an humble good prayer—no pharisaical "Oh Lord, I thank Thee that I am not like the other people," on the contrary a sincere "Oh Lord, have mercy on me, a sinner!" What do you want more! Is humility not the grandest worship to God?

Mr. S. McMullen makes the fruit business lively. Fresh and dried fruits are handled and sold by him saving to customers the profit of the middle man.

The measles appeared in Banning. The sickness is one which is inevitable. It is even well for the little ones to get it, as the probability of having it a second time is doubtful. Keep cool. Take good care of the sick. Keep them from catching cold. Be cheerful and happy.

Mr. W. S. Hathaway accompanied his good mother to San Francisco. The good venerable lady went East for a vacation. Mr. Hathaway is a good dutiful son of a good mother.

Water, water everywhere, says Mr. Seymour. He is an old true manager of the water business in Banning. Somehow though, we must find fault with him. We want more water. See?

The telephone runs from Banning to Beaumont. At that end of the wire, Mr. Schweng holds the supremacy. Mr. Schweng has Teutonic blood in his veins; therefore he feels kindly to the Mission Indian's editor. He is an intelligent up to date business man; who keeps a fine stock of general merchandise. Subscribe for the Mission Indian, only 50 cts. a year.



St. Boniface's Industrial School.

The annual commencement exercises of St. Boniface's School were held in the Drexel hall on the evening of June nineteenth at half past seven.

An honor deeply appreciated by teachers and pupils was the presence of Rt. Rev. Bishop Montgomery.

Notwithstanding the short time given to the preparation of the program, it was a grand success.

After the Entrance March, the *Veni Sancti Spiritus* was sung to implore the light of the Holy Ghost. Miss Louisa Pa then stepped forward and addressed a few words of welcome to their honored guest, the Bishop, and audience, with as much ease and grace as any young lady in the land.

The fourth number was a Hoop Drill by ten little girls, who formed pretty figures keeping time with the music.

"My Kitty" was recited by two little tots, who spoke their first word of English only a few months ago. Their tones were clear and distinct, and it was amusing to see their grimaces and gestures.

The Laughing Chorus was sung in different voices by the choir, while joined in the ha, ha, ha, as it echoed through the hall, by the class.

The proud Little Mothers came in with their dollies dear which were almost as big as themselves.

In the address to an Ante Bellum Meeting, Peter Salvadeo personated

a colored gentleman advising his brethren to have no "Half way doings, or dey will surely come out de small end ob de horn."

Our Own Red, White and Blue was sung with a vengeance by the little folks, who were very enthusiastic when time came to wave their flags. This was followed by *E Pluribus Unum*, a class recitation by the large girls.

The Ruler Drill by the active Junior Boys should be occasionally repeated as a remedy for stiff joints, no linament will be needed while this exercise is practiced.

Kentucky Philosophy was an interesting dialogue in which the darky woman showed her good sense in lecturing her son for stealing "a green water million."

The Merry Gleaners marched on the stage sickle in hand, for their Harvest Drill. They were a little late for California, but early for many of the eastern states.

The Child of the Regiment, a vocal solo by Miss Nancy Morales, was well rendered, a proof that when well trained the Indian girls compete with their fairer sisters favorably.

Then came three numbers of Church music, "Popule meus," "Ascendit Deus" and "Iste Confessor." It was heavenly music and the choir sang it well. The closing chorus "God of Mercy—Save Oh Lord the common wealth" was a befitting finale to the well selected program.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop Montgomery then addressed the audience with a few well chosen remarks, encouraging the Sisters and children and advising the Indians to send their boys and girls to St. Boniface's where they would learn so many things which contribute to their welfare here and hereafter.

Visitors: Rt. Rev. Bishop Montgomery, D. D., Rt. Rev. Bishop Peter Verdager, D. D., Rev. Father Scanlan, San Francisco; Rev. Dean Hartnedy, Steubenville, Ohio; Mrs. Loughlin, Miss Murphy and McCarthy, Montreal, Canada; Mrs. Munhal, Miss Munhall, Mr. Munhall, Pittsburg, Penn., and a great number of residents of Banning and Beaumont.

During the months of July and August the pupils enjoy a vacation. They deserve it. They have worked faithfully and learned many useful things.

The school will re-open on September the 1st as usual.

Old Anecdotes on George Washington.

Born to be a soldier, Washington early discovered symptoms of nature's intentions towards him. In his eleventh year, while at school under old Mr. Hobby, he used to divide his playmates into two parties, or armies. One of these, for distinction's sake, was called French, the other American. A big boy at the school, named William Bustle, commanded the former, George commanded the latter. And, every day, at play-time, with corn-stalks for muskets, and calabashes for drums, the two armies would turn out, and march, and countermarch, and fire off or fight their mimic battles with great fury. This was fine sport for George, whose passion for active exercise was strong, that at play-time no weather could keep him within-doors. His fair cousins, who visited at his mother's, used to complain, that George was not fond of their company, like other boys; but soon as he got his task would run out to play. But such trifling play as marbles and tops he could never abide. They did not afford him enough. His delight was in that of the manliest sort, which, by flinging the limbs and swelling the muscles, promote the kindest flow of blood and spirits. At jumping with a long pole, or heaving heavy weights, for his years he hardly had an equal. And as to running, the swift-footed Achilles could scarcely have matched his speed.

"Egad! he ran wonderfully," said my amiable and aged friend, John Fitzhugh, Esq., who knew him well; "we had nobody hereabouts that could come near him. There was young Langhorn Dade, of Westmoreland, a confounded clean-made, tight young fellow, and a mighty swift runner too—but then he was no match for George. Langy, indeed, did not like to give it up; and would brag that he had sometimes brought George to a tie. But I believe he was mistaken: for I have seen them run together many a time, and George always beat him easy enough."

Col. Lewis Willis his playmate and kinsman, has been heard to say that he had often seen him throw a stone across Rappahannock, at the lower ferry of Fredericksburg. It would be no easy matter to find a man nowadays, who could do it.

It was in his fifteenth year, according to the best of my information, that Washington first felt the kindlings of soul for war. The cause was this: In those days the people of Virginia looked on Great Britain as the mother country, and to go thither was, in common phrase, "to go home." The name of Old England was music in their ears, and the bare mention of a blow meditated against her, never failed to rouse a something at the heart, which instantly flamed on the cheek and flashed in the eye. Washington had his full share of these virtuous feelings: on hearing, therefore, that France and Spain were mustering a black cloud over his mother country, his youthful blood took fire, and he instantly tendered what aid his little arm could afford.

The rank of midshipman was procured for him on board a British ship-of-war, then lying in our waters, and his trunk and clothes were actually sent on board. But when he came to take leave of his mother, she wept bitterly and told him, "She felt that her heart would break if he left her." George immediately got his trunk ashore! for he could not, for a moment, bear the idea of inflicting a wound on that dear bosom which had so long and so fondly sustained his life.

Washington pursued Tarleton twenty miles: during the race he was often so near him, that he could easily have killed him with a pistol-shot. But having strictly forbidden his men to fire a pistol that day, he thought it would never do to break his own orders. However there was one of his men who broke them. At one time Washington was thirty or forty yards ahead of his men. Tarleton, observing this, suddenly wheeled with a couple of his dragoons to cut him off. Washington, with more courage than prudence perhaps, dashed on, and rising on his stirrups, made a blow at Tarleton with such force that it beat down his guard and mutilated one or two of his fingers. In this unprotected state, one of the British dragoons was aiming a stroke which must have killed him. But the good genii, who guard the name of Washington, prevailed, for in that critical moment a mere dwarf of a Frenchman rushed up, and, with a pistol-ball, shivered the arm of the

Briton. The other dragoon attempted to wheel off, but was cut down. Tarleton made his escape.

Tarleton was brave, but not generous. He could not bear to hear another's praise. When some ladies in Charleston were speaking very handsomely of Washington, he replied, with a scornful air, that, "He should be very glad to get a sight of Col. Washington. He had heard much talk of him," he said, "but had never seen him yet." "Why, sir," rejoined one of the ladies, "if you had looked behind you at the battle of the Cowpens, you might very easily have enjoyed that pleasure."

While in the neighborhood of Halifax, North Carolina, Tarleton died in a large company. The elegant and witty Mrs. Wiley Jones happened to be of the party. The ladies, who were chiefly Whigs, were frequently praising the brave Col. Washington. Tarleton, with looks considerably angry, replied, "That he was very much surprised that the Americans should think so highly of Col. Washington; for, from what he could learn, he was quite an illiterate fellow, and could hardly write his own name." "That may be very true," replied Mrs. Jones, "but I believe, sir, you can testify that he knows how to make his mark." Poor Tarleton looked at his crippled finger, and bit his lips with rage.

The French Directory, engaged in a furious war with England, turned to America for aid. But Washington, wisely dreading the effects of war on his young Republic, and believing that she had an unquestioned right to neutrality, most strictly enjoined it on his people by proclamation. This so enraged the Directory, that they presently gave orders to their cruisers, to seize American ships on the high seas—that equal path which God had spread for the nations to trade on! Washington had sent out General Charles C. Pinckney, to remonstrate against such iniquitous proceedings. The Directory would not receive him! but still continued their spoliations on our wide-spread and defenceless commerce, ruining numbers of innocent families. Still determined, according to Washington's advice, "so to act as to make our enemy in the wrong," the American

government despatched two other Envoys, Marshall and Gerry, to aid Pinckney. But still they fared no better. Though they only supplicated for peace! though they only prayed to be permitted to make explanations, they were still kept by Dictory at a most mortifying distance; and, after all, were told, that America was not to look for a single smile of reconciliation, nor even a word on that subject, until her Envoys should bring large tribute in their hands. This, as Washington had predicted, instantly evaporated the last drop of American patience. He had always said, that "though some very interested or deluded persons were much too fond of England and France to value America as they ought, yet he was firmly persuaded that the great mass of the people were hearty lovers of their country, and soon as their eyes were open to the grievous injuries done her, would assuredly resent like men, to whom God had given strong feelings on purpose to guard their rights."

His prediction was gloriously verified. For, on hearing the word Tribute, the American Envoys instantly took fire, while the brave Gen. Pinckney (a revolutionary soldier, and neither Englishman nor Frenchman, but a true American), indignantly exclaimed to the Secretary of the Directory "Tribute, Sir! no Sir! The Americans pay no tribute! Tell the Directory that we will give millions for defence; but not one cent for tribute."

In the winter of '77, while Washington, with the American army lay encamped at Valley Forge, a certain good old Friend, of the respectable family and name of Potts, if I mistake not, had occasion to pass through the woods near head-quarters. Treading his way along the venerable grove, suddenly he heard the sound of a human voice, which as he advanced increased in his ear, and at length became like the voice of one speaking much in earnest. As he approached the spot with a cautious step, whom should he behold in a dark natural bower of ancient oaks, but the commander-in-chief of the American armies on his knees in prayer! Motionless with surprises Prayers Potts continued on the place till the General having ended the

devotions arose, and with a countenance of angel serenity retired to head-quarters. Friend Pott then went home, and on entering his parlor called out to his wife, 'Sarah! my dear! Sarah! All's well! all's well! George Washington will yet prevail!'

"What's the matter, Isaac," replied she; "thee seems moved."

"Well, if I seem moved, it's no more than what I am; I have this day seen what I never expected. Thee knows that I always thought the sword and the gospel utterly inconsistent, and that no man could be a soldier and a Christian at the same time. But George Washington has this day convinced me of my mistake."

He then related what he had seen, and concluded with this prophetic remark—"If George Washington be not a man of God, I am greatly deceived—and still more small I be deceived if God do not, through him, work out a great salvation for America." —

The following anecdote was related to me by his Excellency Governor Johnson (Maryland) one of the few surviving heroes of '76.

"You seem sir," said he, addressing himself to me, "very fond of collecting anecdotes of General Washington. Well I'll tell you one, and one too to which you may attach the most entire faith, for I have heard it a dozen times, and oftener, from the lips of a very valuable man and magistrate, in Conostoga, a Mr. Conrad Hogmyer. 'Just before the revolutionary war,' said Mr. Hogmyer, 'I took a trip for my health's sake to the Sweet Springs of Virginia, where I found a world of people collected; some like me, looking for health, others for pleasure. In consequence of the crowd, I was at first rather hard run for lodgings, but at length was lucky enough to get a mattress in the hut of a very honest baker of my acquaintance, who often visited those springs for the benefit of his oven. Being the only man of the trade on the turf, and wellskilled in the science of dough, he met with no small encouragement; and it was really a matter of gratitude to see what heaps of English loaves, Indian ponies, French bricks, cakes and crackers, lay piled up on his counter every morning. I often amused myself in marking the various airs and manners of the

different waiters, who, in gay liveries and shining faces, came every morning, rattling down their silver, and tripping away with bread by the basket. Among those gay looking sons and daughters of Africa, I saw every now and then a poor Lazarite, with sallow cheek and hollow eye, slowly creeping to the door, and at a nod from the baker, eagerly seize a fine loaf and bear it off without depositing a cent. Surely, thought I to myself, this baker must be the best man or the greatest fool in the world; but fearing that this latter cap best fitted his pericranium, I one morning could not help breaking my mind to him for crediting his bread to such very unpromising dealers. 'Stoppel,' for that was his name, 'you seem,' said I, 'to sell a world of bread here every day, but notwithstanding that, I fear you don't gain much by it.'

"Nol 'Squire, what makes you think so?"

"You credit too much, Stoppel" "Not I indeed, sir, not I, I'd el." credit a cent."

"Ay! how do you make that out, Stoppel, don't I see these poor people every day carrying away your bread and yet paying you nothing?"

"Pshaw, no matter for that, 'squire, they'll pay me all in the lump at last."

"At last!—at last!! Oh ho, at the last day, I suppose you mean, Stoppel, when you have the conscience to expect that God Almighty will stand paymaster, and wipe off all your old scores for you at a dash."

"Oh, no! 'squire, we poor bakers can't give such long credit! but I'll tell you how we work the matter: the good man, Col. George Washington, is here. Every season, soon as he comes, he calls and says to me, 'Stoppel,' says he, 'you seem to hvea a great deal of company; and, some I fear, who don't come here for pleasure, and yet you know, they can't do without eating; though pale and sickly they must have bread; but it will never do to make them pay for it. Poor creatures! they seem already low spirited enough, through sickness and poverty; their spirits must not be sunk lower by taking from them every day, what little money they have pinched from their poor families at home—I'll tell you what's to be done, Stoppel, you must give each of them a good hot loaf every morning, and charge it to me; when I am

going away I'll pay you all.' And believe me, 'squire, he has often, at the end of the season, paid me as much as eighty dollars, and that too for poor creatures who did not know the hand that fed them, for I had strict orders from him, not to mention a syllable of it to anybody.'"

Taken from M. L. W. Men's Life of G. W.

Indian Names.

How did the Names of the Indians originate?

According to the common agreeing statements made by old Indians, the various names applied to the Indian tribes and families in California, have their origin from places.

The word Isil (coyote) is the Indian word for Cahulla. As some coyotes were seen sitting upon the rocks, the name was applied to all the Indians living in the surrounding neighborhood.

Is-witt stands for wolf — lolo — which in time was changed to Lugo. (A wolf was seen on Lugo's place.) Segundo lived in the second place in an Indian village; Norte lived in the northern part. Chaparosa (tutehill or humming-bird) originated from the fact that humming-birds were near by; the same may be said of Channil (wititt, grasshopper); Arenas. Gnathukik, (arena or gnathic, sand) was the name given to the family, who lived in a sandy place. It is stated by the old Indians that, in days gone by, the Indians were not friendly or social with one another; many murders were committed and they were afraid of each other. The Indians did not know even the real names of their neighbors, except the designation according to location.

All the Cahullas are called Isil; the Indians at Indio Gnaahaitchen: in San Ignacio Wiistam; in Cahulla Temamukagnakik.

The sentence: "There was a snow storm in San Ignacio on April 26th 1899," runs thus in Indian: "Ya-e elekka hespen, pen yuikaa tuko taspa pachawalpa wiss namichumi peh da conwee tuko iwipe towpache conwichiwiss namichumi peh da conwicu."

Red pepper is a most wholesome condiment in the world, especially at malarious times and places. It is also one of the most reliable, nearly every meat and herb flavor is accented by its pungent saving tang. Every family should keep it on the table and use it to the exclusion of black pepper which is positively injurious.



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The Indian Service Institute.

The superintendents, teachers and employees of the Government's Indian schools meet annually to discuss matters pertaining to the Indian schools, and to be benefited by exchanging experiences in their respective line of work.

To these institutes, which in fact are conferences, the teachers of Catholic Indian schools or friends of the Indians are also invited.

As the National Educational Association met in this city this year in the city of Los Angeles, the Hon. National Supt. of Indian schools, Miss Estelle Reel, selected the same time and place of this convention for the Indian Institute. The meetings were held in the State Normal school from July the 17th to July the 25th (seven days). About one hundred and twenty teachers and other employees of Indian schools were in attendance. As the daily papers fully reported the proceedings of this institute, we mention only those points which are of importance to us.

From the very start, it was manifest, that the Superintendent's section of the Institute was more or less an advertisement of Major Pratt's Carlisle school and an onslaught on Catholic schools. This became more evident when on the third day the question was discussed: "What shall we do with our school graduates?"

Major Pratt's speeches were a repetition of what he says in his *Red Man*. The ablest speaker, with a mellifluous tongue, was Mr.

Gates, secretary of the Indian commission. He also voiced the sentiments of Major Pratt, with this difference, that the latter in a A. P. A.-style assaulted the Catholics, whereas the former in a faultless and refined form said about the same thing, but without offending Catholics.

The institute agreed:

(1) The public school is the school for the Indians;

(2) schools shall be located in large cities;

(3) the Indian boys and girls shall be separated from their families (tribal relations) and merged into the life of the nation.

The work in the "sections" of the institute was the most important and offered to those who took part in the exercises much valuable information. The meetings of the Superintendents were public and held in the assembly room of the Normal School. The hall was entirely unfit for public speaking and the speakers were imperfectly understood.

We are sorry to say that during the three days we attended the meetings, only two properly prepared papers were read, and they were from two teachers in manual training (Sloyd System). The rest of the speakers excused themselves, stating want of time, or being detained by visiting the many points of interest in Los Angeles etc.

Dr. Breen spoke for about ten minutes on the duties of Superintendents. The discussion following his statements was long drawn out and of no great importance. Still the general opinion was, that a Superintendent ought not be interfered with by

an agent or any employee. In case of a special clique among employees, it was recommended to bring all employees into closer social contact by meetings and amusements.

It was hinted at that there is sometimes too much love between employees. Now this is wrong; from what we heard at the institute, the opposite of love is many times the predominant passion (for instance Major Pratt's attacks on the Catholics).

When on Wednesday afternoon the question, "What shall we do with our graduates" was on the program, we were anxious to hear the problem solved. Tuesday afternoon a few out of place remarks were made by Major Pratt and hurled in the direction where they might hurt. We could not help smiling. Wednesday the previously announced debate took place.

Major Pratt at first excused himself saying that he had not prepared any paper. He then called to him two young men and a young lady, graduates of the Carlisle school. He asked them many questions, which were to show their training. Then he stated, that the Church hinders the Americanizing and civilizing of the Indians. "I know what I am saying; I am ready to prove it."

To this statement, the editor of the *Mission Indian* replied, saying:

"The Church does not prevent the Americanizing and civilizing of the Indians. The fact is we shall be happy to know our young Indians are cared for. Leave the missionaries out of the question. They have their own troubles. I am an American citizen. I shook the dust of the old country

from my feet. There is little pleasure and satisfaction in the Indian work. It is true when you know that you have awakened in the hearts of your pupils sentiments of love and gratitude, you feel happy. What other joy is there in the Indian service? The question "What shall we do with our graduates" is a most serious question. It is an unpleasant task to send the pupils back to their parents. But leave the missionaries alone when you discuss the problem now before you."

An elderly lady stated that in a place known to her the missionaries were doing a splendid work.

One of the superintendents said that in opposing church work no special denomination was meant. Mr. Gates declared that no one who has history can deny that the missionaries have been civilizers of the Indians, and that the mission ruins bear testimony to this truth.

It was agreed to continue the debate the following day.

Next morning, the daily papers printed Major Pratt's attacks on the missionaries under the glowing head lines "Church hinders the civilization and Americanizing of the Indians." The fact that the press will publish only one side of the question is indeed unworthy a free republican people. You may expect this in despotic, monarchical governments, but not in a country, in which there ought to be "Freedom and Equal Justice to every one."

On Wednesday, at the forenoon session, during the lecture on the Sloyd system, another attack on the Church was composed on the platform.

In the superintendents' meeting, Major Pratt then openly accused the Catholic Church, stating that "his Catholic friend" had made an assertion the day before that his Church does not prevent the Americanizing of the Indians. "An assertion", he said, "is no proof; does not that Church keep up a parochial school system in which the children are instructed in a spirit alien to the nation etc." He then challenged anyone to rise and to disprove his assertions. At this he arose and answered:

"The parochial school system is not antagonistic to the spirit of patriotism. Now this is an assertion. But, Major, you made many assertions too, and if you would have to prove every one of your asser-

tions, we would not be finished today. There are able men here in Los Angeles, who may explain to you better than I can, the purpose and system of the parochial schools. They have even written books on the question. But the parochial school system is not antagonistic to the spirit of the country. If there is one fibre in my heart or one drop of blood in my veins that does not beat and flow with fidelity and truth to this our country, I would pluck it out and die. Spain is a Catholic country. There was war between this country and Spain. Did you hear of a Catholic soldier refusing to serve or abandoning the flag? (Answers "No.") You must not misunderstand the parochial school question. There are also different political parties in the country, Republicans, Democrats, etc. Quot capita, tot sensus—So many heads—so many opinions.

We have our parochial schools for religion's sake and if you blame us for this, I must suffer the reproach. We are suspected of retarding the civilization and Americanization of the Indian pupils, because we send them home. But will they then not fulfil a mission at home? Will they not also uplift their parents and others members of the family? They may lose some of their civilization, but they will benefit their people at home."

A gentleman then related how a missionary, who receives nothing from the Government, celebrated the 4th of July. He paid 40 dollars out of his own pocket, called the Indians together and invited the prominent citizens to come and to explain to the Indians the purpose of the 4th of July! Is this unpatriotic?

In the afternoon session Rev. B. F. Hahn read the following paper:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

(1) To give a few of my own ideas in reference to the education of the Indians is the purpose of this address. I intend to be brief. I do not like long lectures and sermons; they are tiresome. Besides, I am a poor speaker, and an Indian by adoption; a white man might feel embarrassed, how much more an Indian. My experience is, an Indian is an Indian; from an Indian child you cannot expect as much as from a white child. Ladies and gentlemen, have forbearance, be patient. Urging on the Indian pupils in an impatient manner may bewilder them, but you will gain nothing.

(2) The theory that the Indian problem can be solved by some quick-tanning process in the Indian schools sounds marvelous, but when the teacher is placed before the Indian pupils, and when theory becomes a condition the task will be fully realized. Now, method in teaching is absolutely necessary. A teacher without method is like the man described by St. Paul, he is striking the air. However, many works on modern methods are translations from foreign languages, and the learned professors did not write their methods for Indian children. Whether your method be ancient or modern, do your work conscientiously. Do not expect of an Indian child too much. Nature has given us illustrations. There is a difference in the time it takes to mature the various products. Thus there is a difference in the length of time required to educate an Indian child and a white child. Up to the date the Platos are scarce even among the Caucasian race. Indian children are twice children, they are children and they are Indians, sometimes they are stubborn children. Do not expect too much of them. They have at times a natural tired feeling, and need some rest. You may assist them in training their memory and developing their intellect, but you cannot give them any more brains than God has given them.

(3) An Indian inspector once told me, "Take your children out on the hills or through the barn, show them a cow or a horse or any object of nature. This is the best way to teach Indian children." It is true that to show an object and then to teach the proper name of it, and of all its parts is an excellent way to teach Indians. Still the Indian children are by nature keen observers. They will notice a bird or any other animal, or some natural object more quickly than we do. They do not like to be watched, but they themselves watch closely. Hence, part of the kindergarten work may be omitted.

(4) Indian children are well adapted to music and singing. Their voices are strong and soft. Select no frivolous songs. Hymns, patriotic songs, melancholy, impressive themes, are best rendered by Indian children.

(5) Do not give difficult problems in arithmetic to Indian pupils. Teach them a simple, thorough method of figuring. Throw books on mathematics into the fire, but if you use any they ought not to contain the solutions of the examples given, nor any puzzling problems.

(6) Teach them by example. Commit to memory what you are going to teach. Select from History, Geography and

Grammar the most important points. Omit whatever is of no material value. Do not forget to repeat incessantly, and you will be gratified with the results. The brighter pupils will then investigate. They will ask you, and something higher can be taught to them.

(7) In reference to recreation, my views are these. I would allow them plenty of healthful and harmless physical exercise, but I would not call them together, boys and girls, for a dance. You may say that I am too severe and old fashioned. Ladies and Gentlemen: a school is a school and a ball room is a ball room. You may attract the Indian children but you will not benefit them. I do not say this in order to find fault with what is done, perhaps, with the best of intentions but I believe that there is too much of exciting recreation among young and old Indians.

(8) If you have to punish an Indian pupil, do it humanely. Quick tempered people at an Indian school are in the wrong place. Sometimes punishment becomes necessary because those in charge are not watchful. Who is to be blamed more, the erring pupil or the careless employee?

(9) The education of the Indian children is a great redeeming feature in the policy of the National Government in reference to the Indians. The Government has not always proved faithful to promises made and treaties signed. Today instances are known where the Indian officials refuse to guard the rights of the Indians, and permit them to be harassed by unscrupulous Whites. But the Government has been generous and even paternal in providing a free education for the Indian children. They, who desire to learn something, may do so. They may equip themselves with a common school knowledge, they may learn some trade, some kind of work, they may become capable of supporting themselves by some honest labor and become loyal citizens of this great republic which God in his goodness may guide and keep until the end of time.

Ladies and Gentlemen, I thank you for your courtesy in listening to me and I beg you to accept these few words in the same sincere spirit in which they were spoken.

On Friday, Rev. Father Chrysotom Verwyst caused an earthquake of two days' duration, during which the Los Angeles city hall was damaged, by reading the following essay (condensed here):

"Before entering on the subject of this article I wish to make a few preliminary remarks. I am a Catholic priest and, al-

though born in Holland, I have passed 31 years of my life in this country, and 19 of them in the Indian missionary field in Wisconsin among the Chippewas. I know them thoroughly and speak their tongue having preached in Chippewa almost every Sunday throughout my 19 years sojourn with them. Hence what I intend to say is founded on actual observation.

"We want to civilize the Indian—that is, make him better and happier than he is. Now what is civilization? Does it consist merely in living in fine houses, wearing fine clothes, having the thousand and one comforts of the whites? A man may have all these and still be vicious, immoral, bad. Our forgers, swindlers, bank-wreckers are civilized men, but their civilization is materialism, pure and simple. Money and pleasure are the two articles of creed of this materialistic civilization. Such was the civilization of ancient Rome and Greece.

"It was nothing but refined barbarism. They legalized infanticide in Sparta. They deified impurity in Venus and drunkenness in Bacchus. They practiced slavery in its most revolting form; had their bloody gladiatorial show in which men were obliged to fight unto death with each other or with the wild beast for the gratification of the thousands looking on and yet they were highly civilized. They had orators, poets, statesmen and generals as great as the world ever saw.

They raised structures which even in their ruins excite the admiration of the tourist, and yet were but refined barbarians.

God save the Indian from such materialistic civilization! It is a curse—not a blessing. It does not elevate man but it drags him down and makes him the slave of base passions.

What civilization then do we want to give the Indian? We want to give him civilization that will make him better that will make him know, revere and serve the great God that made him; make him conscious of his accountability to God and to his conscience, and to his fellow-men for his acts. In a word, we want to give him a civilization that will make him a man in the fullest and noblest sense of the word.

Now I claim that to impart to the Indian this true civilization—the only kind of civilization worthy the name, we want religion. Any system of education that ignores religion is a sham. Education is a power that may be wielded for a good or bad cause.

Mere mental training is not always a blessing, but often a curse to the one that hold this power and wields it for his own eternal ruin in the cause of crime, and

a curse for the community that has to fear more from an accomplished, educated criminal than from an ignorant one.

The whole man needs to be educated—heart and head; not merely one-half of the man and that half the least important part.

Learning is all right in its place, but morality, virtue and religious training are vastly superior. Now that is exactly the kind of training that our denominational schools have been trying to give to the Indian children. Hence in their scope and end and substantial results such schools are vastly superior to the Government schools, where God Almighty and religion have to take a back seat, if they are at all tolerated within their walls, and not relegated to some building called "church or meeting house," where the pupils can go on Sundays.

I protest, therefore, in the name of true civilization, true charity towards the Indians and their best interest even as mere members of the human family, against the government's policy which has set its face against denominational schools among our Indians, and has devoted them to total extinction in the near future, in order to give place to a system of education that will make the Indian wittier, sharper and more cunning, but will never make him a man such as a good sound intellectual and moral education would make him.

As to the Indians, the way to civilize them is first by religion. Civilization naturally follows Christianity. This can easily be seen and verified. The nations of Europe were at one time living like wild Indians. They were civilized by the Church—and do not forget—the Catholic Church.

This is the plain teaching of history. It was the church that first Christianized and thereby civilized our ancient forefathers. The missionaries' co-laborers taught the barbarians agriculture and the arts of civilized life. All this took centuries to accomplish.

As soon as an Indian becomes a convert to Christianity he immediately begins to adopt the habits of civilized life. What the church—the Catholic Church—has done for the Indian can be seen everywhere.

You have in California everywhere the vestige of the labors of the Franciscan Fathers. The ruins of their buildings everywhere give testimony to the great truth known to all Indians that the Catholic priest is the Indian's truest and best friend. The priest comes to him with a straight story and plain message, because he is the lawfully commissioned representative of the church which dates from Christ and his apostles. The Cath-

olic priest does not try to get the Indian's money nor his lands, and the Indian knows that; consequently every Indian has a deep respect for the "black gown" the man without wife and children, who speaks to them of the Great Spirit, the Master of Life.

If, instead of letting a lot of white-pine land grabbers and sharpers get away with the Indians' pine for a small sum, out of which he is cheated to a great extent by extortionate prices which are charged to him in lieu of his pine—if, I say, the government had kept that pine and other timber for the benefit of the Indian and had erected saw mills, planing mills, tub and stave factories and the like, superintended by some government officials, the Indian would have worked up trade and made a good living many years ago.

The three great enemies of the Indian are whiskey, money and the white man, such as the latter has shown himself to the Indian. The only nation that really understands and treats the Indian as a brother is the French. The Anglo-Saxon motto: "The only good Indians are the dead Indians," seems to be pretty generally sanctioned."

Major Pratt arose, at once twisting the statement that the public schools are godless, inferring that the Father meant the teachers in the schools were godless.

Father Chrysostom replied by indicating in what sense the word godless was applied.

One of the Carlisle graduates arose testifying how the Catholics are privileged at that school. She did not deny that she is a fallen away Catholic!

Then came the money matter. Major Pratt said that two Catholic papers in California stated that the money which is earned by the Carlisle pupils is taken from them by a teacher. Strange! For years the Major has made the same statement; he has told the American people that 25,000 dollars are earned and saved by his outing system. But in Los Angeles he says that the statement is an infamous, unqualified falsehood. After this he again admits that the money is kept for the pupils at the school, and that they will only receive it when it pleases him to give his permission. Anyhow what is the meaning of all this? How small for a big man to get excited so quickly!

We understand that some non-

"sectarian" people are using Major Pratt as a battering ram. They may have an ax to grind! But when Major Pratt made the above statement, he missed the mark!

Read his *Red Man*—read his assaults on the Catholic church published in a Government paper.

For years the *Red Man* has been insulting Catholics, inferring beyond endurance and at the expense of our National Government, and now Major Pratt is kicking about a statement made by "two Catholic papers on the Coast."

"Major Pratt: You are an official of a non-sectarian Government. Its money and power are at your disposal. You need not brandish your sword and throw dirt at the Catholic missionaries, because they fear that neophytes, not having perhaps the strength of a firm character, will lose their faith at a school, were pagans, Catholics and non-Catholics are mixed. You speak about the judgment to come. Good. It will come! It will come for us all, even for Major Pratt! Some Indian children will be there too!

THE JUDGMENT.

*And before the Maker stand
All the creatures of His hand,
The great book shall be unfurled
Whereby God shall judge the world,*

*What was distant shall be near,
What was hidden shall be clear!*

*Then shall all hearts be known
Sin's abyss open thrown,
Vengeance shall have her own
Naught shall be hidden.*

Your abuse of Catholics is unworthy your office, unworthy a citizen of the United States, unworthy a free man! Once before we heard similar things. It was from the beetle-browed, dark lantern A. P. A."

We are sorry to say this, but silence would be cowardice. We have no ax to grind in the Indian mission work. But as long as our Superiors will leave us in charge of Indians, we shall resist the inroads made by missionaries of other denominations, who represent themselves as agents of the non-sectarian Government in order to impose upon unsuspecting Indians,—Major Pratt's *Red Man* and A. P. A. declarations notwithstanding!

To these notes, we subjoin an editorial, taken from a Los Angeles weekly paper:

MAJOR Pratt of the Carlisle Indian School says that the only true solution of the Indian question is "the abolition of reservation and tribal settlements."

Truly the valiant Major has found solution—that is if the intention of the United States Government is extermination of our red brethren. Another Pratt epigram is: "The greatest hindrance to the Indian, in getting into the broad life of the Nation, is the Church." Now let us analyze this dogmatic statement. What is meant by the broad life of the nation? Is it citizenship? If so, the Church has never interfered with that, rather has the Church prepared the children of nature so that they might enter upon the duties of citizenship with consciences awakened and hearts prepared for a common brotherhood. If by the "broad life of the nation" Major Pratt means amalgamation, then the Church does in a sense interfere with that, because with a wise regard for the physical welfare of the Indian and his continuity the Church has discouraged intermarriage with whites by encouraging a proper self-respect and love of tribe which is nothing more than a love of home.

If the Government would permit each Indian to have his own patch of ground, his own house and then leave him in undisturbed possession of it—he would make his own living—earn bread for his family and give our Government no trouble.

Not even the services of the Indian Agent would be required. The Church would furnish the necessary intellectual and spiritual food and the Indian reservation would be no more trouble to the General Government than any other territorial possession.

The Church (and we use the expression with the same meaning given it by Major Pratt) has done noble work for many generations among the Indians. Major Pratt comes upon the stage of action very late in the drama in which the very entity of a race of human beings is involved.

This subject was under discussion this week at the Indian Service Institute held in this city. It came up under the leading question of the Wednesday afternoon session when Major Pratt of the Carlisle Indian School asked, "What shall we do with the Indian school graduates?" and answered his own question by advising that the Indian schools be abolished. What simplicity—even a child could have guessed at that answer—and what wisdom—for had the interrogator answered his own question in any other manner he would have found himself in deep water, indeed floundering about in the stream of the "broad life of the nation."

THE CAPITAL July 22 1899

THE MISSION INDIAN.

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There are many kind-hearted men in the Church, who think that kindness will reconcile our enemies. It may to some extent. Nevertheless there is also a time to speak fearlessly. The Catholic clergy has been foremost in the ranks of loyal, conservative, broad-minded citizen. The charge made against them is an injustice!

The measles have nearly disappeared. There is no case known to us that any of our children are afflicted with it. Thus far, three children died as a consequence of the disease. One of them on a account of exposure, two of them were consumptives. We will in our next issue give a more detailed account, as the Indian Service Institute crowded out other matter this time.

The vandalism committed by some of our soldiers in the Philippines reminds us of the vandalism committed at San Diego, when the old mission, during and after the Mexican war, was by the soldiers of the United States army changed into a stable. An upper story was put into the church; the men slept there, their horses were below and the beautiful olive trees planted by the Mission Fathers were cut down for lumber and fire wood. This outrage has never been righted and now an officer of the U. S. army tells an astonished public, that the missionaries prevent the "Americanizing and civilizing of the Indians."

In a former number of the Mission Indian it was stated that

the two ladies, who had been teaching the Catholic Indians at Agua Caliente another religion, had abandoned their work. It was also stated that teaching Catholic Indians another religion will make infidels of them. This remark was greatly resented by the two respected ladies. We are sorry to say that we cannot change the matter. We do not wish to give offense to any one but, at the same time, we do not want to be hypocritical. We do not think it just and wise to interfere with the religion of Catholic Indians. *Bona fide* or *mala fide*, it certainly is a mistake. *Cui bono?* Who will be benefitted by it. Of course, our separated brethren tell us, we ought to be friends, we ought to have Christian charity. We are friends of every one, we have Christian charity! But if we would refrain from telling the truth, we would be cowardly. Truth is not always pleasing news to hear. There is but *one* God. There is but *one* truth. There is but *one* Church. There is but *one* soul to save and if we fail to save it, we would be big fools. When St. Augustin, as a heretic, disputed with his holy mother Monica, she said to him: "I had a vision; I saw you and your adherents, the Manichaeans, coming over to us, members of the true Church." St. Augustin replied: "You made a mistake, mother, it was perhaps *you* coming over to *us*!" "No," said St. Monica, "I distinctly saw *you* coming over to *us*!" And her vision was verified. The former heretic Augustin became a brilliant doctor of the Church. Truth cannot compromise. Two women once came to the wise King Solomon. They were quarreling about a little boy. When Solomon had heard the case, he ordered the child to be cut into two halves. The woman, whose son had died, was satisfied to have the child killed, but the real mother objected

and preferred to have her child given alive to her rival. Rather shall we lose everything in this world than sacrifice truth. This short, miserable life is not worth the loss of an eternal life. St. Paul wrote: "Timothy, keep the deposit (of faith)!" You will always find the good Catholic clergy guarding the treasure of faith. The good shepherd will give his life for his sheep; the hireling fleeth, because they are not his! But in these days of modern paganism and irreligion, no one except God alone may enlighten the hearts of men to believe and to live to salvation.

Communications from prominent men in the United States were sent to the *Mission Indian* in reference to the war in the Philippine Islands. Anti-expansionist papers also expect the clergymen in the United States to rise up and preach against the colonial policy. Catholic priests have very little to say about the whole matter. We neither approve nor condemn the colonial policy. If the National Government wants to have the Philippine islands, it will get them. It has the money and the power. But the responsibility lies in Congress, the law-giving body politic of the United States. The people elect the representatives in Congress. If the people want the Philippines, the congressmen will act accordingly, as soon as they know the will of the voters; if the people are against expansion and thus inform their representatives, there will be no more war in the Philippines. At present, the press is doing its best to influence the people—pro and con! Catholic priests will do well to preach religion in their churches and let international questions be decided by the people themselves. Every one, though, will and shall protest against the vandalism committed in the Philippines. Perhaps some Anglo-Saxon fanatic will then call us unpatriotic! Long and gloriously may the banner of United States wave as a true emblem of freedom and justice—this is our sincere, heartfelt wish!

Diocesan News.

The Very Rev. Father Adam was greatly honored by the Los Angeles clergy and people, both at the banquet and at the reception.

Sister M. Gonzaga, who for six years has so successfully conducted the St. Joseph's School, has gone to San Francisco.

Mother M. Salesia of Anaheim's orphanage has been transferred to San Jose. Her removal is a loss to Anaheim.

Soldier's Home will in the near future have a \$14,000 dollars' church, in which all denominations will be accommodated for divine services. This is brotherly and thus Santa Monica is far ahead of West Point.

St. Anthony's School, at the old mission San Diego, will open on the 1st of September. The school is the oldest Indian school in Southern California on a historical, renowned spot, sanctified by the labors and the blood of martyrs!

A grand fair of the Catholic church of Santa Monica will be held in the hall of the North Beach Bath-house. Senator Jones owns this property and his liberality in placing the large hall at the disposal of Father Hawe's congregation shows the broad, big heart of the Silver Senator of Nevada.

The Sisters of St. Dominic conduct admirable parochial schools in connection with St. Joseph's German Church, the Sacred Heart Church, East Los Angeles and at Anaheim. These Sisters belong to the Second Order of St. Dominic and are renowned as Christian educators of youth. Their schools are always well attended.

Frank breathed his last. He was born forty two years ago. He did not like to associate with cranks. Level-headed people alone were his chosen friends. He was a war horse. When thirsty, he would go for a drink and when in need of shoes he could be seen trotting to the blacksmith shop. He died a natural death, 42 years being a mature age for any horse. When his demise was made known, everybody felt sad and dreary, some ones would cry and others would inquire about the dead horse's sickness and the circumstances of his death. The funeral was magnificent. May he sleep softly.

Rev. James Marshall LeSage was ordained priest at Perryville, Mo. The neo-priest is a son of J. H. LeSage, 528 Ruth Ave., Los Angeles. Priests come from the people and for the people. No greater favor can be bestowed on a Christian family than when one of their own ascends the altar. We congratulate the honored family on their happiness. May the young priest live long and accomplish much to the greater honor of God!

The Academy of the Immaculate Heart of Mary on Pico Heights offers exceptional opportunities to young ladies desirous of a higher education. The location is unsurpassed, combining all the advances of city and country. The Sisters take special pains in caring for the health of the pupils placed in their charge. They also conduct the Cathedral parochial school.

The Sisters of the Holy Names are increasing and multiplying in Southern California. Beginning with the Academy at Ramona a few years ago, they have more recently erected two excellent schools in Pomona and Pasadena and now are about to open another school where lovely Santa Monica sits and dreams above the ocean waves. It is a fitting place for a school under the saint's patronage, for the Mother of St. Augustine loved the ocean and often sighed for a grave at Carthage "with her own husband by the Libyan sea." The Sisters of the Holy Names are eminently successful teachers and their presence in any community is a great blessing. The pastors who secured their services are to be congratulated.

The Catholics of Los Angeles and vicinity cannot complain of a lack of educational facilities for their boys. St. Vincent's College affords them a splendid opportunity. The classical, scientific and commercial courses conducted by the Lazarist Fathers can well compare with those presented by any institution, public or private, in the State. Of this the parents can seek no more manifest proof than the excellent dramas and exhibitions that are given by the students from time to time. St. Vincent's is prospering under the presidency of the genial Father Linn and it is the strict duty of Catholic parents to aid and encourage him in maintaining a first-class College in Los Angeles.

St. Mary's Academy, conducted by the Sisters of St. Joseph in St. Vincent's parish, Los Angeles, will begin the fall term on the first Monday in September. This is both a boarding and day school

and is situated in a delightful part of the city. Every advantage is offered for the religious and secular training of girls and young ladies. Special attention is given to the departments of painting and vocal and instrumental music, in which the most approved and modern methods are employed. The same Sisters have charge of the Academy of our Lady of Peace at San Diego where the salubrious climate should prove a great attraction. They manage the parish school in the same city.

The feast of Portiuncula, August the 21, was duly observed at the Plaza Church and at St. Joseph's. Nearly one thousand people received the sacraments of Holy Eucharist and Penance, and recited the prayers to gain the indulgence.

In the *Cosmopolitan* for August there appears an excellent Irish article, "A Sod o' Turf." Of course, the paper refers only to a certain very remote and uncivilized part of the little island where the schoolmaster is not abroad and Gaelic is still the common speech. In fact, we find it hard to believe that many of the stories are or were true in 1870 of any spot in the Green Isle. But let that pass. What puzzles us is the authorship of the contribution. The writer must be learned in the language, folk-lore and customs of the Irish and the name appended to the article, "Hugh J. Glaphinn" is one all unknown to fame. We strongly suspect that this is the pen-name of a Keltic scholar who hides his own mouth-filling cognomen under it even as he veils his personality under anarchistic whiskers. If our guess be well founded, this is the first time that the author has been charged with modesty. But, all the same, the editor of the *Cosmopolitan* shows very good judgment and taste. And the *Mission Indian* will wager its reputation that writer of the article is the same "Ned" whom the "knowledgeable" woman threw to the pigs.

*Pale o' cheer to-day, maiden,
Pale o' cheer to-day!
Thine eyes are sorrow-laden,
Bright o' yesterday!*

*Hear you not the jolly bells
In the belfry grey?
See the folks go up and down?
Laughing all are they.*

*Those was cheeks of the thine, maiden,
Shame it were to see
On the day the men came home
From the victory.*

*Out upon me for a cloven!
Now, alas! I see
All the men do not come home
From the victory.*

THE INDIAN MISSIONS

in Wisconsin.

THE first attempt to preach the Gospel to the Indians of the Northwest was made by Fathers Joques and Rambault, who in 1642 penetrated to Sault Ste. Marie. Their stay however was very short. The same year Joques was captured by a moving band of Iroquois and during his captivity among them he was repeatedly and cruelly tortured. He was killed by them in 1646 at a place now called Auriesville, in the State of New-York.

The next missionaries that tried to go West were Fathers Dreuillettes and Garreau. They got as far as Montreal where in an ambuscade Father Garreau was mortally wounded by an Iroquois ball, died a few days later in the above named place. This was in 1656.

In 1660 Father Rene Menard, arrived at Kewunaw Bay, Mich., on the 15th of October, and labored until July 12th 1661 when he started in company with a Frenchman to visit a starving band of Hurons on Black River, Wis. He was the first priest who said Mass on Wisconsin soil (1661). He perished somewhere in Wisconsin, most probably somewhere on the Wisconsin river about the tenth of August 1661. It is uncertain whether he died of starvation, or by the tomahawk of some treacherous savage.

In 1665 Father Claude Allouez came to Wisconsin and established the first mission in the state. He arrived at Ashland on the first of October.

The first child he baptized on St. Francis' day, Oct. 4, and was named by him Francis in honor of the Saint of that day. Father Allouez labored there with partial success until 1668. For a year he had another missionary with him, Louis Nicholas, who left in 1668. Father Allouez baptized about 500 adults and children in his four years' stay at Ashland Bay. The mission was at the head of said bay, most of the Indians, however, resided on the northern shore of said bay between Ashland and Bayfield.

Father Allouez left his mission "Of The Holy Ghost" in 1669 to Father James Marquette. The latter labored there, but with little success on account of war excitement, until 1671, when he was obliged to flee with his people to Michilimachine, in order to escape the wrath of the dreaded "Bwanag" or Sioux, who

waged war against the Ottawas, Hurons, and other Indians then dwelling on the shores of Ashland Bay.

On the 2nd of Dec. 1669 Father Allouez arrived at the head of Green Bay where he found some French trading with the Indians. On the next day, Dec. 3, feast of St. Francis Xavier, he offered with all the solemnity possible the Holy Sacrifice and dedicated this new mission to St. Francis, which name it has borne ever since. In 1671 the mission site was removed some five or six miles up the Fox River, where now the city of De Pere stands. On April 25th he founded the mission of St. Mark on the Wolf River among the Outagamies or Foxes.

The exact site of this mission cannot be determined, but we incline to the opinion that it was not very far from the place where New London, Wis., now stands. On the 13th of April Father Allouez arrived at the village of the Mashkouteng (mashkodeg "prairie people") where he established the mission of St. James. This mission was located on the upper Fox river, not far from where Portage City now stands. He then returned to his mission at the head of Green Bay, and then went to the Menominees whose village he says was located "eight leagues from our cabin." It is hard to reconcile this statement with another, namely that he founded his mission somewhere near the head of Green Bay.

We think that the copyist must have made a mistake in giving the number of leagues, for assuming the Menominee village was somewhere near the mouth of the Menominee river, the distance from it to Green Bay is probably 70 miles.

The mission was dedicated to St. Michael Archangel, and to this day the Menominees are named after this great angel, although it is now located at Keshena. Father Allouez also founded a mission among the Sacs (Osagi), Pottawatomis and Winnebagoes, all of whom resided along the shores of Green Bay and Fox River. Subsequently Father Andre founded missions at Ossawimong (Sunamigo) and other places along the shores of Green Bay.

After Father Marquette had explored the Mississippi as far south as the mouth of the Arkansas River he returned to the mission of St. Francis Xavier, at De Pere, and remained there until late in the fall of 1674 when he made his second and last voyage west, going by the western shore of Lake Michigan as far as Chicago where he wintered in 1674-75 and then went to Vashkiaska, and founded the Mission of the Immaculate Conception among the Illinois. On his way back he died somewhere on the eastern shore of

Lake Michigan, probably where Ludington now stands. Two years later his body was taken up by some of his former converts and brought to St. Ignace where they were solemnly interred. Father Ed. Jucker, V. G., of Marquette, discovered his grave in 1877.

During the century between 1700-1800 all the Wisconsin Indian missions were abandoned with the exception of St. Francis Xavier, which was attended by Jesuit Fathers. When Charlevoix visited said mission in 1721 he found a priest at the French fort. From lately discovered documents, Father Chardon was there about this time or a little later.

There is a constant tradition that one or two priests were killed by pagan Indians at De Pere. This tradition is related by all old Indian missionaries, Babin, VanderBroek and others; most probably they were killed after 1743, the date of Charlevoix' history of New France (Canada), for he makes no mention of the fact in his celebrated work. They were probably killed during the war between the Foxes and French. A monstration, the gift of Nicolas Perrot in 1685 to the mission of St. Francis Xavier, was found early in this century buried in the ground. It is now kept by the Wisconsin Historical Society at Madison, Wis. Perhaps that the murder of the missionaries, the destruction of the mission buildings and the burying of the monstration occurred at the same time.

At St. Ignace, Mich., missionaries were stationed and others passed by there on their way to the more southern missions in Illinois and further south and it is barely possible that Green Bay was visited by a priest between 1743-1789; the fact is expressly denied in the Grignon Recollections.

In 1789 or thereabouts, Green Bay was visited by Very Rev. Gabriel Richard of Detroit and again in 1823. In 1825 the place was visited by Father Babin, and later on by others prior to 1834, when Father Vanden Broek, a Dominican from Holland, arrived on the 4th of July.

He and Mazzuchelli labored there conjointly until 1836, when he started the mission of St. John Nepomuc among the Menominees at Little Chute.

Prior to 1847 he baptized some six hundred Indians, Menominees, Winnebagoes and Chippewas. He died in Little Chute in 1851, after having brought over in 1848 a large number of Catholic Hollanders, who settled in Little Chute, Hollandtown, Freedom, Green Bay, De Pere and elsewhere. The baptismal records of Green Bay begin with 1832, those at La Pointe (B. Baragon) in 1835 and those of Little Chute in 1836.

In 1835 Rev. Frederic Baraga, subsequently first Bishop of Sault Ste. Marie and Marquette, arrived at La Pointe, and soon founded there a flourishing Indian mission and another at Fond du Lac, Minn., about fifteen miles west of Duluth. With funds furnished by the Leopoldine Society of Vienna, he built a church at Middlefort on said Island in 1835.

In 1841 this church was taken down, rebuilt and enlarged in the place where it now stands. In 1836 Baraga went to Europe in quest of funds for his poor mission and returned in 1837. During his stay in La Pointe, he baptized a great number of Indians and half breeds and composed several Indian and Slavonian books, which are still held in high esteem and much used by the people for whom they were written. He left La Pointe in 1843 and went to L'Anse, where he established another flourishing mission, that of the Holy Name of Jesus. Here he labored with truly apostolic zeal for ten years among the Indians and Whites. For many years he was the only priest in all northern Michigan. Besides travelling on foot, summer and winter, over this immense territory, attending to the spiritual wants of the constantly growing Catholic population, he found time to compose his celebrated Chippewa Grammar and Dictionary and books of instructions for his dear Indians. In 1853 he was elevated to the episcopal dignity and shortly afterwards made his second and last trip to his beloved fatherland in quest of priests and funds for his large but poor diocese. He died in 1868 in apostolic poverty, for the last twenty dollars he had he gave on his deathbed to Father Terhorst of L'Anse who for thirty eight years has labored with self-sacrificing zeal in the mission founded by his saintly bishop, Baraga.

October 4th 1845 Father Otto Skolla, O. S. F., arrived in La Pointe. He was a countryman of Baraga and a very pious, ascetical man. He labored with great zeal and much success at La Pointe until 1853 when he went to Keshena and labored among the Menominees, of whom he converted many.

The most active and efficient missionary after Father Skolla's departure from La Pointe was Rev. Angelus Van Raewel, a Belgian by birth, a very mortified and saintly man. His mission embraced La Pointe, Bad River reservation, Superior and Bayfield. His memory is in benediction with the people of the Lake Superior country. He left about 1860.

He was succeeded by Father Chebrian who for thirteen years labored amidst many hardships and privations amongst the Chippewas at the Western Extremi-

ty of Lake Superior. He was a great linguist and much esteemed by all classes of people. He died lately in St. Ignace Mich.

For two years Rev. Fr. Xavier Pfaffler labored amongst the people of Bayfield and La Pointe and was succeeded in 1878 by the Franciscan Fathers, under whose spiritual care all the Chippewa missions of Wisconsin are placed.

There are Indian churches at La Pointe, Bayfield, Odanah, Buffalo Bay, Courtes Oreilles, Takewag, Bellisle Falls, Flambeau Farm, Mud Lake, Mouth of Yellow River, Trade Lake, Old and New Flambeau. The Indians are well attended to.

There are Indian schools at Buffalo Bay, Bayfield, Courtes Oreilles and Odanah.

As to the Menominees, whose conversion was begun as early as 1670 by Fathers Allouez, Andre and others; they have had many zealous missionaries in the nineteenth century. Fathers Van den Brock, Muzzuchelli, Hätsher and Skolla. They were for some years attended by Fathers Mazzeaud, Krauthahn and Merchelein, till finally in 1870 they were given to the Franciscan Fathers Odoric Derenthal and Blasius Krake. They have a large church and a flourishing boarding school for the Menominee, Stockbridge and Oneida children. The work of conversion to the Catholic faith has been happily begun among the Stockbridge and Oneidas, of whom the former are attended by the Franciscan Fathers at Keshena, and the latter by the Norbertine Fathers of West De Pere, lately arrived from Holland.

Through the labors of these zealous missionaries thousands of poor Indians have been converted and saved.

The life of a missionary is one of sacrifice. God alone knows all the long and fatiguing journeys on foot, which he has to make, in the icy cold weather of the winter, and during the hot summers, in order to bring knowledge, peace and salvation to his flock.

The poor Indian never realises fully the many and great sacrifices that are made for his eternal welfare. Nor does the missionary work for the poor recompense of gratitude and appreciation. He looks for his rewards in the next world; moreover there are thousands of things to discourage him: the fickleness of his Indians, their frequent relapse into the sins they have learned from the Whites, with whom they come in contact. Besides the Indian mission has no future. Our Indians are slowly dying away, or intermarry with the Whites. Their descendants will soon merge into the white race as we see going on very rapidly in the North-west,

the greater part of the pupils in our Indian schools being half-breeds or of mixed blood.

Written by an Old Missionary.

An Old Story.

Nowadays when a subscriber gets so mad, because an editor differs with him on some trivial question, that he discontinues his paper, we remind him of a good anecdote of the late Horace Greeley, the well known editor of the New York Tribune.

Passing down Newspaper Row in New York City one morning, he met one of his readers, who exclaimed, — "Mr. Greeley, after the article you published this morning, I intend to stop your paper."

"Oh, no!" said Mr. Greeley — "don't do that."

"Yes, sir, my mind is made up. I intend to stop the paper."

The angry subscriber was not to be appeased, and they separated. Late in the afternoon the two met again, when Mr. Greeley remarked:

"Mr. Thompson, I am very glad you did not carry out your threat this morning."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, you said you were going to stop my paper, didn't you?"

"And so I did. I went to the office and had your paper stopped."

"You are surely mistaken; I have just come from there, and the press was running, and business was booming."

"Sir," said Thompson, very pompously, "I meant I intended to stop my subscription to your paper."

"Oh, thunder!" rejoined Greeley; "I thought you were going to stop the running of my paper, and knock me out of a living. My friend, let me tell you something: one man is just one drop of water in the ocean. You didn't set the machinery of this world in motion, and you can't stop it; and when you are underneath the ground things upon the surface will wag on the same as ever."

Sure Cure for Freckles.

The Kansas City Star tells of a Triplett (Kan.) girl who sent a dollar to a smart New Yorker for a "sure cure for freckles." This is the recipe which she received: "Remove the freckles carefully with a pocket knife; soak them over night in salt water; then hang them up in the smoke-house in a good, strong smoke made of sawdust and slippery elm bark for a week. Freckles thus treated never fail to be thoroughly cured."



VOL. IV.

BANNING, CAL., SEPTEMBER 15, 1899.

NO. 12.

Letter of Right Rev. G. Montgomery, D. D. to the clergy of the diocese:

REV. FATHER:

On May 25th of the present year Our Holy Father, Leo XIII., addressed an encyclical letter to the Bishops of the world directing that the human race be solemnly consecrated to the Sacred Heart. But as the Letter did not reach those dioceses so far distant as ours, for the consecration to take place on the day appointed, the Holy Father has kindly extended the time to September 21st. Therefore that solemn act of consecration will take place in this diocese on the Feast of our Patron, St. Vibiana, September 2d.

The Holy Father has ordered a Triduum as a preparation for the consecration. Therefore please invite your congregation to join with you on the first, second, and third of September, in the Triduum and consecration. The prayers to be said are optional except the Litany of the Sacred Heart, a copy of which I send you, and which is henceforth one of the Litanies approved by the Church for public devotions.

The Triduum will close with the act of solemn consecration, the form of which I also send you.....

ENCYCLICAL LETTER OF OUR HOLY FATHER, LEO XIII., BY DIVINE PROVIDENCE, POPE.

TO THE PATRIARCHS, PRIMATEs, ARCHBISHOPS AND BISHOPS OF THE CATHOLIC WORLD IN GRACE AND COMMUNION WITH THE APOSTOLIC SEE, ON THE CONSECRATION OF MANKIND TO THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS. TO OUR VENERABLE BROTHERN, ALL PATRIARCHS, PRIMATEs, ARCHBISHOPS, AND BISHOPS OF THE CATHOLIC WORLD, IN GRACE AND COMMUNION WITH THE APOSTOLIC SEE, POPE LEO XIII.

Venerable Brethren, Health and Apostolic Benediction.

But a short time ago, as you well know, We, by letters apostolic, and

following the custom and ordinances of Our predecessors, commanded the celebration in this city, at no distant date, of a Holy Year. And now today, in the hope and with the object that this religious celebration shall be more devoutly performed, We have traced and recommended a striking design from which, if we shall follow it out with good will, We not unreasonably expect extraordinary and lasting benefit for Christendom in the first place and also for the human race.

Already more than once We have endeavored, after the example of Our predecessors, Innocent XII., Benedict XIII., Clement XIII., Pius VI., Pius VII., and Pius IX., devoutly to foster and bring out into fuller light that most excellent form of devotion which has for its object the veneration of the Sacred Heart of Jesus: this We did especially by the Decree given on June 28, 1889, by which We raised the Feast under that name to the dignity of the first class. But now We have in mind a more signal form of devotion which shall be in a manner the crowning perfection of all honors that people have been accustomed to pay to the Sacred Heart, and which We confidently trust will be most pleasing to Jesus Christ, our Redeemer. This is the first time, however that the design of which We speak has been mooted. Twenty-five years ago, on the approach of the solemnities of the second centenary of the Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque's reception of the divine command to propagate the worship of the Sacred Heart, many letters from all parts, not merely from private persons but from Bishops also were sent to Pius IX. begging that he would consent to consecrate the

whole human race to the most Sacred Heart of Jesus. It was thought best at the time to postpone the matter in order that a well-considered decision might be arrived at: meanwhile permission was granted to individual cities which desired it, thus to consecrate themselves, and a form of consecration was drawn up. Now, for certain new and additional reasons, We consider that the plan is ripe for fulfillment.

CHRIST OUR KING.

This world-wide and solemn testimony of allegiance and piety is especially appropriate to Jesus Christ, who is the Head and supreme Lord of the race. His empire extends not only over Catholic nations and those who, having been duly washed in the waters of holy baptism, belong of right to the Church, although erroneous opinions keep them astray, or dissent from her teaching cuts them off from her care; it comprises also all those who are deprived of the Christian faith, so that the whole human race is most truly under the power of Jesus Christ. For He who is the Only-begotten Son of God the Father, having been the substance with Him and being the brightness of His glory and the figure of His substance (Hebrews i., 3) necessarily has everything in common with the Father, and therefore sovereign power over all things. This is why the Son of God thus speaks of Himself through the Prophet: "But I am appointed king by Him over Sion, his holy mountain. . . The Lord said to me. Thou art my son, this day have I begotten thee. Ask me and I will give thee the Gentiles for thy inheri-

tance and the utmost parts of the earth for thy possession" (Ps. ii.). By these words He declares He has power from God over the whole Church, which is signified by Mount Sion, and also over the rest of the world to its uttermost ends. On what foundation this sovereign power rests is made sufficiently plain by the words, "Thou art My Son." For the very fact that He is the Son of the King of all, He is also the heir of all His Father's power; hence the words—"I will give thee the Gentiles for thy inheritance," which are similar to those used by Paul the Apostle, "whom He hath appointed heir of all things" (Heb. i., 2).

But we should now give most special consideration to the declarations made by Jesus Christ, not through the Apostles or the Prophets, but by His own words. To the Roman Governor who asked Him, "Art thou a king then?" He answered unhesitatingly, "Thou sayest that I am King" (John xviii., 37). And the greatness of this power and the boundlessness of His kingdom is still more clearly declared in these words to the Apostles: "All power is given to me in heaven and on earth" (Matthew xviii., 18). If then all power has been given to Christ it follows of necessity that His empire must be supreme, absolute and independent of the will of any other, so that none is either equal or like unto it; and since it has been given it ought to have heaven and earth obedient to it. And verily He has acted on this extraordinary and peculiar right when He commanded His Apostles to preach His doctrine over the earth, to gather all men together into the one body of the Church by the baptism of salvation, and to bind them by laws which no one could reject without risking his eternal salvation.

CHRIST OUR REDEEMER.

But this is not all. Christ reigns not only by natural right as the Son of God but also by right that He has acquired. For He it was who snatched us "from the powers of darkness" (Colossians i., 13), and "gave Himself for the redemption of all" (1 Timothy ii., 5). Therefore not only Catholics, and those who have duly received Christian baptism, but also all people" (1 Peter ii., 9). St. Augustine's words are therefore to the point when he says: "You ask what price He paid? See what He gave and you will understand how much He paid. The price was the blood of Christ.

What could cost so much but the whole world, and all its people? The great price He paid was paid for all" (Tract 120 in Joan.).

How it comes about the infidels themselves are subject to the power and dominion of Jesus Christ is clearly shown by St. Thomas, who gives us the reason and explanation. For having put the question whether His judicial power extends to all men, and having stated that judicial authority flows naturally from royal authority, he concluded decisively as follows: "All things are subject to Christ as far as His power is concerned, although they are not all subject to Him in the exercise of that power" (32 P., Q. 59, A.). This sovereign power of Christ over men is exercised by truth, justice, and, above all charity.

VOLUNTARY CONSECRATION.

To this two-fold ground of His power and domination He graciously allows us, if we think fit, to add voluntary consecration. Jesus Christ, Our God and Our Redeemer, is rich in the fullest and perfect possession of all things: We on the other hand, are so poor and needy that we have nothing of our own to offer him as a gift. But yet, in His infinite goodness and love, He in no way objects to our giving and consecrating to Him what is already His, as if it were really our own; nay, far from refusing such an offering, He positively desires it and asks for it: "My son give me thy heart." We are, therefore, able to be pleasing to Him by the good will and the affections of our soul. For by consecrating ourselves to Him we not only declare our open and free acknowledgement and acceptance of His authority over us, but we also testify that if what we offer as a gift were really our own, we would still offer it with our whole heart. We also beg of Him that He would vouchsafe to receive it from us, though clearly His own. Such is the efficacy of the act of which we speak, such is the meaning underlying our words.

And since there is in the Sacred Heart a symbol and a sensible image of the infinite love of Jesus Christ which moves us to love one another, therefore is it fit and proper that we should consecrate ourselves to His most Sacred Heart—an act which is nothing else than an offering and a binding of oneself to Jesus Christ, seeing that whatever honor, veneration, and love is given to this divine Heart is really and truly given to Christ Himself.

For these reasons We urge and exhort all who know and love this divine Heart willingly to undertake this act of piety; and it is Our earnest desire that all should make it on the same day, that so the aspirations of so many thousands who are performing this act of consecration may be borne to the temple of heaven on the same day. But shall We allow to slip from Our remembrance those innumerable others upon whom the light of Christian truth has not yet shined? We hold the place of Him who came to save human race. And so We greatly desire to bring to the true life those who sit in the shadow of death. As We have already sent messengers of Christ over the earth to instruct them, so now, in pity for their lot, with all Our soul We commend them, and as far in Us lies We consecrate them to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. In this way this act devotion, which we recommend, will be a blessing to all. For having performed it, those in whose hearts are the knowledge and love of Jesus Christ will feel that faith and love increased. Those who knowing Christ, yet neglect His law and its precepts, may still gain from His Sacred Heart the flame of charity. And lastly, for those still more unfortunate, who are struggling in the darkness of superstition, we shall with one mind implore the assistance of heaven that Jesus Christ, to whose power they are subject, may also one day render them submissive to its exercise: and that not only in the life to come when He will fulfill His will upon all men, by saving some and punishing others (St. Thomas, *loco citato*), but also in this mortal life by giving them faith and holiness. May they by these virtues strive to honor God as they ought, and to win everlasting happiness in heaven.

THE NEED OF IT.

Such an act of consecration, since it can establish or draw tighter the bonds which naturally connect public affairs with God, gives to States a hope of better things. In these latter times especially a policy has been followed which has resulted in a sort of wall being raised between the Church and civil society. In the constitution and administration of States the authority of sacred and divine law is utterly disregarded, with a view to the exclusion of religion from having any constant part in public life. This policy almost tends to the removal of the Christian faith from our midst, and, if that were possible, of the

REV. FATHER LAMBERT

ON

ROB. INGERSOLL.

For some years before his death Robert G. Ingersoll had been falling away from public attention. He was growing old, and took a less conspicuous part in politics and other public affairs. This is a busy world, society lives fast and requires variety and novelty in its stimulants. The idol of to-day is apt to be relegated to the lumber garret to-morrow. It requires a great man to attract general public attention by his ability; a greater, in good or evil, to hold it long, and a still greater to hold it permanently and pass his name down to posterity as a land-mark in the rapid current of time.

After his lecture on Moses, and one or two others, the public became familiar with Ingersoll's whole range of thought on philosophy and theology. It was a narrow range, and his subsequent lectures and Magazine articles were a repetition of Moses, ghosts, etc. Passing events gave occasion for variety in the way of digression, but on the whole Ingersoll's lectures for the last few years were a repetition of the first two or three that brought him to public notice. Had it not been for his great oratorical powers, his wit that amused and his gift of story-telling—so dear to an American audience—he would years ago have suffered the fate of forgotten actors, poets and novelists.

He was not an original thinker, nor a profound thinker on the thoughts of others. There are artists in Rome and other art centers of Europe who confine themselves to making copies of the masterpieces of great painters. By reason of their vividness and freshness these copies are preferred by superficial picture-buyers to the originals, somewhat dimmed by age and dust and smoke. What these copyists are to the great masters, the orator of agnosticism was to the infidel and atheistic writers of the eighteenth century. Their writings were his storehouse of argument and misinformation. His wit and rhetoric clothed their arguments in more modern dress and made them more attractive to the superficial by their freshness and piquancy. But the new paint added no element of strength to the originals.

It is a question whether Ingersoll ever had a clear idea of what he believed. His lectures and writings are almost exclusively devoted to telling what he

did not believe. Instead of seeking something positive and permanent to hold to, he was forever ferreting to find defects in what others held as positive and permanent.

His trend of mind was to destroy rather than to construct. To destroy one needs not to know the nature or constituents of the thing one destroys. The child with a match can destroy a palace, but cannot build a hut where the palace stood. A man can destroy a watch without knowing its intricate machinery but without such knowledge he cannot construct it. Because of this mental trend, it is a question whether Ingersoll comprehended any system of philosophy as a whole, even that of agnosticism—professed. His mental eye saw systems of philosophy and systems as one sees objects in a broken or distorted mirror—in a fragmentary or distorted state. He lacked that faculty by which systems and things are seen in their totality and in their due and proper relation to the universal whole.

Owing to this inability to grasp philosophical systems in their totality and see that they must stand or fall as a whole, Ingersoll had no philosophical system. He took a principle from one system and another principle from another system, and failed to see that the two principles are contradictory of each other. Many instances of this indiscriminate selection of principles are to be found in his lectures. If there is anything he insisted on and reiterated more than another it is liberty, freedom of thought, freedom of will. No one has spoken more eloquently on this subject than he. But he did not see that principle of his destroyed utterly liberty, freedom of thought and of will. We quote from his lecture on "The Gods" this doctrine of his that makes liberty of thought or action an impossibility: "In the phenomena of mind we find the same endless chain of efficient cause. The same mechanical necessity. Every thought must have had an efficient causes. Every motive, every desire, every fear, hope and dream must have been necessarily produced. The facts and forces governing thought are as absolute as those governing the motions of the planets. A poem is produced by the forces of nature, and is as necessarily and naturally produced as mountains and seas. Every mental operation is the necessary result of certain facts and conditions."

This doctrine, uttered so dogmatically, is of course the death of all liberty.

And yet he who proclaimed it believed himself to be a champion of liberty of thought and condemned Christianity as an enemy of free thought. "Christianity," he said, "certainly has not been the advocate of free thought; and what is free thought, and what is freedom worth if the mind be enslaved?" This is an instance where Ingersoll took a doctrine from a system of philosophy that advocates free thought and then took a contrary doctrine from another system that denies the possibility of free thought or freedom of any kind. How the same mind could hold these two essentially antagonistic doctrines at the same time as true is a very interesting psychological question.

Such inconsistencies are enough to show why Ingersoll, in the role of a philosophical teacher, was ceasing to be a man of interest to the general public. He was equally inconsistent in his opposition to Christianity. He did not understand it as a whole. It may be that he was not conscious of his many inconsistencies, just as a man who is color blind is not conscious of the fact and persists in calling a red object blue, because, by reason of his defective vision, he cannot see it otherwise. There is such a thing as intellectual color blindness. His antipathy to Christianity did not arise from his intellectual perceptions, but from his imagination, emotions and sentiment. These had been wounded to an insufferable degree by a false presentation of Christianity in his early youth. Puritan extremeism that gave a false philosophy of life and a false idea of the beneficent Creator, gave his young imagination and emotional nature a shock that it never recovered from, a shock that left no alternative but despair or revolt, and he chose the latter. The Christianity he hated was not true Christianity as it is, but the Christianity that had been burned and scalded into his consciousness and memory. His feverish animosity to the Christianity of his imagination—the only Christianity he knew—was the result of pain from the wound that had cicatrized his very soul. This animosity grew with his growth and increased until it became the monomania of his life. This monomania accounts for much that he has said that will not stand the cold test of calm reason and common sense. Instead of being a curb his intellect became the slave of his emotions and his imagination, which accounts for its fitfulness and inconsistencies and for its perverted vision of truth and facts.

What of his responsibility for the

evil he has done? God alone knows, for He alone knows whether the early shock to his faculties left him that liberty of soul which is essential to accountability. He alone knows how far he was free, and therefore how far was responsible, and will judge him with infinite justice. It is because no man has or can have all the data to the problem of another man's life, and because no man can put himself in another man's place, that God has said "judge not." He has reserved judgment to Himself, because His knowledge is infinite and therefore adequate. God alone knows whether Ingersoll's intellectual color blindness was great enough to free him from responsibility.

A practical answer to the question of responsibility may be put in this way: Had a well instructed Catholic, with sane mind and normal will, made the record of blasphemy Mr. Ingersoll made and took with him, and had he died without repenting, he would most certainly be damned to hell for all eternity. But hypothetical answers, like expert evidence, are of very little use in the solution of an actual problem.

The Yaquis—A Model Indian Tribe.

The papers have lately reported an uprising of the Yaqui Indians in Sonora, Mexico.

The Yaqui Indians are probably the finest tribe of aborigines on the continent. Since the days when Spain was mistress of the land of the Aztecs, the Yaquis have been Catholics.

There are many quaint old churches throughout the Yaqui country, some of which have been wholly or partly decorated by the Indians in a strikingly original and bizarre style, according to Verona Granville in the *Land of Sunshine*. At one of the villages she saw copper bells weighing almost a ton each, bearing the date of 1763. These bells were removed from the church during the late wars with the government troops and presented to a church near Hermosilla, but on the demand of the chief they were returned and they still peal sweetly for morning and evening service.

The Yaquis are the backbone of the population of Sonora. They are the best workman in the Republic, commanding from ten to twenty per cent higher wages in many localities than Mexican or other Indian labor. There

is not a lazy bone in the Yaqui boy. They are a peaceable, law-abiding people when justly treated. From time immemorial they have been hunters, miners, and tillers of the soil. They have the nomad instinct in less degree than almost any other Indian tribe. When oppressed they have simply risen to redress their wrongs, although in their mountain fastness they could no more be conquered than the Scotchmen before the battle of Bannockburn.

FROM SAN BERNARDINO TO TEMECULA.

Whoever intends to make this journey must be prepared for some surprises. The best way is, to take before starting a good snack meal in some restaurant, besides a little lunch-basket for the way. The train runs to Riverside. Then it returns again to High Grove, and switches over to the main line for Temecula. The train is a mixture of fast express, local and freight.

Slowly does the locomotive pull up its heavy load the steep grade, east of Riverside. The panorama of this city is perhaps best seen from the train. Soon the scene changes. The rising dust and the dry barren fields, interspersed now and then by green trees, small orchards and lonely looking houses tell the traveller, that he is in a dry, warm climate. Approaching Perris, the brakeman calls out "Perris; change cars for Elsinore, Temecula and way stations."

One train then leaves for San Jacinto, and after its departure, another one, a freight and passenger train moves up from a side track about half a mile south of the Perris station. The usual "All aboard" informs the traveling public to board the passenger car, which at the same time is post-office, baggage room, express and caboose. All goes well until Elsinore is reached. Then a few unexpected, violent bumps, kind of electric shocks, remind the passengers that the medical treatment of the summer resort Elsinore begins in the car. After this bumping and shaking quiet is restored.

The baggage and express room is locked, the conductor, first neatly dressed, now appears in oily overalls and blouse, the same as the brakeman and express agent; with another impressive bump the train is broken in two and the crew departs with one half of the freight cars for the coal mines. They there load coal. It takes them about two hours and the passengers may in the meantime kill the time or themselves or improve their drooping spirits by means of excursions to the lake or any other legitimate amusement.

When the whistle again sounds "look out," one must be careful not to look out but to

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place oneself in a position, stemming hands and feet to anything solid, so as to be ready for another electric bump.

From Elsinore to Temecula the train runs ad libitum; that is, you get there for supper but the exact time cannot be given. Elsinore, Murietta, Wildmar, are all pretty little places, and if they would just be located one hundred miles nearer to Los Angeles, their prosperous future would be assured.

Temecula is the terminus of this branch of the Southern California R.R. It has a population of about 200-300 people, blacksmith shops, hotels, stores, lively stables, sheep and cattle corrals and a big school house.

We mention the corrals, because the live stock raised in the mountains and in Warner's Ranch, is shipped by way of Temecula to the cities. The most remarkable feature of Temecula is wind. There is not one day during the year, when the wind does not blow in Temecula. For this reason, the streets of Temecula are swept clean daily and neither water nor oil is in demand for the allaying of the dust. Anyone who goes the first time to Temecula knows that he has arrived end of the world. But there is a way to get out of it. A tri-weekly stage runs from Temecula to the Hot Springs. Besides the train returns to San Bernardino the next day and makes better time. When we were there Aug. 28th, we took hold of the latter train to get out of the dilemma.

The Mission Indian



SAN LUIS KEY

VOL. IV.

BANNING, CAL., OCTOBER 15, 1898.

NO. 1.

Pray for us, now and at the hour of our death.

By KATHERINE ELEANOR CONWAY.

Mother, the skies are dim,
The air is cold,
And forms of terror grim
The mists unfold.

Wearied am I and weak,
And sore afraid;—
O Virgin, pure and meek
Sweet Mother—aid!

If I could see thy face
'T were almost Heaven,
A sign of pitying grace
And sin forgiven.

But O—this awful gloom
Within, without,
The fiends of wrath and doom,
Despair and doubt!

O for one bright hour more
Of strength supreme,
Like those I wasted o'er
My life's long dream!

But Mother—if thou plead
With thy dear Son
In this, my woful need,
My Heaven is won!



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Derivation of Admiral.

The word admiral is derived by the dictionaries in rather a roundabout fashion from the Arabic emir, a word which has been variously translated for commander, general. An emir was an officer in the Saracenic and afterwards

in the Turkish army, and, as these were composed mostly of cavalry, the emir was originally a cavalry officer. As the conquests of the Turks broadened, the Turkish sultans began to make war upon the sea as well as upon the land and the officers who commanded vessels and fleets retained the title that they

had when directing squadrons or horses. The title is found among the Algerine and Barbary pirates, and is first noticed in English use during the reign of Edward III, when officers were commissioned as "Amryel of the Sea" or "Admiral of the Navy." — St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

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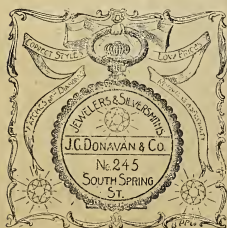
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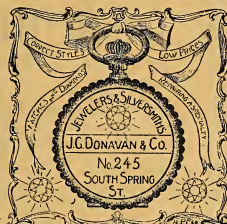
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SAN LUIS Rey

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VOL. IV.

BANNING, CAL., DECEMBER 15, 1898.

NO. 3.



O Holy Infant, Thee we greet With sounding harps and carols sweet.
Dear little Infant, calmly sleep While through the night our watch
we keep.
O blessed home that harbors Thee For great indeed its joy must be.

A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year

TO ALL OUR READERS:

"May we so live that our years, our months, our weeks, our days, our hours, our every moment, may be employed according to the Will of God, and insure us eternal life."

"Glory to God in the highest; and on earth peace to men of good will." Luke II, 14.

"A child is born to us; and a son is given to us; and the government is upon his shoulders; and his name shall be called the Prince of Peace." Is. IX, 6, 7.

On Christmas day, the Sacrifice of the New Law is offered up three times by every priest, to signify (1) Christ's eternal generation from the Father; (2) His temporal birth at Bethlehem; (3) His spiritual birth in the soul of man. Is your heart ready to receive Him?

A Christmas Legend.

Amongst the earlier descendants of William the Conqueror was one Walthen, a priest, whose mother had married David, King of Scotland, and whose father bore in his veins the blood of the brave Sward, about whom you have all heard no doubt. St. Walthen, of course, loved the beautiful feasts of Christmas tide; and on one occasion, after a very fervent preparation, he was standing at the altar celebrating the Midnight Mass, when a strange thing happened.

It was so solemn, so intensely still in the chapel, that the very candles seemed to be holding their breath in expectation. The worshippers wondered that Walthen

was so long at the Elevation. And what do you suppose was the cause? A very wonderful thing indeed.

As St. Walthen lifted the Sacred Host and pronounced the words of Consecration, It suddenly disappeared, and in his arms lay a lovely Babe, smiling up into his eyes and stretching out its tiny hands to caress him. The Saint's heart gave a great leap, and then he stood still for a long, long time, drinking in the beauty of the Blessed Child that had sought a Bethlehem within his arms. Then suddenly again the Sacred Host lay on the altar, and St. Walthen finished his Mass, with great thoughts swelling in his heart and tears of joy streaming from his eyes.

Who would not like to have been in his place that Christmas morning!

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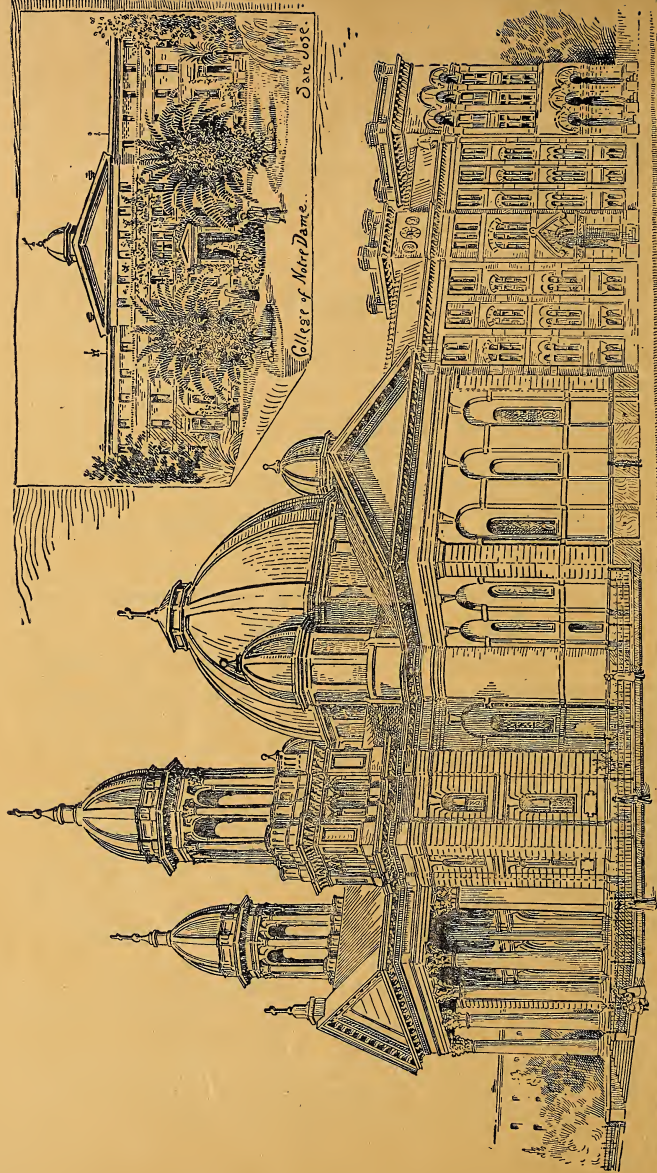
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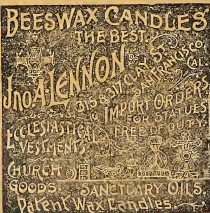
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3. Father Isaac Jogues, killed October 18th, 1646.
4. Father Antoine Daniel, killed by the Iroquois, with arrows, July 4th, 1648.
5. Father Jean Brebeuf, was burnt to death by the Iroquois March 16th & 17th 1649.
6. Father Gabriel Lalement, was burnt to death by the Iroquois, March 16 and 17, 1649.
7. Father Garnier, killed by the Iroquois, Dec. 7th, 1649.
8. Father Noel Chabanel was drowned by Huron Indians, December 8th, 1649.

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A Dozen Toppers.

The largest ship afloat now is the *Oceanic* of the White Star line, built in Belfast, Ireland, and launched successfully on the 14th of last January. The following table is instructive, showing the dimensions of the largest merchant vessels afloat:

Vessel's name.	Length.	Breadth.	Depth.
Great Eastern	680 ft.	83 ft.	58 ft.
Alaska	500 ft.	50 ft.	39 ft. 8 in.
City of Paris	527 ft. 6 in.	93 ft.	42 ft.
Tentonic	565 ft.	57 ft. 6 in.	42 ft.
Campana	600 ft.	65 ft.	41 ft.
Kaiser Wilhelm			
der Grosse	626 ft.	66 ft.	43 ft.
Oceanic	720 ft.	68 ft.	49 ft.

The *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse* made the fastest passage across the Atlantic in 5 days 19 hours and 46 minutes, her average speed being 22. 51 Knots per hour. The *Cunard boat Lutanian* during 1898 averaged 21.99 knots on a voyage lasting 5 days 11 hours and 54 minutes. It is expected that the *Oceanic* will beat all previous records.

The hottest region on earth is the south eastern part of Persia, where it borders the gulf. For forty consecutive days in July and August, the temperature has been known not to fall lower than 100 degrees night or day.

The largest flower in the world is the one called *Ramessia Arnolki*, of Sumatra.

Its size is fully three feet in diameter—about the size of a carriage wheel. The five petals of this immense flower are oval and creamy white, growing round a centre filled with countless long violet-hued stamens. The flower weighs about fifteen pounds, and is capable of containing nearly two gallons of water. The buds are like gigantic brown cabbage heads.

The highest tide in the world is in the bay of Fundy, where it rises a foot in five minutes, and has been known to attain a height of seventy feet.

The deepest hole in the earth is at Schladebach near Ketschau, in Germany. It is 5735 feet in depth, and is for geological research only. The drilling was begun in 1880, and stopped six weeks later, because the engineers were unable with their instruments to go deeper. This hole was expensive and its cost was £10,000 or \$50,000.

The largest insect known to entomologists, is a central American moth, called the *Erebus Strix*, which expands its wings from 11 to 18 inches.

The greatest bell in the world is in an edifice before the great temple of Buddha at Tokio. It weighs 1,700,000 pounds, and is four times greater than the great bell of Moscow, whose circumference at the rim is nearly sixty eight feet, and whose height is 21 feet.

The largest room in the world under

one roof, and unbroken by pillars, is at St. Petersburg. It is 620 feet long by 150 in breadth. By day light it is used for military displays, and a whole battalion can completely manœuvre in it. By night 20,000 wax tapers give it a beautiful appearance. The roof is a single arch of iron.

The greatest sea depth known to man is in the South Atlantic Ocean, midway between the island Tristan da Cunha, and the mouth of the Rio de la Plata; the bottom being here reached at a depth of 40,236 feet or eight and three quarter miles.

The longest fence in the world is a wire netting fence in Australia. 1,236 miles long, its object being to keep the rabbits from the cultivated fields.

The largest sundial in the world is *Hayas Horoo*, a large promontory, extending 3,000 feet above the Aegean sea. As the sun swings round the shadow of this mountain, it touches one by one the circle of islands which act as hour marks.

The largest dwelling house in the world is the *Freihaus*, in a suburb of Vienna, containing in all, between 1,200 or 1,500 rooms, divided into upwards of 400 separate apartments. This immense house, wherein a whole city lives, eats, sleeps, has 13 courtyards, five open and eight covered, and a garden within its walls.

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SAN LUIS REY

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BANNING, CAL., MAY 15, 1899.

NO. 8.



Letter of the Right Rev. Bishop Montgomery, to the Clergy and Laity of the Diocese of Monterey and Los Angeles.

DEARLY BELOVED BRETHREN:

As you are already aware, Our Holy Father, Leo XIII., has ordered an annual Novena to the Holy Ghost, ending on Pentecost Sunday.

Besides being a time most suitable for fulfilling the Easter duty of Confession and Communion on the part of those who, as yet, may not have complied with that sacred obligation, we should endeavor to enter

into the mind and spirit of the Holy Father in establishing the Novena and enriching it with the Indulgences and spiritual treasures of the Church.

The Sovereign Pontiff and Supreme Pastor of Souls, ever watchful of the spiritual interests of his flock, addresses us from time to time upon such subjects as seem to him of special importance, with a view of constantly renewing the fire of divine love in the souls of the faithful. And in none of these public utterances does he forget that great world outside the visible communion of the Church, whose father he is, despite the fact that they ignore his benign paternity.

As the people of God in the Old Law had it as their special vocation to preserve in the world the knowledge of the one true God, so is His Church in the New dispensation commissioned to teach and preserve for all men the truths of salvation, revealed and taught by Jesus Christ.

Man is not only religious by nature, but in his heart demands a supernatural guidance in matters of religion.

Private interpretation of Supernatural Revelation and mere human guidance, have broken down as satisfactory guides for the soul, and hence those unseemly vagaries witnessed in the world outside the

Church. Many of those who have followed this method have dropped, one by one, the fundamental truths of the Christian faith, have called them in question, have given them a merely intellectual value, devoid of all true spiritual life, or have reduced them to a sentiment and classed them as psychological phenomena merely, until there exist in the world today the greatest uncertainty and unrest concerning man's highest and only good.

The principles that are responsible for this unhappy state of mind are many and far-reaching in their effects, but they may be summed up in two leading errors, namely, the rejection of a divinely appointed and infallible teaching authority, and the sacramental system of Divine grace.

Not more to safeguard the faith and the spiritual life of Catholic people, than to set the simple truth over against these errors for all men, the Holy Father, in the Encyclical instituting the Novena, explains simply the office of the Holy Ghost in the Church of God, an office that meets perfectly these errors that are leading the souls astray.

For us the purposes of the Novena are to pay our duties of love and adoration to the Holy Spirit of God as the teacher and sanctifier of souls, and to pray earnestly that all peoples may surrender to Him a loving and willing obedience of mind and heart; "that henceforth they be no more children tossed to and fro and carried about with every wind of doctrine," (a) but finally come to dwell together "in the unity of the spirit and the bond of peace," (b) and thus blessed with the fullness and the certainty of divine truth may find rest for their souls "in the one fold with the one Shepherd." (c)

The office of the Holy Ghost in the Church is identical with that of the Church herself: to teach, govern, sanctify and save souls. The indwelling of the Holy Ghost in the Church is her very life and soul, teaching with infallible certainty by the voice of the Church, the truths to be believed, and conveying to the souls through the seven sacraments instituted by Jesus Christ, the supernatural graces necessary for its salvation.

Faith is the foundation of the spiritual and supernatural life—that is to say, the knowledge of the

supernatural truth made known by God by a supernatural revelation. Heaven being supernatural can be attained only by a supernatural means. In this sense does the Apostle say: "without faith it is impossible to please God." (d) But this faith so necessary cannot be made dependent upon an irresponsible agent, or upon the incapacities and caprices of a mere human instrumentality. It must come through an authorized ministry divinely commissioned to teach it. Even the Old Law had such a ministry, and it was but a figure of the New: "Faith, then, cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of Christ." (e) "And how shall they hear without a preacher, and how shall they preach unless they be sent?" (f) That faith, then, according to the Apostle, without which it is impossible to please God and save one's soul, must come to man through a ministry divinely commissioned for the purpose; and hence does the same Apostle in his epistle to the Hebrews establishing the priesthood of the New Law, base it upon the very priesthood of Christ, saying: "God, Who at sundry times and in diverse manners spoke in times past to the fathers by the prophets, last of all, in these days hath spoken to us by His Son." (g) And that Divine Son of God, having redeemed the world by His death, organized His Church to save the world. And in the person of the Apostles and in their lawful successors, He instituted the priesthood of the New Law, and sent them into the world, with more ample powers and with a more clearly defined commission, than He ever conferred on patriarch or prophet. "You have not chosen me but I have chosen you; and have appointed you, that you should go and bring forth fruit and your fruit should remain." (h) "All power is given to me in heaven and in earth. Going, therefore, teach ye all nations. . . . Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you, and behold I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world." (i) "He that heareth you heareth me, and he that despiseth you despiseth me, and he that despiseth me despiseth Him that sent me." (j) In these words Our Lord characterizes the authority with which they should teach, as being His own, not less by what they

should say, than by the unhappy condition they should place themselves in, who should close their minds and hearts to His heavenly message. But the Holy Ghost is to lend them likewise His assistance with His abiding presence. "And I will ask the Father and He shall give you another Paraclete, that He may abide with you forever, the Spirit of truth." (k) "The Paraclete, the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, He will teach you all things, and bring all things to your mind whatsoever I shall have said to you." (l) And our Blessed Lord identifies the testimony which this priesthood shall bear to Him, with that of the Holy Ghost himself, in these clear and emphatic words: "But when the Paraclete cometh, whom I will send you from the Father, the spirit of truth, who proceedeth from the Father, He shall bear testimony of me, and you shall bear testimony of me, because you have been with me from the beginning." (m) Surely they could not bear contradictory testimony. Such is the ministry of the New Law; such the divine and authoritative mission given by Christ to His Church, assuring to it His own perpetual presence and that of the Holy Ghost.

The divine commission given was to teach, and to teach not human opinions, mere views and aspects of faith, but "whatsoever I have commanded you."

The deposit of faith, then, is not subject to, or dependent upon human infirmity. The human element in this teaching body is protected from its own inherent weakness by the presence of Christ and the indwelling of the Holy Spirit. And in the coming of the Holy Ghost upon this teaching body, on Pentecost Sunday, the supernatural revelation of God to man was made complete, and henceforth can suffer no change, can undergo no addition and no diminution. Therefore, St. Paul, writing to the Galatians concerning the preaching of novel and strange doctrines among them, uses this forcible language: "But though we or an angel from heaven preach a Gospel to you besides that which we HAVE preached, let him be anathema." (n)

Such is the office of the Holy Ghost in the Church of God as her teacher of divine truth. But the

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VOL. IV.

BANNING, CAL., JUNE 15, 1899.

NO. 9



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I am not going to preach religion; still at the same time, should

I not call your attention to the Creator, whose greatness you find depicted in nearly all the various objects, which you meet on a farm or in an orchard? Behold His greatness in the fertility He gives to the soil, in the beauty of the blossoms, in the splendor of the fruit ripened and rosy, or in the tiniest fibres which you will find in the most insignificant leaf, stem or root!

Farming and farm life not only teach the belief and greatness of a great God, but also bring about a healthy, refreshing, recreative social intercourse. There is less

genuine, less innocent mirth in the city. One half of the population in our cities is chained to a slavery of duty and work, never fully realized. There you take the street car, stay in an unhealthy room, business rushing—and if not rushing so much the worse—hurry and running.—The evenings are spent in a not always commendable manner, and time and money are sacrificed without getting an equivalent. On a farm, you find a cheerful quiet home. Work, you must, certainly; but it is mostly out doors, where you may inhale the pure, invigorating air. And in the evenings and when it is rainy or when the gentle zephyrs are changed into a raging storm, then you stay in doors! There are the folks around the fire place or in the parlor and you tell or you hear a story—a story about almost anything but always pleasant, always cheery, always simple! Farming and farm life are true recreation—the home circle or the meeting at the stores are quiet, happy, and joyous recreation!

And the individual! Do you not like farm life? You ought to! Look at everything which surrounds you! Look at the beautiful orchards you have here in Banning! Look at the buds springing forth to life and fruit! Look at the trees yielding choice fruit! Look at the flowers opening their cups to the sun and closing them at night! Look now at the green fields promising a harvest! And I truly like to see the farm house in its simplicity! I like to hear the dogs bark! I like to see the cat bringing home a gopher! I like to see the little chicks—the little pigs, the doves, the calves! I like to hear the farm music: the crowing roosters, the cackling hens, the bellowing cattle, the grunting pig and the neighing horse and then the farm bell breaking the monotony! Individually speaking, farming is beautiful!

To the beautiful comes the useful! Farming does not pay as well as it ought to! Farming and fruit raising are not a means of accumulating quickly big sums of money and I am sorry to say that owing to the multiplication of trusts, to the unjust and exorbitant charges for freighting, the cream of the farmer's profit goes into the pockets of the men controlling our commercial condition. Nevertheless

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the farmer is not worse off than the laborer and the time will come, when trusts and monopolies will go under, but not the farmer. There is always a living made on a farm! You have your fruit to sell; you have some cattle which can be transformed into money; you have a horse, or a pig, or fowl, or eggs, or butter—and if you cannot squeeze out gold dollars, you may anyhow gain some silver dollars—and a hundred silver dollars at 55 cts. a piece, are better than a thousand gold dollars of which you are not sure! You will always make a living provided you like to work on a farm!

To the useful comes the scientific! Our soldiers in Cuba and in the Philippines gained victories, because science in arming and directing them made them invincible. So it is in farming. Add to your own private enterprise science, add to your manual labor the careful study of progressive agricultural experience, inventions and research, and you will discover that farming is not only an interesting, entertaining, paying pursuit in life, but also a science, ennobling the intellect and opening to your inquiring spirit new phases every day.....

To all and to every one: Welcome!

The Roasting of the Indian Girls.

To celebrate properly this pagan feast, a large fire is made inside a corral. This fire is kept up for quite a time before the feast, so that the ground will be heated up. Then a ditch, about 3 ft. deep and 2 ft. wide is made around the fire. The neighboring Indians are invited and they will be furnished provisions; also presents are given to them by the tribe which carries on the feast of roasting the girls. The girls are kept in solitude in a house. When all things are ready, and the people have assembled, an old member of the tribe enters the house, where the girls are. He puts a blanket around every one, and carries, thus clothed, each of the girls from the room directly to the fireplace. The girl is placed gently into the ditch, and is then entirely covered with branches and brush, in such a way, that only the face is visible and exposed, so that girl may be enabled to breathe. The soil is kept warm by the fire. The girl or girls will lie in this position for three days and nights. The only food given consists in a gruel, which is fed to the girl by an old Indian woman. One of the old men, a dancer, will during this time talk to the girl in Indian, and God knows to what nonsense the girl will have to listen. Thus the feast progresses. Singing and dancing fill out the three nights; during the day the old women see to the girls, who must thus stay in the frying pan "to be roasted." When the third night ends, the girls are again brought back to their house of seclusion, the same way as they were carried out. Then they have yet to remain alone for forty days; during which time they have to abstain from salt and meat.

At the conclusion of the feast, the visiting Indians are made happy by presents. We need not mention that, when these presents are plentiful, the feast is considered a great success; if provisions and presents are scarce, the feast is "no good."

The custom of celebrating this feast has nearly died out.

The latest creation of enlightenment and higher civilization is a cemetery for dogs at Paris. Next!

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VOL. IV.

BANNING, CAL., JULY 15, 1899.

NO. 10.



MISSION SAN GABRIEL.

THE OLD FRANCISCAN MISSIONS IN CALIFORNIA.

California, it is true, is the newest of States; a sister so young and so fair that her elders in the federal family can not realize that she is growing up. To have been born a little quicker by the calendar is so much more important than to have robust health, a liberal education, and a light heart, that the elderly sisters are quit right in assuming that the chit on the Pacific is to be snubbed. And on the other hand, youth is quite content to let the wadding matrons and sour old maids find what comfort they may in their condition, while she runs barefoot in the joy of life.

The Caucasian history of California turns back only 130 years.... though the

State was discovered 60 years before New England had anywhere within its historic limits one building from the last century so romantic, so picturesque, so noble in architecture, so great an achievement, for its time and circumstance, as an average California mission, the English-speaking world would ring with its fame; Hawthorne and Whittier and Longfellow and Holmes would have immortalized it, and millions would make pilgrimage to it.

Unfortunately for American literature, "there's no such a person." There is not in New England — nor in the whole United States, east of Colorado—a single

old building remotely to be compared with the Franciscan Missions, of which California has 21. The Atlantic States were a century and a half old when the first European sat down in California for good; but in all that time they had not erected an edifice so masterful as he began at once. The Easterner who knows anything about his own history stands astounded before such enormous structures as the monastery at Fernando, the temple of San Luis Rey, and other buildings of the Franciscan missionaries.

The Puritan (and the writer is proud to be of that strenuous breed) came to hunt room for his own faith; he sat

THE MISSION INDIAN.

down on the first shore he reached; he langed, whipped, and boycotted every other fellow that had another faith. And while he believed in God as hard as ever man did (and a cast-iron God at that), he built his temples of the nearest logs.

The Franciscan, after sailing farther from the Old World, tramped on his feet as far again, to give someone else a faith. He hung no Quakers, but he built, in place of little log "meeting-houses" for himself, enormous stone churches for the Indians. Instead of the shrewd, earnest labor of the Puritan's co-workers, he had no masons nor carpenters except absolutely raw savages. And by moral suasion, not by blue laws and force, he got nomads who had never built a house for themselves, to help him build imposing structures for his alien but amiable God.

This is not a California guess. It is proved historic truth, when no scholar would any more deny than he would deny gravitation. And it is food for thought. Take, for instance, the stone church at San Juan Capistrano. It could not be rebuilt, even in this easy day, with railroad at its door and skilled masons "hunting a job," for less than one hundred thousand dollars. Yet it was built in what was then a deeper wilderness than Daniel Boone trod, a country more distant from the civilization of its time than central Africa is to-day, and with stupid savages for workmen — held to their task not by an army, but by the magnetism and diplomacy of a couple of brown-robed missionaries.

To those who know something of history, the California Missions are as a physical achievement and a "business success," among the most wonderful things in our country. To those who know anything about architecture, they are, collectively, the noblest monuments in the United States. To those who have some insight of beauty and picturesqueness, they are precious beyond speech.

The brutal and thievish "disestablishment" — for the early Mexican "republic" was as bitter a jest as the Mexican Republic of to-day is honorable and substantial fact — broke the backs of the Missions and gave their dismembered properties over to be looted. Since the American occupation and the coming of security, carelessness has continued the destruction that greed began. Their proselytes scattered or dead, their revenues stolen, their temples robbed to make one man's house and another man's pig-pen, the Missions have fallen into irremediable decay. Not one keeps, or will ever

have again, the splendor of the good old days when each Mission was a commonwealth, self-sustaining and self-sufficing; producing everything within its own walls; a "business management" which no American trust surpasses in efficiency, a work of love and conscience that Americans might profitably pattern by in their dealings with minor peoples.

A few Missions are still occupied by the negro heirs of the patriarchal pioneers; many are gone to swift decay — pillaged by man and the elements. And some are safeguarded and loved by a devoted little band of the newcomers, who care for romance and beauty, for sincerity and skill and self-sacrifice, and who mean that the monuments of learning and faith and infinite zeal shall not perish from off the face of California. Even in ruin, the Franciscan Missions are the noblest architectural landmarks our nation owns. There is no question that the United States is smart. If it is also wise, it will preserve and honor its finest antiquities. (*Chas. F. Lummis, in the Land of Sunshine.*)

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VOL. IV.

BANNING, CAL., AUGUST 15, 1899.

NO. 11.



St. Boniface's Industrial School, Banning, Cal.

The tenth term at St. Boniface's Industrial School will begin September the 1st 1899.

The pupils will be instructed in the ordinary school branches. They will be also taught some trades, shoemaking, carpentering, printing, horticulture and agriculture, for the boys; cooking, sewing and whatever pertains to housewifery, for the girls.

Healthful and harmless recreation will be given to the pupils. Patriotic sentiments will be awakened in their hearts. The fundamental principles of our holy religion will be taught to them, and the practical living up to faith will be inculcated and encouraged.

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